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OF

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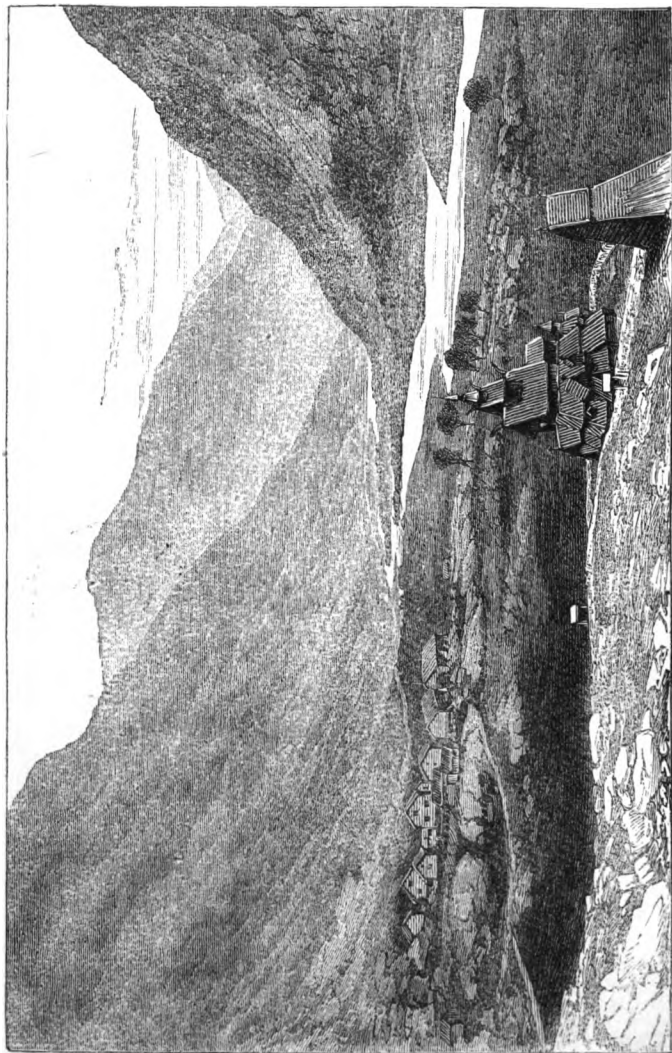
VOLUME XIX.



W. & R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH



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A NORWEGIAN VILLAGE.—(From a Photograph.)

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INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

New and Revised Edition

VOL. XIX.



W. AND R. CHAMBERS
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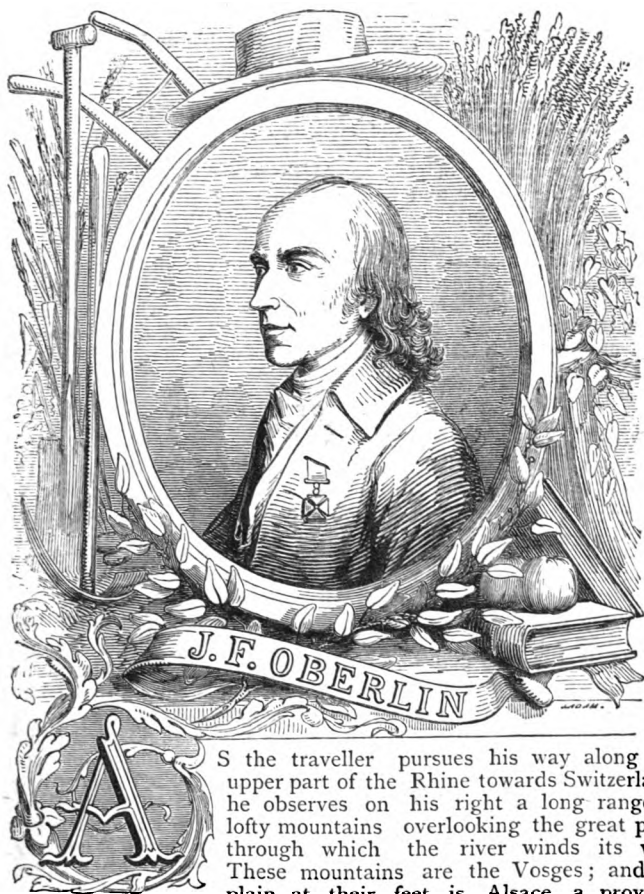
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As the traveller pursues his way along the upper part of the Rhine towards Switzerland, he observes on his right a long range of lofty mountains overlooking the great plain through which the river winds its way. These mountains are the Vosges; and the plain at their feet is Alsace, a province originally belonging to Germany, but partly wrested from it by France during the famous Thirty Years' War, which terminated in 1648; and more fully acquired by the wars of Louis XIV., ending in 1697. On each of these occasions, Alsace was the scene of dreadful cruelties and sufferings: towns and villages were universally sacked and destroyed, every article of value was carried off, the country was laid waste, and the distracted people either fled or were murdered. So utterly ruined was the territory, that it long lay without more

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than a hundred families, who drew a miserable and precarious subsistence from the soil. Strasbourg, the capital of Alsace, did not escape these disasters; but, as a seat of trade, it more speedily recovered them; and, fortunately, its cathedral, a stupendous Gothic edifice, has survived all the civil and religious storms that have blown over the adjacent country.

At the revolution of 1789-92, Alsace was divided into the departments of the Upper and Lower Rhine; but although the political connection with Germany had been dropped, the population generally, that of Strasbourg included, remained essentially German in language and manners; the Lutheran form of faith continued also in some parts to prevail, and not only so, but to be protected and supported by the state, in terms of the treaty which united the district with France. In this peculiarly privileged and remote-lying part of the French territories, the scene of our present sketch is laid.

EARLY LIFE OF OBERLIN.

John Frederick Oberlin, the son of a respectable teacher, and one of a large family, was born in Strasbourg on the 31st of August 1740. Reared with great tenderness and care by his excellent father, who devoted his leisure hours to the familiar instruction of his family, young Frederick (as he seems to have been called), while still in infancy and boyhood, shewed the greatest benevolence of disposition; and he never enjoyed so much happiness as when he was relieving distress, or performing some other act of kindness towards his fellow-creatures. Various anecdotes are related of his self-denial in parting with all his savings, when a school-boy, in acts of charity. One day, observing that a poor market-woman was in great distress in consequence of two boys having rudely overturned her basket of eggs, he ran home for his small box of savings, and poured the whole contents into her lap. On another occasion, observing that a poor old woman was unable, for want of two sous, to buy an article of dress which she seemed desirous of possessing, he privately slipped two sous into the hand of the dealer, who forthwith made the woman happy in her purchase. Neither on this nor any similar occasion did he stop to receive any tokens of gratitude. The delight he experienced in doing good, and what was pleasing in the sight of God, was the only reward at which he aimed. Besides this benevolence and piety of disposition, he entertained a horror of injustice, and possessed the courage to defend and succour the oppressed, at the risk of injury to his own person. For these and other excellent qualities, young Oberlin was greatly indebted to the considerate training of his parents; but particularly to the admonitions and guidance of his mother, a woman whose sole happiness lay in forming the minds and habits of her children.

Lively in temperament, and reared amidst a military people,

Oberlin inclined at first to the profession of a soldier ; but from this he was dissuaded by his father, and willingly addicted himself to a course of study suitable for a more peaceful pursuit. French, his vernacular tongue, he learned to write with great force and elegance ; and besides the German language, he acquired a proficiency in Latin and Greek, with a competent knowledge of general science, and various other accomplishments. Partly from the wishes of his parents, who were of the Reformed or Lutheran Church, and partly from his own inclinations, he resolved on devoting himself to the duties of a clergyman. For this purpose he attended a course of theological study at the university of Strasbourg, and in 1760 was ordained to the sacred ministry.

Being still young, and possessing little experience of the world, Oberlin did not feel warranted in immediately assuming the pastoral office ; for the space of seven years he devoted himself to private teaching, and for some time acted as tutor in the family of a distinguished surgeon, where he obtained that knowledge of medicine and surgery which proved so valuable to him in after-life. While thus occupied, he was offered the chaplainship of a regiment, and this he was about to accept, as likely to place him in a sphere of considerable usefulness, when a new field of operation was laid before him by his friend M. Stouber, and the idea of a military chaplaincy was abandoned.

M. Stouber had been, since 1750, the *cure* or pastor of a wild hilly canton among the Vosges, called by the French the Ban de la Roche, from the castle of La Roche, around which the Ban or district extends ; and named by the Germans the Steinthal, or Stony Valley, from the rocky and generally sterile appearance of its surface. The canton comprised two parishes—Rothau, in which was one church, and another in which were three churches, distributed among the villages of Foudai, Belmont, Waldbach, and Bellefosse. The principal part of the district was Lutheran, and enjoyed the privileges to which we have already adverted.

As respects its physical features, the Ban de la Roche formed part of the western declivities and ramifications of the Haut Champ, an isolated group of mountains, rising 3600 feet above the level of the sea, and separated by a deep longitudinal valley from the eastern side of the chain of the Vosges. Waldbach, the principal village, is placed on the acclivity of the Haut Champ, at the height of 1800 feet ; and Rothau at 1360 feet. The other villages or hamlets already mentioned occupy points more or less elevated. From the great height of the district, it possesses various climates, from that of a southern latitude on the lower slopes, to that of an extreme northern one in the higher parts. Such is the difference between the seasonal influences in the lower and upper tracts, that at Belmont the harvest is a month later than at Foudai. The whole canton contains between eight thousand and nine thousand acres, of which from

three thousand to four thousand were covered with wood, two thousand occupied as pasture, and the remainder was enclosed. At the time to which we refer, sixteen hundred acres were under cultivation, producing principally rye, oats, and potatoes; and fourteen hundred were laid out as meadow and garden ground. To some extent, this disposition of the land was an improvement on what had been its condition at the beginning of the reign of Louis XV., when the whole district was in the wildest state, and almost inaccessible, there being no road even from village to village, and scarcely any land under cultivation.

When M. Stouber went to the canton in 1750, cultivation had made some little progress; but the general aspect of affairs was miserable in the extreme. Although situated within a day's journey of Strasbourg, the Ban de la Roche was in as primitive and backward a condition as if it had been a hundred miles from any civilised spot. The people, holding little intercourse with the world beyond their mountains, were deplorably ignorant and wretched, and without any wish to be otherwise. Being shocked with their low intellectual condition, one of Stouber's first inquiries was for the principal school-house; and he was shewn a miserable hut, crowded with children, without books, and apparently having no instructor.

'Where is the master?' he asked.

'There he is,' said one of the pupils, pointing to an old man lying on a bed in a corner of the cottage.

'What do you teach the children, my good man?' asked Stouber.

'Nothing, sir.'

'Nothing!—How is that?'

'Because I know nothing myself,' answered the old man.

'Why, then, have you been appointed schoolmaster?'

'Why, you see, sir, I was the pig-keeper of Waldbach for many years, and when I was too old and infirm for that employment, I was sent here to take care of the children!'

Such was the chief educational establishment in the Ban de la Roche, and the others were little better, for they were schools kept by shepherds, and open only at certain seasons of the year.

To remedy this lamentable state of affairs, Stouber set about the institution of proper schoolmasters; but this was attended with great difficulty; for so low had the profession of the teacher sunk in public estimation, that no one would undertake the office. He at length, by an ingenious device, proposed to abolish the name of schoolmaster, and institute that of *régent* in its stead; which was readily assented to, and *Messieurs les régents* were forthwith named. He then drew up a set of alphabet and spelling books for the use of the pupils; but never having seen such works before, the peasantry imagined they concealed some species of heresy or divination. That which chiefly puzzled and alarmed them were the rows of unconnected syllables, which meant no sort of language; and on this

account they long opposed the introduction of the lessons. When they began to perceive that, by conquering the syllables, the children were able to read whole and connected words, their jealousy of the strange lesson-books gradually gave way; and finally, when they saw that the children could read any book fluently, they not only abandoned all opposition, but begged to be taught to read also. A great victory had now been achieved: a bigoted prejudice, the result of ignorance, had, by kindness and perseverance, been successfully rooted out. Having thus brought the population into a reading humour, M. Stouber procured fifty Bibles from Strasbourg, and dividing each into three parts, strongly bound in vellum, he was able to distribute a hundred and fifty books among the families throughout the canton. The taste for reading the Scriptures being by this means created, there soon arose a demand for Bibles, and some hundreds were advantageously disposed of.

In the space of six years, a considerable change for the better was thus made on the social condition of the district, which M. Stouber expected still to improve, when he was appointed pastor of Barr in Lorraine. He was not long in this new situation, when he regretted that he had left the Ban de la Roche; and some time thereafter, when the pastorship of that canton was again vacant, he gladly returned to it, to the great joy of many of his old parishioners. He now remained four years, fulfilling his important duties, and daily improving the minds of the people committed to his charge. Unfortunately, his wife, who was an active co-operator in his plans, died, leaving him forlorn and dispirited; and being offered the situation of pastor to St Thomas's Church, in Strasbourg, he accepted it, though greatly fearful that, by his departure, the Ban de la Roche would relapse into the condition from which he had been instrumental in raising it. Pondering on this unhappy prospect, it occurred to him that if Oberlin, with whose abilities he was well acquainted, could be prevailed on to accept the vacant charge, no fears need be entertained for the continued well-being of the district.

On arriving in Strasbourg, M. Stouber hastened to call on his young friend, whom he found in a humble lodging, which contained a small bed, with brown-paper curtains, and a little iron pan, with which Oberlin cooked his supper of brown bread, with a little water and a sprinkling of salt—the whole furniture being such as might be expected in the apartment of a student who preferred independence with narrowness of circumstances, to finery with dependence on others. Stouber observed at a glance that Oberlin was precisely the person he expected to find, and frankly communicated his wishes. Oberlin was charmed with the proposition. He would have declined accepting any rich and easy benefice. A parish in which all the inhabitants were poor and ignorant, was quite the thing he had been waiting for. His hour of usefulness had come. In a short time he was installed in the cure of the Ban de la Roche, and, like a

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primitive apostle setting out for the wilderness, went to assume the trust committed to his charge.

BEGINS OPERATIONS IN THE BAN DE LA ROCHE.

Oberlin arrived at Waldbach, where he was to reside, on the 30th of May 1767, being at the time in his twenty-seventh year. His parsonage-house was a plain building of two stories, standing on the face of a woody bank near the church, with a garden adjoining ; and all around were lofty hills, partly covered with pines, with here and there pieces of pasture and patches of cultivated land. It was a wild rural scene, with a stillness only broken at intervals by the faint sound of the sheep or cow bells, swept by the breezes along the rugged sides of the mountains.

Notwithstanding the previous efforts of M. Stouber, the united parish seemed to be physically as well as socially in a condition considerably behind that of most other parts of the country. In every population there are two orders of men—one, who with little difficulty are open to a conviction that improvements are desirable ; and another, who, either from excess of ignorance or perversity, can tolerate no change whatever. On the former of these, Stouber had worked with beneficial effect ; they appreciated the blessings of the elementary education he had introduced, and were willing to go into the new schemes of melioration which Oberlin proposed to execute. The enemies of innovation, the suspicious and the prejudiced, who had all along given a grumbling opposition to parochial improvement, of whatever kind, now resolved to adopt active measures to prevent their new pastor from carrying his projects into operation. Their plan, which was quite accordant with the malignity that usually animates such persons, was to waylay their pastor, and inflict on him a severe personal chastisement. Fortunately, Oberlin procured information of their design, and his conduct on this occasion strongly marks the character of this excellent man. A Sunday was fixed on for the execution of the deed. When the day came, he took for his text that fine passage admonitory of meekness, from the fifth chapter of St Matthew : ‘ But I say unto you that ye resist not evil : but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.’ After the service, the malcontents met at the house of one of the party, where perhaps the sermon they had just heard might furnish them with matter of coarse pleasantry, in reference to the occasion which the preacher would soon find for putting in practice the lessons which he had taught so well. What must have been their astonishment when the door opened, and the pastor presented himself in the midst of them ! ‘ Here I am, my friends,’ said he, with that calmness which strikes respect into the most violent : ‘ your design on me I am acquainted with ; you have wished to deal with me in a practical manner, and to chastise me because you deem

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me culpable. If I have in fact violated the rules which I have laid down for you, punish me for it. It is better that I should deliver myself up to you, and save you the meanness of resorting to an ambuscade.' These simple words produced their full effect. The peasants, ashamed of entertaining evil intentions against so good and candid a man, entreated his forgiveness, and promised never again to cherish a doubt of his affection for them.* In this manner Oberlin overcame the stubborn and evil dispositions of his more ignorant parishioners, with the best results; shewing in his own conduct an exemplification of the precepts which it was his duty to enjoin. It even happened that those who had formerly been his enemies, or connived at plots against him, being anxious to reinstate themselves in his good opinion, and conscious that they had no better means of succeeding than by warmly seconding his views, were henceforward among the foremost to offer him assistance.

Aided, however, as Oberlin was by many of his parishioners, there were such difficulties to encounter in executing his benevolent plans, that only the most unwearied patience and self-denying virtue could have surmounted them. His idea of the clerical character was not alone that of a minister of the gospel. Suiting himself to the necessities of his position, he perceived that it was his sacred duty to unite, in his own person, the character of religious pastor with that of secular instructor and adviser, physician, and husbandman. To an earnest inculcation of the doctrines and precepts of Christianity, he added the principles of philosophy, and the resources of a mind skilled in practical science. One of his earliest schemes required him to combine the functions of a civil engineer with those of a day-labourer. The account given of his enterprise on this occasion marks the sagacity of his mind and the humility of his disposition.

Looking around on the general condition of the canton, he observed that one of its chief defects was the want of roads communicating with the lower and more improved parts of the country. The only existing thoroughfares were absolutely impassable during six or eight months of the year; and even in summer they were in so wretched a state, that they were never used except when urgent necessity compelled the natives to repair to the neighbouring towns. So long as this state of things lasted, it was evident that there could be no solid improvement or prosperity in the district. Assured of this fact, Oberlin called together his parishioners, and proposed that they should themselves open a road a mile and a half in length, and build a bridge over the river Bruche, so that they might no longer be imprisoned in their villages three-fourths of the year. The boldness of the proposal filled the assembly with astonishment—the thing appeared to them impossible—and every one found an excuse

* Notice of a French Memoir of Oberlin in *Eclectic Review*, October 1827.

in his private concerns for not engaging in the undertaking. Some hinted that the roads were well enough as they were; for there is nothing too absurd for the discontented to say on such occasions. Not discouraged, Oberlin pointed out to the meeting the advantage which all would derive from having an outlet for the produce of their fields, and the facility with which they would then be able to procure a multitude of comforts and conveniences of which they were still destitute. He concluded his address by taking up a pickaxe, exclaiming: 'All those who feel the importance of my proposal, come and work with me.' At these words his parishioners, ashamed of their pretences, and electrified by his action, hastened to get their tools and to follow him. Oberlin had already, like a good engineer, traced the plan; and when he arrived at the ground, nothing remained but to commence operations. This was done in a style of lively enthusiasm. Each man occupying his assigned post, set to work in earnest, at each stroke making a sensible effect on the soil. The scene of labour attracted all idlers to the spot; and every one, not to be behind in the good work, lent it a helping hand. There was a moral grandeur in the spectacle of so much well-directed industry. It was no small holiday work that was undertaken. To form the required thoroughfare, there was not alone much digging; it was necessary to blast the rocks; to convey down enormous masses, in order to construct a wall to support the road along the banks of the Bruche; to build a bridge in another canton; and to defray all expenses. Nothing was deemed impossible by Oberlin and his heroic band of improvers. The pastor, who on the Sunday exhorted his auditors never to weary in well-doing, and reminded them of the rest that remaineth for the people of God, was seen on the Monday with a pickaxe on his shoulder, marching at the head of two hundred of his flock, with an energy that braved danger and despised fatigue. Reversing the ordinary maxim of *enjoying ease with dignity*, he had a firm faith in that more glorious, because more truthful precept, that *labour is in itself worship*. Nor did he alone work with the hands: his head was as constantly scheming ways and means. There were expenses to be met; but he interested his friends in Strasbourg and elsewhere, and he did not appeal to them in vain. There are many people who will assist in a good work when their feelings can be interested in its execution. Oberlin, therefore, had the satisfaction of finding many to sympathise in his benevolent projects; and funds were provided. In spite of weather and every obstacle, in two years the work was completed. A good road was made, and a substantial bridge built, affording an easy communication with Strasbourg. Roads were then made to connect together the several villages, which had previously been entirely separated from each other during the heavy snows. Walls also were built to prevent the soil on the steep declivities from being washed down by the mountain torrents; and channels were formed

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to receive or carry off the waters which, after great rains, rushed down with destructive violence.

Roads being now made, the peasantry of the Ban de la Roche might send their produce to market ; but what produce had they worth sending? A little corn and some bad potatoes. Oberlin's work was only beginning. The bad potatoes were a sore grievance, even as respected home consumption. Before the introduction of the plant, the inhabitants of the canton had subsisted to a great extent on wild apples and pears, and many were afraid they should have to return to this primitive kind of food. In the course of years the potato had so far degenerated, that fields which had formerly yielded from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty bushels, now furnished only between thirty and fifty bushels; these were, besides, of a very bad quality. Oberlin, attributing this circumstance to its true cause, procured some fresh seed from Germany, Switzerland, and Lorraine, to renew the species. The plan was successful: in a few years the inhabitants reared the finest potatoes that could be grown, and found in Strasbourg an advantageous sale for all they could produce.

Along with the introduction of a better variety of potatoes, he considerably improved the means of cultivation. The district was greatly in want of agricultural implements. Oberlin witnessed with great pain the distress of his poor flock when they had the misfortune to break any of their utensils. They were without ready money to purchase them, and they were obliged to lose much time in going to a distance to obtain them. To put an end to this evil, he opened a store of various utensils ; sold every article at prime cost ; and gave the purchasers credit till their payments came round.

As this may be said to finish Oberlin's preliminary measures for the improvement of his parish, we may here pause to mention a certain event which bore intimately on his own happiness.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

When Oberlin accepted the charge of the Ban de la Roche, he was unmarried. Madame Oberlin, his mother, sometimes spoke to him on the subject of matrimony, as she was aware that a country clergyman may be greatly assisted by a wife of congenial temperament ; and her son declared that he would not be unwilling to enter the married state, provided she could select an object worthy of his regard. Different young ladies were accordingly proposed ; but none was exactly the kind of being on whom he could set his affections. Oberlin departed for his parish still a bachelor.

About a year afterwards, his house, which was under the charge of his younger sister, was visited by Madeleine Salomé Witter, daughter of a professor in the university of Strasbourg, who had been dead some years ; her mother also was no more. This young lady,

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who was a friend of the Oberlin family, possessed a sound understanding, and had a highly cultivated mind, deeply imbued with religious principles.

Oberlin was not a man who could act the part of a dangler in the delicate affair of courtship. He admired Mademoiselle Witter, but he felt diffident as to the propriety of making the young lady his wife, or of even acquainting her with the state of his feelings. On some points they did not agree, and this seemed a fatal objection. Yet, on reflection, he considered that perfect unity of disposition was perhaps not to be obtained, and that in marriage one must always risk a little. The risk, thought he, however, is in this case too great, and he accordingly tried to lay aside the idea. It would not do. A voice seemed continually to whisper in his ear: 'Take her for thy partner.' What a perplexity!

The day approached when Madeleine was to leave the parsonage, and Oberlin was still in a state of indecision. Next day she was to go, and, like many more in similar circumstances, poor Oberlin lay awake half the night pondering on the difficulties of a situation which his conscientiousness alone rendered difficult. At length he resolved to be guided by the readiness with which Madeleine would listen to his proposals; accepting her cheerful and instantaneous assent as a leading of Providence.

Next morning after breakfast, Oberlin found the object of so much solicitude sitting in a summer-house in the garden. Placing himself beside her, he began the conversation by observing: 'You are about to leave us, my young friend. I have, however, had an intimation, which I am inclined to accept as the Divine will, that you are destined to be my partner for life. If you can decide on this step, so important to us both, I hope you will give me your candid opinion of it before your departure.' Madeleine, who had probably expected some such disclosure, rose from her seat, and, blushing as she approached Oberlin, placed one hand before her eyes, and held the other towards him. He clasped it in his own. The resolution to address her had been happily taken. This important matter being settled, the marriage took place on the 6th of July 1768; and neither party had cause to regret its occurrence. Madeleine's good sense led her to accommodate her views on all subjects to those of her beloved husband, and she became truly devoted to his interests, assisting him in all his labours of benevolence, and tempering his zeal with her prudence.

FURTHER IMPROVEMENTS.

Oberlin's marriage took place while he was occupied with his great engineering plans, and these being completed, along with the introduction of a better variety of potatoes and better agricultural implements, a great preliminary step was achieved. There remained

much to be done. The people had only been put in the way of being improved; they were not distinctly improved yet.

Considering what next should be done, Oberlin perceived that the introduction of trades into the canton would contribute essentially to the progress of civilisation. There were no wheelwrights, masons, or blacksmiths in the district, nor within a considerable distance of it. He therefore selected a certain number of lads, of suitable talents, put upon them decent apparel, and apprenticed them in the adjacent towns: this scheme also was successful. In a few years good workmen were prepared in the above-mentioned trades, as well as joiners and glaziers; and these came and set up establishments in the Ban de la Roche. The consequence was, that the inhabitants got every piece of work done at home, instead of being put to the trouble and expense of having it executed at a distance. Carts, ploughs, and other articles used in husbandry were made and mended, and many comforts introduced which were formerly all but unknown.

Thus prepared with artisans, Oberlin's next solicitude extended to the houses of his poorer parishioners. They were generally cavernous, damp dwellings, partially sunk in the sides of the mountains, and without cellars sufficiently deep to preserve potatoes, the staple winter-food of the inhabitants, from the frost. It was evident that the people could neither be cleanly nor healthful, nor even be in a fit frame of mind, religiously speaking, while daily exposed to the humidity and the discomforts of such dens. There can be no expectation of moral improvement while the human being is treated, or treats himself, like a brute. The sagacity of Oberlin detected this important fact in social economics ere he had been long in the Ban de la Roche—a fact only now beginning to dawn on the more intrepid minds of Britain and other countries high in civilisation. To render the dwellings more airy, light, dry, and cheerful, and consequently more healthful both to body and mind, was now Oberlin's self-imposed duty. As in every other effort, there was some degree of opposition; but it all disappeared before the kindly influence of the good pastor. In a short time, neat cottages with glazed windows, chimneys, and dry flooring, were substituted for the old dismal huts; each provided with closets, to contain earthenware and other useful articles; and having a frost-proof cellar, in which potatoes could be safely stored. The improved health and appearance of the people soon justified all his benevolent anticipations of this important measure.

While engaged in these operations, he was also able to push forward the practice of horticulture and other branches of rural economy. His attention was particularly directed to the planting of fruit-trees, the improvement of the breed of cattle, the management and the increase of manure, the growth of natural and artificial grasses, and the more extensive culture of potatoes, and likewise

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of flax—the two productions most suitable to the sandy soil of the district.

Little as the people were now inclined to question the propriety of Oberlin's projects, they could not readily enter into his ideas of improving on the growth of fruit-trees ; that being a subject on which he, a native of a town, could not be expected to know so much as themselves. As practical proof seemed therefore necessary, he commenced operations on two gardens belonging to his own residence, and so close to a public pathway that all could observe his labours. With the assistance of a favourite and intelligent servant, he dug trenches, four or five feet in depth, and surrounded the young trees that he planted in them with the species of soil which he considered best adapted to promote their growth. He likewise procured slips of apple, pear, plum, cherry, and walnut trees, and made a large nursery-ground of one of his gardens, which he prepared for the purpose.

The expectations of the reverend horticulturist were not disappointed. The trees planted with so much care, grew and flourished in a manner never before seen in the canton ; and the peasantry, who had frequent occasion to pass the spot, could not help being surprised at the contrast between the scanty supply of their own and the rich produce of their pastor's grounds. Guided by a desire to have equally fine crops of fruit, they now inquired how they should proceed ; and Oberlin, with great willingness, not only explained the process for them to adopt in laying out their gardens and in planting them, but gave them young trees and grafts from his nursery. Thus the taste for planting fruit-trees was happily diffused, and became a favourite employment in the canton. The change for the better was very remarkable. Cottages which had been hitherto bare and desolate in their aspect, were surrounded with little orchards and gardens ; and in place of indigence and misery, the villages and hamlets gradually assumed an air of rural elegance and felicity.

To stock the gardens with vegetables more suitable to the soil and climate than what had hitherto been cultivated, was also a wish of Oberlin ; and he did not rest till he had introduced a variety of herbs serviceable for food, or of value in the arts. The method of obtaining oil from beech-nuts was also one of the useful practices which he at this time extended throughout the district. Both for the sake of rotation in cropping, and for winter-fodder for cattle, he introduced the growing of clover from seed imported from Holland ; and to give materials for clothing, he encouraged the growth as well as the dressing of flax.

Having by his various plans considerably meliorated the prejudices and enlightened the minds of his parishioners, he now formed an agricultural society, composed of the more intelligent farmers : this association he connected with a society at Strasbourg, which,

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by way of encouragement, placed at his disposal the sum of 2500 francs, to be distributed among the peasants as prizes in horticultural operations. The beneficial effect of this measure induced Oberlin to institute a prize, to be awarded to those who should rear the finest ox; and he likewise took measures to induce the farmers to convert the least productive grass-lands into arable fields, and by means of the clover, already noticed, to feed the beasts in their stalls. By this last-mentioned practice he hoped to increase the amount of available manure, for the sake of the arable land; nor were his hopes disappointed. Attention to manures he knew to be one of the primary principles in agriculture, and on this subject he spared no pains to enlighten the people. He induced the practice of gathering together all vegetable refuse, such as the leaves of trees, the stalks of rushes, moss, and fir-cones—all which, when fermented in heaps, might be converted into a useful compost. Acting on his favourite maxim, that nothing should be lost, he also, to increase the compost heaps, instructed the children to tear old woollen rags into shreds, and to cut up old shoes; for all which he paid them sixteen sous, or eightpence, for a bushel, and one sou for the smallest quantity they could collect. A short time afterwards, in order to induce the rising generation to persevere in the course of improvement which had been begun in the district, he commenced the plan of lecturing, for two hours every Thursday morning, on agriculture, vegetable physiology, and other useful branches of science.

It will readily be supposed that these various enterprises were interspersed over a pretty long series of years. Unlike an ordinary class of improvers, who act with great zeal for a time, and then, when they have either satisfied a whim, or gained some paltry meed of applause, relax, if not altogether cease their efforts, Oberlin was animated by an unwearying and ever buoyant spirit of social melioration. Nor, while giving so much time and anxiety to the temporal welfare of his flock, did he neglect the more weighty matter of religious instruction. The earnestness of his clerical ministrations was almost unexampled; and this, coupled with the amiableness of his character and his boundless benevolence, gained for him from his parishioners the title of *Papa Oberlin*, or *Cher Papa* (Dear Papa), by which he became universally known.

Hitherto, we have said nothing of Papa Oberlin's benevolent and judicious schemes for training the young; these, however, early engaged his attention. He was most solicitous of erecting a school-house in Waldbach, which might answer as a model for one in the other four villages; but the raising of the requisite funds for this undertaking was a matter of some difficulty among a poor population; from his own income, which was never above 1000 francs (£40) annually, and already burdened with many claims, he could also derive little assistance. There were no landed gentry to whom he

could apply; but, as in former cases of urgent necessity, friends at a distance extended a helping hand; and the school-house was at length erected and furnished. Not only so, but in the course of a few years a similar school-house was erected in each of the other villages; and such was the progress of improved sentiment among the inhabitants, that they came voluntarily forward to second the efforts of their pastor, and to take on themselves the trouble and expense of supporting the establishment. To complete his scheme of education, he instituted arrangements for preparing young men as teachers: thus providing not only for the present, but the prospective conducting of these useful seminaries.

Having effected these important measures, Oberlin paused for a time to witness their operation, being hopeful that they would realise all he could wish for the secular instruction of the young. The schools answered every expectation; but something else was desirable. He observed with regret, that while parents were engaged in their daily labours, and the elder children at school, the infants were either neglected, or left in the charge of old women, incompetent, from their infirmities and their ignorance, to pay them the attention and give them the instruction they required. Education, as he justly considered, begins in the nursery, and children may be taught right from wrong—to be meek or passionate, cleanly or the reverse, before they are out of their cradle. To see an evil, was with Oberlin only preliminary to providing a remedy. He resolved to institute in his parish a number of *salles d'asile*, or *infant schools*, under properly qualified *conductrices*.

In commencing operations, he received the assistance of his wife, who sought out and instructed women of mature age and of a kindly disposition to act as schoolmistresses. Having hired an apartment in each of the five villages and three hamlets in the canton, Oberlin placed in each one of these a woman, whom he termed *conductrice*. At first, the schools were opened only one day in the week, as the *conductrices* were obliged to labour during the other days for their subsistence; but afterwards means were found for more frequent instruction. Having been previously initiated in the branches of knowledge best adapted to the purpose, the *conductrice* taught the children by turns whatever appeared most suited to their infant capacities. In the instructions, there was a happy blending of labour with intellectual exertion. Children naturally love to finger or work at something, and, as is observed, if not provided with some kind of trivial but harmless employment, they will almost inevitably work mischief. To amuse their minds—to keep them from meddling with each other—and, in some instances, to keep them from falling asleep, as well as to accustom them to industrious habits, the elder boys were taught to pick or card wool and cotton, and the girls to spin, sew, and knit. Those who were too young for this species of labour, were placed in positions to see the work going on; for, next

to working themselves, all children are fond of looking at others at work. While so employed, their conductrice related and explained little stories from the Bible, or from other sources ; also pleasing anecdotes in natural history—the whole of a kind likely to suppress the animal propensities, and cultivate in the minds of the pupils a love of justice, mercy, and peace ; likewise to shew the wise and superintending care of Providence, and the beauty and harmony which reign throughout creation. She also taught them to sing and repeat hymns ; instructed them in some of the leading facts in geography and botany ; and trained them to be cleanly in person, and respectful and polite in their general behaviour. Another point in the juvenile education was, the inculcating of a love of what was beautiful in nature. A taste for flowers was in particular cultivated, tending greatly to modify the dispositions, and improve the artistic abilities of the young.

The germs of much useful knowledge and moral excellence were in this manner planted in the minds of the pupils, and proved of incalculable advantage to them as they grew up. So far from being weary of these meetings, the children were delighted to attend, and their parents were equally pleased with their progress. Having been thus prepared by early discipline, they were, at the age of seven years, admitted into the higher schools, where they were carried forward through a sound elementary education. Among other benefits originating in this course of instruction, was a marked improvement in the language of the people. Formerly, the language spoken was a *patois* or jargon, scarcely understood by strangers, and a great impediment to general intercourse. The conductrices in the infant schools, by never allowing a single word of *patois*, and teaching the pupils to speak pure French, almost entirely banished this unintelligible jargon, and introduced the common language of the country, which is now spoken in the canton.

Oberlin did not set all this mechanism of education in motion, and then leave it to itself : he kept a watchful superintendence over the whole, and reserved for himself, almost exclusively, the appropriate function of religious instructor. He collected all the children who were not mere infants once a week at Waldbach, for general examination in their studies ; and every Sunday the children of each village, in rotation, assembled at the church to sing the hymns and recite the lessons of piety they had learned, and to receive fresh religious instruction and admonitions. These assemblages were not, as may be imagined, meetings of gloom and fear, as the method of communicating religious knowledge too often unfortunately is. So universally was Oberlin beloved, so mild, persuasive, and indulgent were his exhortations, that the children were happy in being permitted to attend, and doubly happy when they were rewarded with a smile from the Cher Papa.

From the same collected Memoir whence we gather some of these

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interesting particulars,* we learn that Oberlin, with renewed assistance from Strasbourg, was enabled to establish a library for the use of the children in the different schools, and also to furnish an electrical machine and other philosophical instruments. Oberlin likewise has the credit of having at this time struck out an original idea, which has since been perfected in Scotland. This was the establishment of small itinerating libraries. A neat and handy collection of books being put into a case, was left at a village for three months, for the use of the inhabitants. At the end of this time it was removed to another village, and another collection of books, different from the former, took its place. Thus collections of books, some of which were printed at Oberlin's own expense, were made to circulate through the canton, and a continual fund of amusement and instruction kept up.†

The arrangements for the intellectual cultivation of his people were not yet terminated. A crowning point to his labours in the department of literature was the composing and publishing of an almanac for the use of his parishioners. This interesting annual was divested of all the falsehoods and superstitions with which almanacs are usually filled; and, like that of 'Poor Richard,' was replete with useful advices, and hints on many subjects of interest.

Here we may again pause in our recital of Oberlin's benevolent enterprises, to notice some matters of a personal nature.

FAMILY HISTORY—PERSONAL TRAITS.

Oberlin had been married sixteen years, during which time he had borne to him a family of three sons and four daughters, when his beloved Madeleine was taken from him by death. This sad event, which occurred in 1784, was sudden and unforeseen, and filled the humble parsonage with grief, not, however, the sorrow of despair. At the period of his marriage he composed a prayer, craving the divine blessing on his union, and concluding with the affecting wish, that it might not be the fate of himself and partner to be long separated from each other, but that the death of one might swiftly follow that of the other. In this his hopes were not realised. For the benefit of his fellow-creatures, he lived for the lengthened period of forty-two years after the death of his wife, and as a widower surrounded by his family.

The loss of Madame Oberlin was in some degree supplied to her children by a young woman, an orphan, named Louisa Schepler, who had already been eight years in the service of the family.

* *Memoirs of John Frederick Oberlin*. London: Houldsworth, 1833. Fourth edition—a work drawn up with great taste, by a female writer, to which we would refer for many details too minute for the present biographic sketch.

† An account of the plan of Itinerating Libraries, pursued in some parts of Scotland, will be found in *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, article, 'Itinerating Libraries.'

Formerly, she had been a conductrice in one of the infant schools ; but this occupation not suiting her health, she became a domestic in the house of Oberlin. Kind attached servants are among the rare things of this world, though less rare in France than in Britain. Louisa Schepler appears to have been singular in her attachment, even in a country where fidelity and long service are far from uncommon. No sooner did she accept the office of housekeeper to the Cher Papa, than she resolved to devote the remainder of her existence to his service ; not, however, as a paid domestic, but if possible as a friend. She accordingly refused all offers of marriage, and, what was equally remarkable, could with the greatest reluctance be persuaded to accept of any recompense. Her services, she determined, should be entirely given from an affectionate devotion towards her master and his children.

In a world of selfishness and rapacity, how charming to alight on a character so singularly simple and disinterested as that of the humble Louisa Schepler ! Louisa was happy in conducting the household of Oberlin, and Oberlin uniformly treated her as a friend. Nine years had thus passed away since Louisa had assumed the domestic management of the family, when, on New-year's Day 1793, she addressed a letter to her benefactor, of which the following is a translation :

‘DEAR AND BELOVED PAPA—Permit me, at the commencement of a new year, to request a favour for which I have long been desirous. As I am now in reality independent—that is to say, having now no longer my father nor his debts to attend to—I beseech you, my dear papa, not to refuse me the great favour of making me your adopted daughter. Do not, I entreat you, give me any more wages ; for as you treat me like one of your children in every other respect, I earnestly hope you will do so in this particular also. Little is needful for the support of my person. My shoes and stockings, and *sabots*,* will cost something ; but when I want them, I can ask you for them, as a child applies to its father. I entreat you, dear papa, to grant me this favour, and condescend to regard me as your most tenderly attached daughter,

LOUISA SCHEPLER.’

The Cher Papa acceded to this request of Louisa, and ever afterwards she was treated by him as one of his own children ; sitting at the same table, advising in all family concerns ; still aiding, however, as a busy and faithful domestic, who knew her proper duties and place.

A few passages from the journal of a French gentleman who visited the Ban de la Roche in 1793, will convey a pleasing idea of the personal appearance, habits, and family arrangements of Oberlin. We use the translation of the fair writer of his Memoirs.

* Wooden shoes. These are often worn by ladies and domestics in France, as outer shoes or clogs, to keep the feet from feeling cold on the earthen or tile floors.

‘His countenance is open, affectionate, and friendly, and bears a strong impress of benevolence. His conversation is easy, flowing, and full of imagination, yet always adapted to the capacity of those to whom he is speaking. In the evening, we accompanied him a league on his way back to Waldbach. We had a wooded hill to ascend; the sun was just setting, and it was a beautiful evening. . . . Sometimes we stood still to admire the beauties of nature, and at others to listen with earnest attention to his impressive discourse. One moment was particularly affecting, when, stopping about half-way up the hill, he answered in the softest tone: “Yes, I am happy.” These words are seldom uttered by an inhabitant of this world, and were so delightful from the mouth of one who is a stranger to all the favours of fortune, to all the allurements of luxury, and who knows no other joys than those which religion and benevolence impart, that we longed to live like him, that we might participate in the same happiness. . . .

‘The following morning we set off to return the visit which he had paid us on the preceding day. We found the worthy pastor in his morning-gown; it was plain, but whole and clean. . . . The house stands well, and has, from the garden side, a romantic view: in every part of it is that kind of elegance which is the result of order and cleanliness. The furniture is simple; yet it suggests to you that you are in the residence of no ordinary man. The walls are covered with maps, drawings, and vignettes; and texts of Scripture are written over all the doors. . . . His study is a peculiar room, and contains rather a well-chosen than numerous selection of books in French and German, chiefly for youth. The walls are covered with engravings, portraits of eminent characters, plates of insects and animals, and coloured drawings of minerals and precious stones; it is, in short, literally papered with useful pictures relative to natural history and other interesting subjects.

‘The dinner commenced with a blessing. His children, two maid-servants, and a girl who receives her instruction there, were at the table: there was a remarkable expression of softness in all their countenances. . . .

‘I am writing this at his table, whilst he is preparing leather gloves for his peasant children. His family are around him, engaged in their different avocations; his eldest son, Frederick, is giving a lesson to some little ones, in which amusement and instruction are judiciously blended; and the Cher Papa, without desisting from his employment, frequently puts in a word. He took me this morning into his workshop, where there is a turner’s lathe, a press, a complete set of carpenter’s tools, also a printing-press, and one for bookbinding. I assisted him in colouring a quire of paper which is intended for the covers of school-books. He gives scarcely anything to his people but what has been in some measure prepared by his own or his children’s hands.

‘He will never leave this place. A much better living was offered to him. “No,” said he; “I have been ten years learning every head in my parish, and obtaining an inventory of their moral, intellectual, and domestic wants; I have laid my plan: I must have ten years to carry it into execution, and the ten following to correct their faults and vices.” . . .

‘Yesterday I found him encircled by four or five families who had been burned out of their houses: he was dividing amongst them articles of clothing, meat, assignats, books, knives, thimbles, and coloured pictures for the children, whom he had placed in a row according to their ages, and then left them to take what they preferred. The most perfect equality reigns in his house—children, servants, boarders, are all treated alike; their places at table change, that each in turn may sit next to him; with the exception of Louisa, his housekeeper, who of course presides, and his two maids, who sit at the foot of the table. All are happy, and appear to owe much of their happiness to him. They seem to be ready to sacrifice their lives to save his.’

This letter refers to a period in which the usually quiet district of the Ban de la Roche was disturbed, like other parts of France, by the shock of the Revolution. Owing, however, in a great measure to the tastes and habits implanted in the people by Oberlin, this fearful convulsion passed over the canton with comparatively small effect. Oberlin was himself, in the first instance, exposed to its perils, and the losses it occasioned. Like the rest of the French clergy, he was deprived of his income, and for some years depended on the voluntary but scanty offerings of his parishioners. While public worship was everywhere forbidden as illegal, and many of the clergy imprisoned, Oberlin’s accustomed ministrations at Waldbach and the other villages were not interrupted, neither was he exposed to any personal privation. At the commencement of the Revolution he was indeed summoned before the council of Alsace, to clear himself of entertaining views hostile to the movement; but he was not only acquitted of taking any part against the new order of things, but complimented on the excellence of his character, and requested to persevere in his charitable labours.

It would appear from his Memoirs that Oberlin was on the whole favourable to republican principles; and perhaps he gave them the strongest token of his approbation in allowing his eldest son, Frederick, to enter the army as a volunteer; in which situation he was among the first who were killed. His remarkable conduct as respects the famous assignats (paper-notes) issued by the French Directory, was, however, as much a matter of benevolence as of political principle. Lamenting the depreciation of this visionary paper-money, on account of the national credit, and feeling for the losses incurred by his poor parishioners in having accepted the assignats as payment, he commenced the practice of buying up

every assignat at its nominal value, or, what was nearly the same thing, giving agricultural implements and other articles in exchange. Incredible as the fact may appear, he continued to accept this utterly worthless paper for a space of twenty-five years, and by this means, at a great sacrifice to himself, cleared the Ban de la Roche and its environs of every assignat. The enthusiasm which induced this singular act of patriotism and benevolence, prompted him also to retain the notes he acquired, and to inscribe on them a few words expressive of his thankfulness in being able to withdraw them from circulation. The following sentence is a translation of one of these inscriptions: 'Thus, thanks be to God, my nation is discharged in an honest manner of this obligation for 125 francs.'

Fortunately, in carrying out his numerous schemes of piety and benevolence, Oberlin was not interrupted by bad health. He possessed a vigorous constitution, which enabled him to exercise a universal supervision over all the affairs of his parish, to preach at different stations on the same day, to lecture at different times through the week, and to perform innumerable journeys of charity and mercy. He was, like all great men, methodic in all his undertakings, and did not spend needlessly a moment of time. Everything he did was exact, neatly accomplished, and to the point. He considered himself constantly under the eye of God, and that it was incumbent on him to do nothing heedlessly. In writing, for example, he felt it his duty to form every letter with care. Time he justly reckoned to be of the utmost value. On finding himself obliged to go to Strasbourg, which was almost always to perform some service for his parishioners, he generally travelled during the whole night, that he might be home to his usual duties with as little delay as possible. No kind of weather deterred him from making visits to his parishioners. As a clergyman to afford religious consolation, or as a physician to render medical assistance, his activity was as astonishing as his zeal. Latterly, he sent a young man to college as a student of medicine, and when he was fully qualified, he relieved him of this onerous branch of duty.

Oberlin, as we have said, belonged to the German Lutheran Church; but his tenets did not perhaps correspond precisely with that or any other confession. He took his belief directly from the Bible, particularly the evangelists, and neither plagued himself nor others with theological subtleties. Pure and simple, his Christianity was eminently practical, and in listening to him, one almost felt himself already within the air of Paradise. Once a week, on Friday, he conducted a service in German, for the benefit of those inhabitants of the vicinity to whom that language was more familiar than French. Nothing could be more primitive or affectionate than these meetings, which resembled the assemblage of a family circle. The women listened to him while going on with their work; and now

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and then the pastor would break off his discourse, and after taking a pinch from his snuff-box, send it round the congregation. After having pursued his discourse for half an hour, he would stop and say: 'Well, my children, are you not tired? Have you not had enough?' His auditors would generally reply: 'No, Papa; go on; we should like to hear a little more;' and the good old man would resume, putting the same question at intervals, till he observed that attention was beginning to flag; or, perceiving that he spoke with less ease, the audience thanked him for what he had said, and begged him to conclude.

It need scarcely be stated of the Cher Papa that he was eminently tolerant of all forms of belief. Among his parishioners there were some Roman Catholics; and many of that persuasion, under their respective priests, bordered on the Ban de la Roche. He was equally kind to all; and on some occasions, at great personal risk, defended Roman Catholics, in the prosecution of their religious observances, from indignity and injury. On one occasion he also manfully interposed to prevent a Jew pedler from maltreatment. Taking the poor man's packet of goods on his back, he led him from the scene of tumult, and did not quit him till he was placed beyond the reach of danger. At all times his house was open as a place of refuge to the persecuted or distressed; and during the heat of the Revolution, he was known to have thus saved many persons from a cruel and ignominious death.

OBERLIN CONTINUES HIS LABOURS.

Oberlin, as we have seen, began his labours in the Ban de la Roche in 1767, and continued them till the period at which we have now arrived, which was in the early part of the present century. Every year he had been able to make a small but sensible advance in his comprehensive schemes, and now could look around with pleasure on the result. The fame of his astonishing intrepidity and perseverance was also spread abroad over many lands—a fact, however, of which he was unmindful and unconscious—and he was visited by travellers from different countries, curious to see the effects which it was said he had produced.

An English traveller, who visited the canton with a companion, relates a conversation which he had with the driver of his *voiture* in approaching the residence of Oberlin, which we translate as follows, although losing the vivacity of the original:

Driver.—You are going to see our good pastor Oberlin, gentlemen?

Traveller.—Yes, we are going to see him. Do you know him?

D.—Do I know him? Yes, I know him well. I have heard him preach frequently.

T.—But you are a Catholic, are you not?

D.—Yes; we are all Catholics at Schirmeck; nevertheless, that

does not hinder us from hearing sometimes the good pastor of Waldbach.

T.—Do you find that he preaches well?

D.—Yes, I think very well. Often he draws the hot tears from our eyes.

T.—You have been a soldier, I should think.

D.—Yes, monsieur, I have been a soldier; and I am sorry to say when one is a soldier he easily gets into bad habits.

T.—From all that I have seen until this time, bad habits are easily acquired by all.

D.—That is possible. For me, I tell you frankly that I have been no better than others; and when I hear the pastor Oberlin preach, he makes me feel that I am not too good at the present time. He says what is quite right; it is true what he says—very true.

T.—Well, but do you not think that what he says is essential to be known? Do you not believe that the person who tells us of our errors is one of our best friends?

D.—To be cured, one must know the malady.

T.—Certainly. You are, then, happy in having a minister who makes you feel the truth.

D.—You are right; and I assure you that M. Oberlin is a man who makes himself useful in all sorts of ways.

T.—Tell me, what has he done?

D.—What has he done! He has done all that can be done. In the first place, this road here has been made by him.

T.—Well, but that is not absolutely the best in the world.

D.—That may be; but see you, sir, it is not many years since we could not have passed with a small car in this direction. Monsieur the pastor surveyed all this road, and, moreover, wrought at it with his own hands, for an encouragement to others.

T.—And this little bridge that we are going to cross?

D.—Yes, certainly, that bridge also; that was erected by him.

T.—He ought to be rich, to make so many things.

D.—That may be yes and no.

T.—How?

D.—We may say yes, because if he had all that he has given to others, he would be very rich. We may say no, because he cares for nothing, absolutely nothing: he gives all to the poor—all; yes, monsieur, all! When you see his house, don't expect to see anything very glorious.

Leaving the low country, and ascending the valleys of the Steintal, the visitors were at every turn delighted with the spectacle which presented itself. The well-cultured fields, and their variety of produce; the neat cottages, with their trim gardens and blooming orchards; and the generally good roads and pathways leading to the villages and hamlets: all were remarkable, and the more so from the contrast with the backward and slovenly state of things in

the country which had been left. The visitors were not less pleased with the cleanly and decent appearance of the people, their sober deportment, polite address, and correct speech. The children likewise partook of the universal influence, being gentle and obliging, and were seen in clusters going home merrily from school, the stronger leading those who were young and tender. In looking into the houses of the peasantry, everything was orderly and tidy; the beds clean and tastefully decorated, the furniture carefully polished, and the floor dry and comfortable. There was no appearance of wealth—that, indeed, being nowhere visible in the rural districts of France—neither, however, were there any signs of abject poverty, certainly not of either slothfulness or misery. And all this, together with a moral improvement not evident on the surface, was the work of the good pastor Oberlin.

It is an ascertained law that mankind increase at a quicker rate than the means for their support—that is, taking any particular spot on the earth's surface as a basis of the calculation. To prevent famine, therefore, one of two things becomes necessary; either that the redundant population be provided with employment from other quarters, or that they emigrate. That such a law has been impressed on human society for the purpose of peopling the unreclaimed but habitable parts of the globe, there can be no reasonable doubt. In usual circumstances, the inhabitants of any particular spot manifest extraordinary reluctance in dispersing themselves; and they too often cling to their homes long after reason and necessity would have bidden them depart. Such was now the condition of the Ban de la Roche. At the time of Oberlin's settlement, the parish contained from eighty to a hundred families; now, it comprised five or six hundred, numbering altogether about three thousand of a population. Here was a perplexing problem. Oberlin felt that the very improvements he had instituted had probably hastened the arrival of the period when the land could support no more inhabitants with a reasonable share of comfort. From whatever cause, the fact of over-population was becoming evident. Every little bit of land was occupied by its family; and the family patches were in the course of subdivision. There was as yet no actual want, because all less or more assisted each other, and the economical habits of the people led them to make the most of the small means at their disposal. Potatoes being their chief fare, the only immediate danger to be apprehended was a failure in the crops of that vegetable. In 1812, the calamity of a greatly deficient harvest fell upon France; corn rose to an exorbitant price; and in some parts of the country potatoes were sold for a sou apiece. The Ban de la Roche suffered in common with other districts, but to a less extent, in consequence of Oberlin having introduced a vigorous variety of the potato. From this cause alone the people did not die of famine, as they must otherwise have done.

While thankful for the narrow escape which his parishioners had made on this occasion, the good pastor was the more alarmed for the continued welfare of his flock; and as they did not seem inclined to emigrate, he set about contriving means for introducing employment from without. The plaiting of straw, knitting, and dyeing with the plants of the country, were accordingly introduced. A more successful branch of industry which followed was the spinning of cotton by the hand, for the manufactories of Alsace. In having women and girls taught the art of spinning, Oberlin was indefatigable; and such was his earnestness, that he gave prizes to the best spinners in addition to their ordinary wages. He had the gratification of seeing his plan succeed. In a short time the spinners became so expert, that in a single year the wages paid by a manufacturer for spinning cotton in the Ban de la Roche amounted to 32,000 francs (£1280). Weaving by the hand was next introduced, and promised to be equally remunerative, when a stop was put to the whole of this prosperity by the introduction of machinery at Schirmeck. Hand-labour could wage no effectual war with this cheaply wrought and powerful enginery, and the inhabitants sank to their former state of privation.

At this juncture it is impossible to avoid pitying Oberlin as well as his parishioners, whose duty, however, was clearly before them. The young and more able-bodied amongst them ought to have shifted to localities where their labour in the mechanic arts, or on the soil, would have earned them the bread of which they stood in need. A lucky turn in affairs saved them from the penalty of their neglect. While still smarting under the bereavement of their labour, the Ban de la Roche had the good fortune to be visited by a M. Legrand, a ribbon-manufacturer from Basel in Switzerland; and so charmed was he with the character of the Cher Papa Oberlin, and the orderly habits of the people, that he forthwith induced his two sons, to whom he relinquished his business, to remove their manufactory to the Steintal. This proved to be a more permanent and suitable undertaking than that of cotton-spinning. Ribbons are woven by hand-loom, and these being dispersed amongst the cottages of the peasantry, in which also the winding of the silk weft for the weavers is conducted, employment was found for some hundreds of people, old and young, in their own dwellings—a plan every way more advantageous than that of working in large factories. As in some of the Swiss cantons, the Ban de la Roche now exhibited a happy mixture of agricultural and horticultural labours with mechanical pursuits. From many of the cottages on the hill-sides were heard the sounds of the swift-flying shuttle; and when these were hushed at an early hour in the evening, the weaver might be seen trimming his garden or digging in the patch of arable land connected with his establishment.

The Messieurs Legrand had no cause to lament their removal to the Steintal. In a Report made to the Royal and Central Society

of Agriculture in France, a letter occurs from one of these gentlemen to the Baron de Gerando, from which we draw the following interesting observations. 'Conducted by Providence into this remote valley, I was the more struck with the sterility of its soil, its straw-thatched cottages, the apparent poverty of its inhabitants, and the simplicity of their fare, from the contrast which these external appearances formed to the cultivated conversation which I enjoyed with every individual I met whilst visiting its five villages, and the frankness and *naïveté* of the children, who extended to me their little hands. I had often heard of the good pastor Oberlin, and eagerly sought his acquaintance. He gave me the most hospitable reception. . . . It is now four years since I retired here with my family; and the pleasure of residing in the midst of a people whose manners are softened and whose minds are enlightened by the instructions which they receive from their earliest infancy, more than reconciles us to the privations which we must necessarily experience in a valley separated from the rest of the world by a chain of surrounding mountains.'

The merits of Oberlin as a great social reformer would appear to have now become more prominent than they had hitherto been; attracting, in particular, the attention of government—usually the last party to recognise any virtue in anything not connected with fighting. Louis XVIII., at the recommendation of his ministry, presented Oberlin with the decoration of the Legion of Honour—a mark of esteem, however, so exceedingly common, as to form a very insignificant reward for public services of so important a nature. Oberlin, like a true philanthropist, could not see that he had done anything deserving of this mark of royal approbation. The notice which was taken of him by the Count de Neufchateau, in a meeting at Paris of the Royal and Central Society of Agriculture about this period (1818), bore still more satisfactory testimony to his self-devoted labours. On the occasion of voting a tribute of gratitude, along with a gold medal from the Society, to Oberlin, the count made the following among other vivid remarks:

'If you would behold an instance of what may be effected in any country for the advancement of agriculture and the interests of humanity, quit for a moment the banks of the Seine, and ascend one of the steepest summits of the Vosges Mountains. Friends of the plough and of human happiness, come and behold the Ban de la Roche! I have been long acquainted with the valuable services rendered, for more than fifty years, to that district by John Frederick Oberlin. During that time, and to the advanced age of seventy-eight, he has persevered in carrying forward the interesting reformation first suggested and commenced by his virtue, piety, and zeal. He has refused invitations to more important and more lucrative situations, lest the Ban de la Roche should relapse into its former desolate state; and, by his extraordinary efforts and unabated

exertions, he averted from his parishioners, in the years 1812, 1816, and 1817, the horrors of approaching famine. Such a benefactor of mankind deserves the veneration and the gratitude of all good men; and it gives me peculiar pleasure to present you with an opportunity of acknowledging, in the person of M. Oberlin, not a single act, but a whole life devoted to agricultural improvements, and to the diffusion of useful knowledge among the inhabitants of a wild and uncultivated district. . . . It is already ascertained that there is in France uncultivated land sufficient for the formation of five thousand villages. When we wish to organise these colonies, Waldbach will present a perfect model; and in the rural hamlets which already exist, there is not one, even amongst the most flourishing, in which social economy is carried to a higher degree of perfection, or in which the annals of the Ban de la Roche may not be studied with advantage.'

Whatever were the feelings which inspired the venerable Oberlin in receiving the tribute of gratitude and accompanying medal from the Society, it will naturally be supposed that these marks of regard to their beloved pastor afforded unqualified satisfaction and pleasure to his numerous parishioners.

One of the public services performed by the Cher Papa for the Ban de la Roche was the settling of a long and ruinous lawsuit which was carrying on between the peasantry and the *seigneurs* of the territory. A seigneur, according to the old French usages, was the feudal lord or superior of a tract of land, from the resident proprietors or cultivators of which he exacted certain annual dues and services; in requital, he gave them legal protection and some other privileges, such as the right of cutting timber from the forests, or fishing in the rivers. At the Revolution, the seigneuries were generally abolished; without, however, as it would appear, quashing any legal disputes which had previously been unsettled between the seigneurs and their vassals. The litigation in the present instance was with regard to the forests which covered a large part of the mountains, and, with varying fortune, the suit had lasted upwards of three-quarters of a century, and through all varieties of tribunals. In 1813, the quarrel, handed down from father to son, still raged, and promised to rage for many years longer. Attempts had been made by the seigneurs to compromise the matter, but without avail. This perplexing law-plea had been the plague of Oberlin's life: it was the standing grievance of the canton: now sinking into silence, now reviving, it kept every tongue in exercise.

With some useful advice from his friend the prefect of the department, Oberlin undertook to convince his parishioners how much more advantageous it would be for them to make certain sacrifices, with a view to settle the dispute, than to protract it even with the ultimate chance of being victorious. He shewed them the amount of expenses they had already lost, and which they might still lose;

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what were the vexations to which they had been exposed ; and what pleasure they would have in being no longer subjected to such a torment. Besides offering these reasons, he urged the religious view of the subject, insisting on the duty of living at peace and in friendship with all mankind. The moral power of the good pastor was perhaps in nothing so remarkable as his conquest on this occasion. Melting the obstinacy of his auditors by his arguments and eloquence, they agreed to the terms of a mutual compromise, and the litigation was brought to a close. A few smooth words effected what years of wrangling and battling had failed to accomplish. The day on which the mayors attended to receive the signature of the late belligerents, was one of rejoicing in the Ban de la Roche ; and at the suggestion of the prefect, these magistrates presented to Oberlin the pen with which the deed had been signed, requesting him to suspend it in his study as a trophy of the victory which he had achieved over long-cherished animosities. The gift was gratefully accepted ; and it was often afterwards declared by Oberlin that the day on which that pen was used had been the happiest of his life.

As early as 1804, and while war still existed between France and England, a friendly communication had been opened between the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London and Oberlin, who entered with his accustomed enthusiasm into the idea of dispersing copies of the Scriptures throughout the districts under the sphere of his influence. Assisted by his son, Henry Gottfried, who, after being educated at Strasbourg for the medical profession, was ordained for the church, and also one of the Messieurs Legrand, Oberlin organised an auxiliary Society at Waldbach, which henceforth became one of the most important distributaries of the Bible in France. It is mentioned, that so zealous did the good pastor become in this as well as in the cause of Christian missions, that he not only gathered all the funds he could among his parishioners, and exhausted his own slender funds, but sold off many articles of value in his household, including every silver utensil, except a single spoon. Uniting with the Cher Papa in these pious efforts, Louisa Scheppler became a zealous contributor to the Bible Societies ; on one occasion giving the entire annual rent of a small field which belonged to her.

In the latter part of his life, Oberlin became also deeply interested in the movements taking place in England and elsewhere for the abolition of negro slavery in the West Indies and America. So shocked was he with the injustice and impiety of the whole system of slavery, that he determined on relinquishing the use of coffee, the only slave-cultivated product which entered his dwelling ; and at a considerable sacrifice of comfort, he never afterwards used this article, substituting milk in its place.

Thus, in acts of piety and self-sacrificing benevolence, conformable

to all his previous actions, passed away the latter years of this remarkable man. In 1809, he felt acutely the loss of his daughter Fidélité; and in 1817 met with another severe bereavement in the death of his son, Henry Gottfried, who sunk under an illness aggravated by the severity of his labours among the mountains. These family losses were felt the more acutely, from his remaining children being dispersed and settled in life; his principal domestic stay being now his adopted daughter, Louisa Schepler, who clung to him till his last moments. When no longer able to perform his pastoral functions, they were faithfully discharged by his son-in-law, M. Graff; and he spent the greater part of his time in literary and devotional exercises in his study. All who had the happiness of being introduced to him—and among these were numbered several clergymen from England—were struck with his venerable and dignified appearance, and the singular artlessness of his manners and discourse. His head, which indicated high intellectual and moral faculties,* was thinly covered with finely flowing locks of hair white as snow, while on his countenance shone the calm placidity of one who was at peace with himself and the world. Great as was latterly his infirmity, he was affected with no bodily disease; and he may be said to have died solely from a decline of the natural powers. Dissolution made no sensible approach till Sunday the 28th of May 1826, when he was suddenly seized with shiverings and faintings; and he lingered, suffering from occasional convulsions, till the morning of the 1st of June, when he expired; his last moments being of that peaceful and happy kind which so well befitted his character. He died in the eighty-sixth year of his age, and the sixtieth of his ministry.

The intelligence of the sad event, communicated to the parish by the solemn tolling of the passing bell, was received with the deepest sorrow, every family feeling that it had lost the best of friends and benefactors. Agreeable to a not unusual custom, all were permitted to visit the parsonage, to pay a last tribute of respect to the Cher Papa, whose wan and sunken, but venerable features were exposed beneath a glass in the lid of the coffin. For several days, multitudes from all quarters crowded to Waldbach on this pilgrimage of affection, and many remained in the neighbourhood to attend the approaching funeral.

This last touching ceremony took place on the 5th of June, amidst a large concourse of parishioners and strangers, of every sect and party. When the funeral procession was about to set out, M. Jaeglé, president of the consistory or ecclesiastical body to which Oberlin had belonged, placed on the coffin the pastoral robe of the deceased, the vice-president laid on it the Bible, and the mayor, or civil

* Oberlin was a believer in Lavater's opinions respecting physiognomy, and also of the doctrines of Gall on phrenology. His own head, in relation to his character, is said to have afforded strong presumptive proofs of the correctness of Gall's theory.

magistrate of the district, attached to the pall the decoration of the Legion of Honour, which had been presented by Louis XVIII. The coffin was borne by the elders of the congregation; and in moving along, twelve females sung a hymn in chorus. The front of the procession was led by the oldest inhabitant of the parish, bearing a cross of wood, given him by Louisa Schepler, to plant at the head of the grave, and on which were engraved the words, PAPA OBERLIN.

The funeral procession extended two miles in length, and the foremost had reached the churchyard of Foudai, where the interment was to take place, before the last had set out from the parsonage at Waldbach. When entering Foudai, a new and finely sounding bell, which M. Legrand had kindly presented to the church, began to toll, and it continued till the ceremonial was concluded. The coffin being deposited in front of the communion-table, was hung over by many weeping mourners, while the body of the church was filled by a select number of persons, among whom might be seen several Roman Catholic priests, dressed in their ecclesiastical robes. The remainder of the vast crowd, computed to amount to three thousand individuals, took up an orderly position in the churchyard, the spectacle without being heightened by the devout appearance of a body of Roman Catholic women kneeling in silent prayer around the cemetery. The funeral service was begun by M. Jaeglé, who, while in the pulpit, took occasion to read an affectionate address from Oberlin to his parishioners, which had been found among his papers, and intended to be read to them at his funeral. At the close of the service, and when the coffin was about to be lowered into the grave, a friend of the deceased—as is customary at the burial of distinguished individuals in France—delivered a short oration, eulogising the character, and pointing to the useful labours of the good man whose body was now to be consigned to the dust. Well as this was delivered, the tears which plentifully flowed from the eyes of the multitude, the sobs which were heard from the women and children who crowded round the grave, were, it was remarked, the most impressive funeral oration. Oberlin was buried under the shade of a weeping-willow, which overhung the tomb of his son Henry Gottfried, and there the body of the Cher Papa was left to its repose.

Oberlin was succeeded in the cure of the Ban de la Roche by M. Graff; but that gentleman being soon after compelled to relinquish his pastoral duties from bad health, the cure was committed to another son-in-law of the deceased, M. Rauscher, a person eminently qualified to continue the career of usefulness which Oberlin had begun. Oberlin had left a letter to his children pointing out the valuable services of Louisa Schepler, and stating that, by the care they took of her, they would shew how much attention they paid to the last wish of a father who had always endeavoured to inspire them with feelings of gratitude and benevolence. The appeal was

unnecessary. The surviving family of Oberlin, from the affection which they bore Louisa, determined that she should want for nothing till they themselves were destitute. This excellent person, equally esteemed by M. Rauscher, continued to reside in the parsonage of Waldbach, devoting herself as formerly to acts of benevolence. Her many good qualities becoming known to the trustees of the Monthyon institution at Paris for the reward of virtue, she was awarded by them the prize of 5000 francs—a sum which she wholly devoted to deeds of piety.

Influenced by the friendship and exhortations of Oberlin, there were other women in the Ban de la Roche who, though in poor circumstances, were distinguished for their disinterested benevolence. The following* deserve particular notice :

Sophia Bernard.—This woman, though depending for subsistence on her own labour, and the scanty produce of a morsel of land, resolved in early life to devote herself entirely to the care of orphans ; and with this view collected, first under her father's roof, and afterwards in the old parsonage, several children, whose parents were of different denominations, and taught them to spin cotton, in order to assist in their maintenance, which would otherwise have devolved entirely on herself. Before she married, and when her little family already consisted of seven children, she and her sister Madeleine received a letter from a poor tailor, named Thomas, who lived in a neighbouring village, entreating them to take charge of his three little children, all of whom were under four years of age, as his wife was near her confinement, and he was utterly unable to provide for them. This could scarcely be called a justifiable request : following, however, the benevolent impulse of the moment, or rather the dictates of that benevolence by which they were habitually actuated, the two sisters immediately set out, although the evening was already far advanced, and they had dangerous roads to traverse, with their baskets on their backs. At length, regardless of fatigue and exertion, they reached the summit of the mountain upon which Thomas's cottage was situated. Softly approaching it, they peeped in at the window, and were confirmed in the truth of the statement they had received, by the evident marks of wretchedness and poverty that the little apartment exhibited. Upon entering it, they found the little creatures in as forlorn a condition as the poor man had described ; miserably nursed, and weak and diseased from neglect. They therefore, without further deliberation, wrapped them up in flannel, packed them in the baskets at their backs, and trudged home with them. But, as their father's house would not accommodate so large an accession to the family, Sophia hired a servant-girl and an additional room, where she fed, clothed, and educated them, so that they became strong, healthy, and ultimately enabled to provide

* Letter from Oberlin in the Appendix to the First Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

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for their own maintenance. A young man, of a generous disposition, made Sophia an offer of marriage ; and as she appeared unwilling to accept him, he declared that, if necessary, he would wait ten years to gain her hand. She then acknowledged that her motive for refusing him was the grief it would occasion her to part from her little orphans. 'He who takes the mother takes the children also,' replied the young man. On this condition the marriage took place ; and all the children were brought up under their mutual care in the most excellent manner. They afterwards adopted other orphans, whom they are training up in the fear and love of God. Though these excellent people passed for rather rich, yet their income was so limited, and their benevolence so extensive, that they sometimes hardly knew how to furnish themselves with a new suit of clothes.

Maria Schepler lived at the remotest part of Oberlin's extensive parish, where the cold was more severe, and the ground unfruitful. Nearly all the householders were so poor that they lent each other clothes, in order that those who attended the communion might make a decent appearance. Though distressed and afflicted in her own person and circumstances, Maria Schepler was a mother, benefactress, and teacher to the village in which she lived, and to some of the neighbouring districts also ; bringing up several orphans without the smallest recompense, and keeping a free school for females.

Catherine Scheidecker, a poor widow, was also a mother to orphans, and kept a free school for the children of the hamlet in which she resided.—*Catherine Banet* was a young woman of a similar character. She voluntarily attended all the neighbouring schools to teach the girls to knit, and, besides, instructed them in other branches of useful knowledge. Who shall estimate the value of the labours of these women, or say how much the poor does for the poor !

CONCLUSION.

It is painful to withdraw ourselves from a contemplation of the character we have been attempting to depict. In laying down the pen, we feel as if a curtain were about to drop between us and the object of our esteem and admiration. But Oberlin, though dead, yet liveth. His person has vanished, but he survives in his actions. How holy, how pure is the remembrance of such a hero ! how immeasurably more grand his character than that of the 'great men' who usually fill the world's eye, and command the multitude's gaping applause ! His piety, without bigotry ; his charity, without ostentation ; his self-denial, without penuriousness ; his universal loving-kindness ; his sincerity, meekness, fortitude, and perseverance ; the originality, benevolence, and comprehensiveness of his schemes ; not to mention the unusually long and zealous pursuit of his sacred profession—all raise him far above the standard of ordinary men.

Devoting himself to labours of the most humble order, he sacrificed a whole lifetime to a sense of public duty. There was in him, as will have been observed, an utter absence of self. He aimed at no personal glory. What he planned and executed was with an ardent desire to do the work of his great Master, and for the pleasure of doing good. And here lay the remarkable distinction between his character and that of the common class of public benefactors. In none of his undertakings did he think of or look for public notice, thanks, or applause. Instead of going about the world announcing his schemes, or parading his deeds, he spent his days within the bosom of a wild mountain-district, going nowhere to seek popularity or reward. Oberlin lived and died a poor man, according to the world's acceptance of poverty. For his wonderful labours he never received the wages of a good mechanic : yet what did he not execute with his scanty resources ! what was the satisfaction of his mind ! If riches are to be estimated by the degree of happiness they impart, or by the love which they purchase, Oberlin was the richest of mortals. Beloved by all, he enjoyed in his humble mountain-home pleasures which money cannot buy, and was in effect wealthier than the greatest potentate. If kindness be power, and force weakness—as we firmly believe them, in general circumstances, to be—then was Oberlin also powerful ; for he effected by kindness that which even the force of law would inevitably have failed to accomplish. At his death, three thousand people wept bitter tears. How few monarchs have received such a tribute of veneration ! Nor did his name perish, or enjoy but a questionable fame. From a remote nook of continental Europe the name and fame of Oberlin have gone abroad over all lands. The present little tract will, it is hoped, extend and confirm the reputation of a man so worthy of the world's admiration. May it, however, do more. The fame of the truly great can only be of use when stimulating by example. Let every reader of these pages, therefore, humble, powerless, and penniless as he may be, consider what *he* can contribute towards the same great cause—the cause of social melioration : what personal sacrifices he will make to reclaim the vicious, instruct the ignorant, cheer the disconsolate ; what selfishness and bigotries he will relinquish ; what meekness, benevolence, justice, and charity he will exercise ; what, in a word, he will do to imitate the Cher Papa, the good pastor OBERLIN.



SCENES FROM PEASANT LIFE IN NORWAY.



I.

MY GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE.

IN Tönset parish, in Oesterdal, on a hill-side, rising from the borders of the narrow tarn which winds like a river through the glen, stands the house which my grandfather built for himself when he first settled in the village.* At the time of which I am about to speak, when I

* This word is adopted as most intelligible to English readers, though it does not quite truly render the Norwegian term, *bygd* (meaning strictly an inhabited place): for, though the people of a *bygd* consider themselves as forming a community, their dwellings are not clustered together as in a village, but are spread over an area frequently several Norwegian miles in extent, each farmhouse being situated in the midst of the lands belonging to it; and as the peasantry make everything for themselves—from their houses, household furniture, and linen, to their harness, ploughs, carts, &c.—the *bygd* presents none of the usual features of the village.

The feudal system having never been introduced into Norway, the peasantry of that country have, from the earliest ages to the present times, possessed their lands in freehold; and although the right of taking part in the popular assemblies, and giving his voice on all matters of public interest, which was originally enjoyed by every Scandinavian *Bonde*, or freeborn holder of property, was superseded during four hundred years, the Norwegian peasant (to which class the name *Bonde* is now exclusively applied) has regained his lost

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was a boy of thirteen, the house, like its master, bore traces of the years that had passed over it, and was in no way distinguished from that of an ordinary Norwegian peasant-farmer; but in my eyes, it was a dwelling fit for a king. The rough aspect of the outer walls, formed of logs, laid one upon the other, and tightened in the interstices with layers of moss, was relieved by the shining panes of glass in the broad windows, that let in abundance of air and light, and gave a look of cheerfulness to the house within and without. How well I remember every nook and corner: the *Storstue* (large room, or reception-room), with its dark wooden panellings, its high-backed carved chairs, with embossed Russia leather seats; the huge oaken presses and cupboards, in which were ranged, in studied order, all kinds of curiosities from the four kingdoms of nature, together with models of various machines and utensils; the venerable old musical-clock in the corner, made by my grandmother's father, which played such beautiful psalms; and above the door, the head of a stately elk, with horns measuring six feet between the tips, and eyes of polished pebbles. Then there was the large cheerful kitchen, with its long white deal-table, where the family took their repasts, 'themselves' occupying the upper end, while the domestics were seated at the lower. Outside the kitchen-window was the board on which grandfather strewed pease for the pigeons every morning, calling them to their meal with the shrill tones of a watchman's whistle; and under the eaves of the gable, was the box he had prepared as a nest for the starling, which never failed to take possession of it in spring, when he returned from his long travels.

Behind the house was the garden, surrounded by a high wooden fence, with a double row of larches on the outside, to protect it against the north wind. But the poor foreigners seemed themselves to stand in need of protection from this rude child of the north; for although they had stood there upwards of forty years, they did not yet reach much above the fence. Within were many delicate leafy trees, such as the wild cherry and the rowan; and in one of the angles, a bower formed of the Siberian pea. In the garden-beds grew carrots and onions, and potatoes and pease; and, best of all, wild strawberries, which, however plentiful in other parts of Norway, are very rare in this place. Then there was the middle walk, with

position within the last century, and may now elect and be elected to a seat in the Diet of his country. The farms are generally of about forty or fifty acres, each having, besides, a large tract of pasturage in the *Fjelds* or mountains, whither the cattle are sent to pasture in spring and summer, under the care of the daughters and female servants of the farmers. Upon these out-farms, which are called *Säter*, there are of course houses for the 'søster-girls' to sleep in, and to carry on their dairy-work, all of which is done here; but they are of inferior construction. Below the farmers or *Gaardmand*, there is a race of cottars, or *Huusmand* (housemen), as they are termed in the language of the country, whose lot is a less happy one; yet, even these are not without their bit of ground, mostly, however, held in rent; in which case, as also when large farms are held in rent, the lease is always granted for the lifetime of husband and wife, and generally renewed to the son on the demise of the parents. The rent of the cottars is usually paid in labour, either of husband or wife.

SCENES FROM PEASANT LIFE IN NORWAY.

the gilt sun-dial; and the rural seat, with the stone table in front; and the little flower-bed, with its border of mountain auriculas, transplanted by myself from the grassy slope without. Ah, that was a garden which had not its like! at least within a distance of ten miles.*

One spot in the landscape, on the other side of the tarn, was particularly dear to me: this was the bank beyond the meadow, with the beautiful drooping birches, on which stood Tjønmo Farm dwelling-house, with its dark-brown log walls, its broad windows and turf-covered roof, and clustering around it the various barns, out-houses, and stables, each under a separate roof; and, foremost in importance in my eyes, old Mother Kari's store-room, raised upon posts, to secure it from the visits of the rats and other enemies. The Tjønmo children—Olaug, Sigri, and Per—were my sister's and my dearest and most constant companions. Many a feast of dried salt meat and cream from Mother Kari's store-room had we with them; and in return, it was they who, above all others, were invited to celebrate grandfather's birthday with us, when we were regaled with chocolate out of the little china cups, and with gingerbread and dried figs, produced from the mysterious chest in the passage, in which grandfather seemed to have stored away the good things of all climes.

II.

RAGNHILD AND BERSVEND.

At the time of which I am speaking, several of the daughters of Tjønmo were already confirmed.† The eldest, whose name was Ragnhild, was considered the prettiest girl in the village—nay, perhaps, in the whole Oesterdal—at least so said the *Sorenskriver's* (local magistrate) clerks, and they were very knowing in such matters: indeed, one of them, who had just come home after a visit to Christiania, maintained that, even in the capital, there was not a girl equal to Ragnhild Tjønmo. The people of the village, however, spoke little of Ragnhild's beauty. Among these simple mountaineers, delicacy of feature is not much appreciated, and no one thinks of finding fault with a face that is not decidedly disfigured: Ragnhild

* There are seven English miles to one Norwegian mile.

† In the Lutheran Church, in Scandinavia, confirmation, which is compulsory on all classes of the people, and may be performed by clergymen of all grades, generally takes place between the ages of fourteen and sixteen. The children receive regular instruction from the pastor six months previous to the confirmation; and on the day of the ceremony, are publicly examined in the church before the blessing is conferred. No young persons can be admitted to the previous religious classes who are not able to read and write; and certificate of confirmation being required on their entering into private or public service, and on various other occasions of life, such as marriage, &c., this acts as a compulsory enactment as regards popular education, at least as far as relates to the rudiments.

herself would, therefore, probably never have known that she was pretty, had it not been for the said clerks, and some stray lieutenants, sent to make trigonometrical surveys, who were always so anxious to take part in the hay-making when Ragnhild was there. But the poor fellows got little for their trouble; and even the lads of the village found her door closed against them, when, in accordance with the custom of the country, they went to visit her in the evening after the labours of the day were over.

Very likely, however, Ragnhild made an exception with Bersvend Embretsen, the son of the house in the neighbouring farm, Tröen. Bersvend was not particularly comely; but in his sunburned freckled face and clear blue eyes there was an expression of goodness and honesty that won all hearts. And the lasses liked him well for a partner in the dance; for, lithe, muscular, and well-built as he was, they were always sure that in the *Halling** he would *raake Slinda*, or reach the beam. Ragnhild and Bersvend had grown up together, and had learned to love each other, without either of them being able to say when the feeling took birth. Sure it is, they wished to become man and wife; but, as it so often happens, the parents and the children were not of one mind on this subject, and old Arne Tjønmo, Ragnhild's father, received Bersvend's advances in no friendly spirit. Bersvend's mother, who was a widow, had mismanaged affairs since her husband's death, and had got the farm deeply in debt, and as yet Bersvend had not succeeded in setting matters to rights again. Besides, Mother Beret had the name of being something of a scold; and she and the goodman at Tjønmo had repeatedly had words together about fences that were broken down, or sheep or calves that had strayed, and such-like matters as may easily occur between neighbours; and therefore old Arne had no wish to have Bersvend for his son-in-law. For a long while, however, he left things alone, and seemed not to heed that Bersvend was 'going after' his Ragnhild; but when the latter rejected several good offers, and obstinately refused to yield to her father's remonstrances, he thought it was time to watch his lamb more closely. When, therefore, Bersvend at length, though with little hope of success, presented himself, in company with a kinsman, to make formal application for Ragnhild's hand, as is the custom of the country, Arne Tjønmo was highly incensed, and gave the suitor a blunt refusal; telling him, in plain terms, that a man who knew not when he would be driven from house and home, had no business to take a wife. In vain Bersvend's companion urged, that the debt had been considerably reduced since the young man had been allowed

* A national dance, requiring an extraordinary degree of agility and muscular strength, the dancer having sometimes to bend so low as almost to touch the floor with his knees, at others to make a sudden leap, and touch the wall or the ceiling with his toe. Skill in this dance is so much prized, that records are kept of extraordinary feats of agility performed therein.

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to take the management of the farm into his hands ; and in vain Ragnhild, who was in the next room, wept till her apron was steeped in tears. From that moment she was more closely watched. She was no longer allowed to fetch water from the well at Trön, as she used to do ; and when spring came round, and they were to go to soeters, either Ragnhild staid at home, or her mother went with her. But it is no easy matter to shut up a kid, says an old proverb, and, in spite of all precautions, Ragnhild and Bersvend found opportunities to meet ; but nevertheless, confinement and sorrow began to fade the roses on Ragnhild's cheeks, and Bersvend went about with downcast looks, and kept aloof when the young people met for social amusement.

III.

BOATING ACROSS THE MEADOWS.

It was Whitsunday morning ; the soft south breeze and the clear blue sky, in which a few vapoury white clouds were sailing, promised a real summer day, although we were only in the beginning of June ; and, in general, summer does not reach our northern mountain valleys so early in the year. The solemn pealing of the church-bell announced the festive day. Within the house everything had been scoured, cleaned, and tidied ; the white deal floors were strewn with fresh green tops of fir ; and round the kitchen fireplace and the plate-racks were wreathed verdant branches of birch. The maid-servants had donned their green holiday bodices with snow-white linen sleeves ; we had all partaken of the cream porridge, which constituted our breakfast on great holidays, and were awaiting a signal from grandfather to proceed together to church.

The tarn, which usually was not broader than that it might be spanned across with one or two ordinary fishing-nets, was on this day swelled into a mighty lake. The long sharp-bladed grass and numerous water-plants which commonly fringed the banks, were nowhere to be seen ; and the low dike which bridged it over, as also the meadows on the far side, through which runs the pathway that leads to the church, had likewise disappeared : for the spring-floods, which had this year come later than usual, and had been much swelled by the sudden thawing of the snow on the mountains, had united into one great sheet the waters of the tarn and the river Glommen, overflowing the low grounds that intervened between them. Only a few wooded knolls were seen rising, like little islands, out of the lake. It was a strange but pretty sight, to see the drooping birches lifting their crowns of tender green foliage out of the tranquil waters, while the tops of the lower bushes seemed to swim about on the surface, until here and there they gathered again into

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larger masses of foliage, through which the waters were only seen in silvery glimpses. As background to this great verdure-clad lake, rose in the north-west the dark forest-covered Faastens-Li,* with a few scattered farm-steads and grassy uplands at its base; and in the north-east the Oestby-Li's more gentle and fertile slopes, with its groups of farm-steadings, looking like so many villages. On a rising-ground in the valley, right in the middle between the two slopes, stands the stately red-painted church, lifting its dome-covered turret on high, as if in emulation of the far mountain-ridge.

The voices of the bells were hushed from time to time, and then broke forth again with renewed vigour. Already we descried many dark figures gathered on the eminence round the church, and long files of others were seen wending their way towards it. Our maid-servants were by this time putting on their dark over-jackets, and covering their heads with sombre-coloured kerchiefs, bordered with red. While this was going on, I hurried down to the boat—the only means by which we could reach the church to-day—and had just time to give a peep at the perch and the pike in the *cauf*, when grandfather sallied through the garden-gate at the head of our party, consisting of my mother and my sister, our servants, the man and woman who lived in a cottage on the farm, and their grown-up sons. While we were taking our seats in the boats, we saw Arne Tjønmo and his household descending the path which led from their farm, and preparing to push out the boat that was lying high up on land.

Our boats shoved off. In the stern of the foremost sat grandfather, who was to act as steersman and pilot, for no one knew as well as the old man the soundings of these waters. In silence we glided on among bushes and trees, the pendent branches of the birches whisking in our faces, as sometimes rowing, sometimes paddling, and sometimes punting, we made our way through the narrow channels, startling the various aquatic birds that had taken possession of the new domains opened to them by the spreading of the waters. One of the most difficult points had just been passed in safety, when the keel of our second boat was caught in the stumps of a tree concealed below the water. The women screamed, and seemed to think that they were lost; but when some of the freight had been transferred to grandfather's boat, the other was soon afloat again. During the delay caused by this accident, the Tjønmo boat emerged from among the bushes right in our wake. In the stern, with her back towards us, sat a female figure, whose gaily embroidered coif shewed that she was a maiden. As it drew nearer to us, she turned round, and we saw that we had not been mistaken—it was

* Pronounced *Lee*, slope of a mountain. In Norway, the mountains do not rise in continuous or rapid slopes from base to summit, but are formed of a succession of broad plateaus, one rising above the other, and in their turn forming the basis of hills of considerable elevation, interspersed with broad valleys, narrow glens, and swampy hollows and levels. The slope of the terrace forming the plateau is what is termed *Li*. *Fjeld* is the generic name for isolated mountain-tops, as well as chains of mountains.

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Ragnhild ; but she was pale, and looked sad, and only answered with a faint smile when we wished her a 'joyous festival !' In the boat there were, besides herself, her father and her mother, some of her young sisters and brothers, and a servant-lad, who was plying the oars. After having interchanged a few friendly words with them, we again moved on.

We had passed the Sandvold farms, where a boat lay moored close to the house-steps, when a gentle current in the water indicated that we were approaching the river. The most dangerous point was now before us. The bank of the river was somewhat higher than the surrounding meadow-lands, and could only be passed through a narrow *Evje*,* outside of which the current ran strong during the flood-times. Before we reached this, we descried ahead of us a boat, with young men and maidens from the neighbourhood, which had run aground. Two of the men had drawn off their shoes and stockings, and were standing up to their knees in the water, trying to get the boat over the embankment where it had grounded, while a third, who had thrown off his jacket, stood in the stern, seconding their endeavours by pushing his oar with all his might against the embankment, so as to impel the boat onwards. As his head was bent forward, and his face concealed by his long hair, we did not at first recognise him ; but as we passed them, holding a little to the right, to get into a deeper channel, the young men paused in their work, and respectfully taking off their red woollen caps to grandfather, greeted us with the usual 'A joyous festival to you !' We then saw that the one at the oar was no other than our friend Bersvend ; yet we observed that when the Tjönmo boat passed them, Ragnhild remained as before, with drooping head, and eyes fixed on the water. Had she not seen him ?

Our two boats, and that from Tjönmo, following close in our track, had now reached the *evje*, through which we were to pass into the river. We knew the place by the presence of an old dwarf willow, which grew on the bank of the stream, and the lower branches of which displayed as trophies various tufts of straw and dry twigs, caught up from the current, which was whirling them along. Now was the time to steer steadily, and to strike into the current at the proper moment, and with sufficient force, so as to enable the boat to swing clear round the point.

We had got happily through, and were already rapidly descending the broad river, whose waters were to-day turbid and muddy, when the Tjönmo boat, whose rower was an inexperienced lad, turned too suddenly out of the *evje*, and was caught in the eddy, and whirled round, its stern striking with great force against the trunk of the willow, while at the same moment it reeled over, and the water rushed in at the gunwales ; but, nevertheless, it righted itself again,

* A narrow inlet formed by the waters of the river.

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and glided down the stream. But Ragnhild lost her balance when it struck, and was precipitated into the water. A cry of dismay was heard from all the boats. Grandfather instantly gave orders to turn, and row against the current; but it was too strong for us; and in spite of the exertions of our rowers, we made little progress; while the Tjønmo boat also, on board which reigned the greatest confusion, and which had drifted a good bit down the river, was making vain endeavours to come to the young girl's assistance. To our great joy, however, we soon discovered that she had caught hold of a branch of the willow, and was thus keeping herself above water. In a few minutes, another boat was seen coming round the point of the evje; an oar was stretched out, which was eagerly grasped by Ragnhild, and Bersvend's strong arm did the rest. The rowers of the boat in which she was now seated, plied their oars vigorously, and were soon alongside of us; and we were surprised to find that, instead of being discomfited by her mishap, the maiden was radiant with smiles. She seemed not to give a thought to her spoiled holiday attire; for was she not at the side of the loved one, whose strong arm had rescued her from her dangerous position; and might not this occurrence prove a turning-point in her destiny? But the good man, her father, seemed to take the matter very coolly; at least he gave no outward indications of emotion. To Bersvend he merely said, in a fretful tone, while they were drawing up the boats near the bridge where we landed: 'I give thee thanks for thy trouble, Bersvend;' and the subject was not again alluded to. Poor Ragnhild, in her dripping clothes, sought refuge in Nebby Farm.

IV.

A VILLAGE CHURCH.

The last bell was tolling as we ascended the eminence on which the church is situated. On the embankment, outside the churchyard, stood the parishioners in closely pressed groups; the men in dark-gray jerkins, with metal buttons; the women in blue or black linsey-woolsey jackets buttoned up to the throat, dark-coloured petticoats, and holiday kerchiefs pinned over their silken hoods. The whole bygd was probably on the spot, for it was not likely that any one whom necessity did not detain, would be absent from church on such a day; but peace and silence reigned around, and an air of festive solemnity was spread over the scene.

Availing himself of the few minutes that were left before the service was to commence, grandfather led me to the brow of the hill, that we might take a view of the inundated valley from this height; and indeed the scene which lay spread out before us was such as could not easily be forgotten. The broad sheet of water, with its islands

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and groups of trees, and a picturesque bridge in the foreground, gradually contracted into a mighty stream, which, during its winding course through the valley, here and there again expanded into lakes, until at length it was lost among the Elvedal-Fjelds, that appeared in the distance covered with a blue veil of mist. Crowning the uplands, which, on the other side, circumscribe the plain, was a line of corn-fields and verdant meadows. The farm-steadings did not, indeed, present to the eye stately edifices with tile-covered roofs, but the groups of little turf-covered cottages were in harmony with the whole picture. Above the farms begin the pine-forests which climb the Li, until at last they give way to the yellow moss of the Grönfjeld, and the bare precipitous crags of the Haver. But high above all the other ridges and fells, the Tronfjeld uprears its broad and furrowed back. Sublime in his isolation, the mighty rock-giant seems to spurn the support of the humbler kindred that surround him; but further down the valley, in the south-west, plants his foot in the Glommen, which hurries past in whirling currents, as if anxious to escape his threatening presence.

Our silent raptures were soon interrupted by the sound of the little bell. Before we could reach our closed pew opposite the pulpit, a chorus of many voices had joined in the entrance-psalm; and though no organ was there to regulate the singing, and a practised ear would have detected many a discord, there was so much of earnest devotion in the singers, that it made up for the want of harmony.

How light, and roomy, and airy, is this pretty timber church! with its double row of lofty windows running round the whole of the octagonal edifice, and its whitewashed walls, and arched roof, supported by carved wooden pillars, formed of single blocks of timber, the like of which are no longer found in our forests. Along the walls are raised galleries; and here, on benches rising one above the other, are seated in close array the children of the village. Among these there is a great stir as soon as the hymn, 'My child, fear the true God,'* commences, for that is the signal for the children to go down to be catechised, and none will bear the shame of being the last. If we turn our eyes to the floor of the church, and let them pass along the rows of pews, we will find that there also each seat is filled. On the men's side,† a striking number of bald and gray heads prove that the aged among the community, as well as the young, have sought the house of God; while, on the women's side, the monotonous rows of uniform black coifs and sober-coloured jackets, afford the pleasant spectacle of an assembly of matrons, who do not vie with each other in gaudy attire.

* The hymns in the Lutheran Church are not the scriptural psalms, but are of modern composition, and in a great measure take the place of prayer, there being hymns of thanksgiving, supplication, deprecation, &c.

† In the Lutheran churches, the men and women sit in separate pews, each sex occupying one side of the church.

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After the service was over, began the ceremony of baptism, which lasted a long while, for as usual there were at least a score of infants, in white linen swaddling-clothes, wound round with red ribbons, to be brought to the font. Then came the offering,* when young and old, men and women, crowded up to the altar to deposit their mite; only the little ones on the mother's arms seemed loath to part with the penny placed in their hands, and frequently gave loud expression to their discontent when forced to do so.

V.

IN THE FOREST AND ON THE FIELD.

We had reached the month of July, and the time was approaching when the hay-rakes are busy in the fields, and the sound of the whetting of scythes breaks constantly on the ear. As yet, however, only a few ricks were seen here and there on the rich grassy slopes of the Oestby-Li.

The hope that old Arne would relent, which we had nourished ever since the event of Whitsunday, seemed doomed to disappointment. The old man continued to turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of the young people; and when others spoke to him on the subject, and represented that Bersvend might, in fact, be considered as having a right to the maiden, now that he had saved her life, he was much put out, and declared that Bersvend could claim no particular merit for having done so, for that every young man in his place would have done the same; and so far the goodman was right. Besides, he said, because the lad had saved her from drowning, it did not follow that he must have her for his wife; that was quite another question.

However much Bersvend fretted, this caused no change in his kindness to me, who had always been a favourite with him; and he was as ready as ever to humour me in all my boyish desires. As I was already a passionate angler, he had long promised to take me one day up to the Auma, a little mountain stream, particularly rich in small trout, and which rises behind the Haver, at the very foot of the Tronfjeld, and descends thence over the Tönset-Keel. I was therefore highly delighted when he came one beautiful summer evening, in this same month of July, to announce that he was ready to start on the projected excursion on the following morn. He dared say the 'fish would now bite,' and perhaps he would at the same time look after his horse, which was on pasture in the Aum-Li.

* One of the sources of revenue of the country clergy in Norway are the offerings made on the great church-festivals, as well as on occasion of marriages, baptisms, burials, &c. The amount is optional with the giver, who, going up to the altar, deposits there his or her gift, accompanying the act with a bow or a courtesy.

That there was any other matter he was going to look after, he did not say; but many of the village-people had their søeters in the Aum-Li, and among these the Tjønmo folk, and Ragnhild was there as *Søterkulle*;* but, it is true, under the guardianship of the 'good-woman herself.'

My mother's and my grandfather's permission was given, and the following morning, at three o'clock, Bersvend and I were already on our way. The night had been so cold, that the dew lay like frost on the meadows; but, as is usual when a cold night succeeds to a hot day, the vapours from the tarn and the river had risen more thickly, and spread over the bottom of the valley; and when such is the case, the night-frosts do no damage. Walking at a brisk pace, we proceeded up the valley, choosing the søeter road, which leads over the Haver, and through the glen of Skaret.

In the pine-forest the mist began already to ascend, and, curling itself in fleecy masses round the tall tree-tops, which seemed as if trying to keep it back, it disclosed to our view glimpses of the clear blue sky beyond. The road runs past a small enclosure, within which sat three hares enjoying their morning repast in a small patch of green barley. Our presence, however, soon sent them scampering off in an opposite direction. Again the forest opens. We had arrived at the *Koje* Hill, in the enclosed, partially cleared outfield belonging to our farm. This was one of my favourite spots. Hither it was our wont to come in the summer evenings, to meet the cows returning from the out-pastures, whither they were sent in the morning without a herdsman, and whence they generally returned at a fixed hour. Sitting on the hill-side, we listened for the first distant tinkling of the cow-bell. My mother or the milkmaid would then begin the *Koje*, or decoy-song, which, taken up by the echo, was carried to the ears of the slowly returning cattle. The tinkling of the bell would then sound faster and nearer; in a little while the cow whose name was called would answer with its well-known voice, and soon the whole herd would be seen advancing rapidly towards us. Beyond the hill is a marshy glen, through which a little brooklet winds its silent course, and then commences the dark monotonous forest Li, behind which the Tronfjeld rises in gloomy majesty. A strange melancholy stillness generally prevailed on the spot; but the scene which presented itself to us on the day to which I am now alluding, had in it nothing of the darkness or gloom which otherwise characterised the place; rosy morn had shed light and life and joy over the whole landscape. A veil of mist was still spread over the marshy grounds, over which a flock of wild ducks were just flying, their wings giving a whizzing sound as they passed along; but beyond, gradually as the slope ascended, the trees lifted their heads higher and higher out of the vapoury envelope, until at length, high

* Søter-girl.

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up on the mountain-side, every tree stood out in clear relief. The rays of the sun were just glancing along the summits of the Grönfjeld and the Haver, while the rock-walls in Skaret were already glowing in its full blaze. Even the gigantic Tronfjeld looked friendly, clad from head to foot in dazzling light; for no cloud-cap enveloped to-day his shaven crown, and thus everything betokened a fair day.

On the levels which, rising like terraces one above the other, form the first steps of the Li, deep silence reigned, as is indeed generally the case in the pine-woods, where reindeer moss and red ling are the only plants that can find nourishment in the arid sandy soil beneath the widely scattered trees. The usual inhabitants of the forest love not these regions; they dwell in preference amid the brighter and more succulent verdure of the leaf-trees. Only a swift squirrel, which now and then bounded across the path, and ran up the rough brown stems, or a lonely *Carrulus infaustus*, which, seeming not to fear the unknown wayfarers, accompanied us awhile, flying from tree to tree, proved to us that here also life was stirring. But what do I say? The broad pathway, intersected by the knotty roots of the trees, was teeming with life and activity; but it was silent, noiseless activity. How far had they not to journey, those indefatigable little insects, which, in swarming multitudes, moved to and from their distant ant-hill, laboriously conveying to it the needle-like leaves of the fir or pine, which were to form a sheltering roof over their cherished progeny!

While in the buoyancy of my spirits I danced more than walked along, every now and then giving vent to my full heart in a joyous exclamation, or in some snatches of a popular song, my companion trudged silently on, seemingly in a state of mind but little in harmony with the morning or the scene that surrounded us. Being desirous of enlivening him, I bethought me of starting a subject which would be sure to interest him, and commenced by asking him, with a waggish look, whether his horse was grazing far from the Tjønmo Sæter. Bersvend reddened, and answered with an equivocal smile, that he was not quite sure. 'Do you know what, Bersvend,' I resumed, 'you had better let the horse alone to-day, for I foresee that if you go to the Aum-Li, I shall have no companion to fish with me.' Bersvend thought, nevertheless, that he ought to look after the horse. I might, in the meanwhile, try my luck in the lower waters, and he would make as much speed as he could to come back to me. To this I would not consent. 'Then,' said I, 'it would be better for me to go up the Aum-Li with you; I have never been in the Aum-Li Sæters, and who knows but that I also may have something to say to Ragnhild?' Bersvend again objected, and muttered something about not knowing exactly whereabouts the horse would be found; and so on. Determined to let him see that I was not so devoid of penetration, I now exclaimed: 'Tut,

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Bersvend, I know full well what horse it is you are going after ; but you may trust in me ; I will not blab.' And I then inquired, with much sympathy, how stood his suit, and if he had better hopes. But Bersvend shook his head, and confessed that his prospects were not very bright, for that the goodman of Tjønmo was so stiff-necked, when once he took a thing into his head ; but they would bide their time, and try if matters would not mend. If Ragnhild could but hold out, and not allow them to force her into marrying another, and he could rid his farm of the debt with which it was burdened, they might perhaps at length get the better of the old man's obstinacy.

It so happened that, a short time previous to this excursion, I had got hold of some old-fashioned sentimental novels, which I had read with great avidity. Impressed by the manner in which in these novels such matters were invariably settled, I now, with a very knowing air, advised Bersvend to run away with Ragnhild, and settle himself in Nordland, as so many Oesterdalesmen had done before. But Bersvend laughed, and called me a silly boy, which greatly incensed me, and made me think that, after all, he was no true lover. After a while, however, I conquered my indignation, and resuming the conversation, asked how it was that he could venture to present himself in the Tjønmo Sæter, since Mother Kari herself was there. 'Tush, boy,' answered Bersvend, whispering in my ear, as if he were afraid the stately pine-trees that surrounded us should hear the important secret : 'the goodwoman went home last night, and the maiden is alone in the sæter to-day.' And now I understood why Bersvend had made the sudden proposal last evening.

In the meanwhile, we had reached a spot well known to me. This was a little hollow, the marshy bottom of which was covered with a thick underwood of willow and birch, below which the molteberries grew in wild luxuriance. Here it was that I and the farm-boy Christopher set our snares for the ryper,* in winter, coming up twice a week on our snow-skates,† to look after them. But now the molteberries were not yet ripe, and the time for catching ryper had not come, so we passed on without stopping.

As we advanced further up the Li, the declivities became longer and more precipitate. The pine-trees were now gradually superseded by stately firs, until at length the latter held undivided sway.

* Ptarmigan.

† Snow-skates consist of thin slips of light wood, of the breadth of the foot, six feet in length, and curving gently upwards at both extremities. In the middle is a loop into which the foot is slipped. In a country like Norway, where the snow covers the ground many months in the year, this contrivance for passing easily over its surface is of immense importance. On level ground, the *Skies* or snow-skates enable the wearer to get on without sinking in the snow, and therefore at a more rapid pace than without them, and with less fatigue. Uphill, however, they somewhat impede his progress, and where the snow is frozen hard, would cause him to slip back, were they not provided with a bit of hide with the hair on, and turned backward. Down the mountain-slope, the snow-skater flies with the rapidity of an arrow, guiding himself with a long pole.

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Among their dark pyramids we discovered, however, from time to time, the tender green foliage of a tall and slender birch, which, undaunted by its mightier companions, endeavoured to stretch its delicate leaf-crown forth into the sunlight. The brown heath, which had for some distance covered the ground, had by this time also vanished, and in its place bilberry-bushes and dog-grass spread their bright-green carpet over every knoll, and over the long grave-mounds of the fallen forest-trees, which, during hundreds of years, had lain smouldering in the earth. Here and there shot up the long hollow stem of an angelica, while the purple bells of the wolf's-bane, and the violet blossoms of the wood geranium, reared their heads in every open glade into which the light of day could penetrate.

We were now drawing nigh to the glen of Skaret, which separates the Grönfjeld from the precipitous eastern flank of the Haver. High up this glen lay the scøter belonging to the people occupying the second house on our farm, and we knew that Mother Sigri herself was there at present, busy with her dairy occupations. The tinkling of the cow-bells, and the long-drawn melancholy tones of the cow-boy's horn, already reached our ears, and we concluded that the cattle were out taking their 'morning bite.'* As the sounds drew nearer and nearer, we could discern that they were coming down the valley, and I rejoiced at the thought of meeting my friend and playmate Tollef, who had been up here since the spring, serving his mother in the capacity of herd-boy. It could be no other than he who was blowing the ram's-horn so lustily, and who, by way of varying his amusements, sang the sheep *trale* and the goat *halling* in so shrill a voice. Besides, I recognised the bark of his dog Budreng, whose nose seemed to give him warning of our approach.

The last two long steep hills were at length laid behind us, and we were in the Skaret pastures. The precipitous Li here changes into a gentle, fertile slope; the forest opens, the fir-trees gather into scattered clumps, and cede the place to various kinds of leaf-trees, the sunny glades among which are covered with a velvety carpet of short, fine grass; but in contrast with this smiling scene rose immediately on our right hand a lofty perpendicular and barren crag, on the summit of which an eagle had built its aerie. High up above our heads we descried the mighty bird circling on heavy wings, spying with eager eye after a hare or a lamb for its greedy young ones in its inaccessible stronghold.

The herds and flocks which we expected to meet here were, however, nowhere to be seen. Disdaining the short-cropped grass on this oft-visited spot, the cows had wandered towards the forest Li in

* This is the appellation given to the first turning out of the cattle into the pastures in the morning. It lasts from four o'clock in the morning until eight. At this hour, they return to the scøter to be milked, and for a couple of hours' rest, and are then again turned out for the 'long bite,' which lasts till evening.

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search of the more juicy herbage of the marshy hollows, and the margins of the brooklets in the dells ; and Tollef's horn and voice were equally silent. I now raised my voice, signalling our presence by a few staves of the sheep-trale. Soon the horn responded, its tones being caught up by the echo, and repeated from crag to Li. I hurried off in the direction of the sound ; and while I was paying a visit to my playmate, Bersvend offered to go in search of a slender young birch-stem for a fishing-rod.

Tollef, who was seated on a grassy knoll between the verdant pyramids of two young pine-trees, was busily engaged in carving with his folding-knife some of those pretty wooden toys for which the Norwegian peasants are so famous. At a little distance, his flock of sheep were tranquilly browsing along the blackened ridge of a deserted charcoal kiln, while the more adventurous goats formed, as it were, a chain of vedettes in the willow copse, and among the brushwood that encircled the foot of the lofty mountain-wall. I threw myself down on the soft grass beside my friend in the red woollen night-cap and knee-breeches, who, though glad to see me, continued undisturbed his interesting occupation.

The air was warm and balmy in shelter of the Fjeld where I was sitting. Notwithstanding the early hour, the sun was already shining hotly on the rock-wall, calling into life all the insects of the woods and earth. The little sky-blue wood-butterflies were already disporting around the young fir-trees, while a couple of brown and silver-speckled insects of the same species were gamboling and racing in merry flight along the grassy dike, where the dew-drops still lay like glittering diamonds on the broad-bladed grass. This was one of those spots on which nature seems to love to lavish her best gifts, while the surrounding landscape is, as it were, despoiled of its richest ornaments to deck the favoured nook. There were here a variety of leaf-trees and other plants, which were sought in vain in the lower tracks of the Fjeld ; rowans, wild-cherries, and aspen, were intermingled with the birches which are everywhere at home in our mountains ; blue-berries and strawberries, the latter still in blossom, peered up from among the stones ; and the flora of valley as well as mountain vied with each other in beauty and size.

In such spots as these it is that the *Huldre** loves to dwell ; hence she issues forth in the morning with her herd of voiceless and milkless cows, following at a distance the cattle from the coeters, when they are driven out into the pastures, and in the evening when they are returning. And it was no doubt at yonder old deserted kiln that she appeared, as old Knud told me, to the man who was burning charcoal, and who thought it was his wife who had brought him his rake, which he had forgotten, until he discovered the cow-tail, the degrading mark of her race, which poor Huldre can never conceal.

* Mountain-spirit, of which there are innumerable legends.

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After I had rested a while, Bersvend made his appearance with a fishing-rod, which, though it might have been rejected as too heavy by more knowing anglers, quite satisfied my desires; and taking leave of Tollef, we continued our journey. For fear of being detained, we determined that we would not to-day pay a visit to Mother Sigri at the *søeter*, and were attempting to pass by at a brisk pace, when, just as we were outside the *Skjæle*, or covered area between the dairy-room and the dwelling-house, the good woman came out with a wooden bowl with milk in her hand, and caught sight of us. Such being the case, we could not of course pass by without greeting her with: 'A good day, Sigri; a blessing upon thy butter-making!'* for it being Saturday, we knew that it was churning-day. She answered with the usual: 'Thanks for that,' and insisted on our stopping to take a draught of milk; assuring us at the same time, that she would not have let us off so easily had it not been Saturday morning, when the place was not fit to be seen by company.

From Skarvang (or the Skaret pastures) the road continues to ascend for some time, running along the western flank of the Vesle-Haver, until it leads through the Hemsta pastures into the Valley of the Auma. But in order to reach the Aum-Li Søkters by a shorter cut, we turned off to the left, and leaving the beaten track, trudged through bog and brake, depending on Bersvend's intimate knowledge of the locality. The day was growing very warm, and large drops of perspiration stood on our foreheads, while we fought our way through the trackless forest-lands. But when we had got through the glen, and on to the mountain-slope again, the ground became less rugged and more firm. The pine and fir gradually disappeared; only a solitary old weather-beaten fir, with half-withered branches and broken top, and covered with beard-like moss, stood now and then in our path. The leaf-trees also gradually grew more scarce, and at length nothing remained but an underwood of willow and birch.

These are dismal regions to be in when the storms of autumn sweep the snow down from the sides of the Fjeld; and yet the people of the village are often obliged to brave these storms, when, in order to avail themselves of the facilities which the snow affords for driving,† they come up here, late in autumn, to gather the reindeer-moss, which forms an essential part of the winter fodder for the cattle in these parts; and which, being collected in wet weather, is gathered into square heaps, and thus left to freeze into compact masses, when it is with ease transported to the farms on sledges. One poor man they had often told me of, who, having come up here on such an errand, had been overtaken by an awful snow-storm, and

* It is usual for passers-by to address the salutation: 'A blessing on your labour,' to all persons engaged in any kind of work.

† The snow is of very great importance to the Norwegians, as it facilitates the transport of heavy loads, which the rugged and steep roads would otherwise render almost impossible of conveyance.

had failed to return to his home at night. The next day, the weather having changed, the people went out in search of him. After seeking long in vain, a young lad at length discovered the loaded sledge and the horse. The animal was still alive, but the reins, which had fallen down, were so tightly fixed in the hard frozen snow, that in his impatience to rescue the horse, the lad cut them off. The driver could nowhere be found; but in spring, when the snow melted, he was discovered with the stump of the reins in his hand.

But to-day it was summer on the Fjeld, and the prospect increased in beauty at every step which we made upwards, as one blue mountain-top after another rose up on the ever-widening horizon. Above them all towered the mighty Humle-Fjeld in the north-east, throwing frowning glances down upon the Valley of the Glom, which lay smiling in the bright sunlight, deep down below us. At length we descried the topmost hills in the great pasture-tract, and through the cleft appeared the bluish tints of the Fjeld on the other side of the Valley of the Auma. On beholding the goal before me, every vestige of fatigue disappeared, and I sped on with such elastic steps, that Bersvend found it difficult to keep pace with me, though to him also there must have been a power of attraction in yon valley. Suddenly an obstacle presents itself in our path. It is a horse with two full-laden panniers slung across its back. No human hand guides its steps, but behind it saunters a woman, tranquilly knitting a stocking, in full reliance on the sure foot and unfailing instinct of the animal to whom she has intrusted so precious a burden. Precious, indeed, is the horse's load, at least to her, for although one pannier is filled with nothing but butter-tubs, milk-flagons, and other such wares, there protrude from the other the head and shoulders of a little child, the rest of the body being safely ensconced among cheeses and other dairy produce. The little creature seems quite pleased with its seat and its surroundings, for it is munching with quiet gravity the piece of cheese which the mother has put in its hands, and of which it has generously bestowed the greater part on forehead, cheeks, and nose.

As is generally the case when wayfarers meet on little-frequented roads, both parties made a halt, and in the course of conversation we learned from the good woman, that 'old Kari Tjønmo' had indeed been at the sceter, but that she had gone home on the preceding evening to set the woof in the loom, that the maidens at home might not be without work; that she would not return till after the Sabbath; and that, in the meanwhile, Ragnhild and her little sister Olaug remained in care of the sceter. Bersvend having thus ascertained all he wanted to know, we parted from the woman, interchanging with her the caution which it is usual to address to wayfarers: 'Look well to your footing!' and proceeded onward. In a little while we beheld the sceters—houses, enclosures, and cattle-folds spread out before us.

VI.

THE SØTER.

'Is this it?' I asked my companion, as we drew near the first enclosure. No, this was not it—the new-built cottage, with its little square window, standing on an embankment within the enclosed field, where the grass stood as high as our knees, looked very inviting—but we had to pass this, and another and another, before reaching the one we had in view. All was still around: the cattle were in the folds resting after their 'morning bite,' from which they had just returned; no human beings were within sight; and the sheep-dogs seemed too lazy to bark, as they lay stretching themselves in the sun outside the søter-houses.

At length we climbed over a gate into an enclosure. 'Softly, boy; we are in the Tjønmo Søter!' said Bersvend, as we approached an old and very low cottage, the window of which was not on this side. We stopped in the *skjæle*, while Bersvend listened at the door, to ascertain if there were any strangers within; but the only sound that reached our ears was the splashing of water and the clattering of wooden bowls. Bersvend then opened the door, which was so low that even I was obliged to stoop when entering.

Within, we found Ragnhild busily engaged in scouring her milk-pans and pails with the wisp of the peculiar grass which is said to make the wood so beautifully white. On account of the heat, and to make herself more comfortable during her work, she had thrown off her jacket and bodice, and stood there in petticoat and chemise, with upturned sleeves and unbound hair, little thinking that she would be surprised by visitors in this light attire. But, in truth, she had no reason to blush for her appearance; her linen chemise, gathered close round the throat, was so clean, her arms and hands were so white, and her hair, which fell down over her well-formed neck, was so thick and long and glossy brown, that she might well let herself be seen as she was. A blush of joyful surprise spread over her face on beholding so unexpectedly the very person on whom perhaps her thoughts had been dwelling; for Saturday evening is the time when the lads of the village go out to the søters, to *junket* with the maidens, and she had no reason to expect that he whose company she most prized would be there. She answered our greeting with the usual 'God's blessing! will you not take a seat?' But in her embarrassment she did not observe that this was impossible, as there was not the very smallest end of a bench which was not heaped up with wooden bowls, pans, &c. Little Olaug, however, soon cleared away as many of the things as were necessary to enable the strangers to sit down, and in the meanwhile Ragnhild having

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tied up her hair, and put on her green bodice, brought in from the milk-room the draught of sweet cream milk, which is always the first thing offered in a Norwegian *søter*.

Bersvend first broke the silence, by observing that the day was very hot ; in which observation Ragnhild readily concurred, the more so as her glowing cheeks bore testimony to its truth. She then expressed in words her surprise at seeing us ; not, however, without an implied reproach to Bersvend for having brought a stranger with him, when they had so seldom an opportunity of holding unrestrained converse. Bersvend then related the real or pretended cause which had brought him up to the Aum-Li, and Ragnhild having said a few words about our standing in need of something to eat after our long walk, left the room again, followed this time by her lover. As I had penetration enough to perceive that my company would not be wanted in the dairy, and as little Olaus was rather shy to-day, not having seen me for several months, I had time to look about me in the *søter*-house. It was in every respect like all others I had seen. Under the little latticed window, opposite the door—for these houses, built of planks, or rough timber-logs, never have more than one room, the milk-room being under a separate roof—there was a kind of broad shelf or bench, called the *søter*-bench, made of split branches placed closely together, running the whole length of the wall, but being divided in the middle by a cross plank, and having on the outside an upstanding wooden ledge. The half of this bench serves as bedstead, the bed being formed of calf-skins spread over a layer of moss or hay, and the coverlet of sheep-skins, with the fleece on. The second half serves as table or bench, as need may be. Along the two side-walls, in which there are small apertures to let in the air when desired, there were shelves or benches of the same kind, but somewhat narrower, and used only for stowing away the various wooden utensils required for dairy purposes. In addition to these, a couple of movable forms constituted all the furniture. The greater part of the remaining space is occupied by the fire-place, which must be very broad, to afford room for a large cheese-caldron. When to what I have already described are added a narrow shelf above the door, containing a long row of yellow cheeses, and a couple of small shelves next to the fire-place, on which are ranged a variety of wooden dishes, spoons, and ladles, whose spotless whiteness tells of the constant use of the scouring grass, the picture is complete.

I was just beginning to tire of my occupation, when Ragnhild, followed by Bersvend, entered with a large dish of curds and whey, mixed with sweet cream, and called *Droule* in *søter* language. After this followed *Kjernrømme* (consisting of cream taken from the churn, just before it turns to butter, and which is so thick and stiff that the spoon can stand up in it) and *Skjörost* (a cheese made of skimmed sour milk). Although these were delicacies that might satisfy the

most fastidious, we were further tempted with a dish of sweet yellow *Mölske* (cheese and curds boiled down very much, and rendered sweet by the consequent concentration of the sugar of milk), brought in by our hospitable hostess, who, not content with this, further insisted upon our taking as dessert a ladleful of fresh sweet goat's-milk cheese, and a plateful of *Kjæsmos* (another kind of cheese, fresh from the caldron), expressing at the same time her regret that she had not had time to boil us a little cream-porridge; but if we would but wait, she would soon have it ready. We were of course obliged to decline the offer.

After our meal was over, and we had chatted pleasantly for a little while, I asked Bersvend if he did not think it high time for us to turn our steps towards the Auma. He evinced, however, but little alacrity. With an embarrassment which shewed that he was not quite sincere, he said that he would be obliged to look after his horse first, as he had learned that the animal had strayed, and that he might be detained longer than he had calculated upon; and Ragnhild, coming to his assistance, proposed that I should proceed on my fishing expedition with Velt*-Morten, the son of the woman we had met on the road, leaving Bersvend to follow me when he was able. I was not a little disgusted at this plan, as Velt-Morten was a dolt of a boy, and a sorry substitute for Bersvend; but when the latter seconded Ragnhild's proposal, I at last indignantly yielded, and started with Velt-Morten, in no very amiable mood. However, the lovely day, the beauty of the surrounding scenery, and the excellent sport, together with some little waggish tricks which I was able to practise successfully on my heavy-headed companion, soon restored my good-humour, and I was in full glee when I returned to the sœters towards sunset, with my basket brimful of small trout.

As I passed by the long row of sœters, I heard the sounds of laughter and of the Jew's-harp, the favourite instrument of the Norwegian peasant, issuing from several of the houses; and a little further on, I found two young lads and a maiden sitting on a grassy slope, singing the song about little Karin; and I perceived that Saturday evening had, as usual, brought visitors from the village. On entering Ragnhild's sœter, I found the house deserted, but festively set out for the holiday-eve. The white wooden bowls stood in beautiful order on the shelves; the floor was strewn with sprigs of juniper; on the brackets in the walls were placed bunches of fresh birch; and the sœter-bench was covered with a many-coloured carpet of leaves and flowers; while round the little window wound a wreath of monkshood, wild-poppy, and other flowers. On the hearth burned a bright fire, and by the side of this stood the sauce-pan with the cream-porridge, which was 'keeping itself warm.' I did

* Little.

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not remain long indoors, but went out in quest of the sisters, whom I found in the enclosure milking the cows ; which latter, accustomed to be milked by regular turns, had of their own accord placed themselves in a row, jealously observing the accustomed order of precedence. Bersvend, I was told, had gone out to meet me, and Olaug was now sent off to call him back.

In the *Trö*,* the smoke was already ascending from the covered fire, which is lit in the evening to keep off the gnats from the cattle ; and well aware of the protective quality of the smoke, the cows, after receiving the gentle push from the milkmaid's hand, indicating that she was done with them, moved one by one in the direction towards which the wind was carrying it.

By the time Ragnhild had finished her task, Olaug returned with Bersvend ; and fish being among the people of Oesterdal a necessary accompaniment to cream-porridge, if the treat is to be in the grandest style, I was, to my great delight, allowed to contribute to the regale of the evening. When the fish was boiled, the table was laid ; that is to say, a bowl of porridge and a platter of fish were placed on the scöter-bench, together with two wooden spoons and one clasp-knife, for the common use of the guests, to whom was assigned this seat of honour, while the two sisters took their seat in the chimney-nook ; and many an innocent joke and merry laugh added to the enjoyment of the excellent meal. Suddenly, however, the sounds of a horse's hoof were heard outside ; and before we had time to think of who it could be, the door opened, and Mother Kari entered.

With a very serious countenance, the old woman greeted the guests ; but neither of them had presence of mind enough to reply : 'Welcome in !' which is the salutation always addressed to the people of the house on their coming in. Ragnhild, pale as death, was leaning against the chimney-post, having dropped, in her fright, the wooden ladle with which she had just been taking some porridge out of the pot.

'I see there are visitors from the village here,' began Kari. 'I say, I see there are strangers here from the village,' she repeated, when she found that no one answered.

Bersvend now took courage, observing that, after all, they were not strangers.

'Nay, God help us,' replied Kari, 'some of them are too well known, I fear. But ye must not stop your meal because I have come in—though, I see, I was not expected.'

But Bersvend had suddenly lost his appetite ; and even I, who had, in fact, no cause for embarrassment, felt no longer inclined to eat.

'So thou art out a love-making on the Saturday eve, Nekkelai ?' [Nicholas] said Kari in a gentler tone to me.

* The cattle-fold.

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Without replying to this observation, which I knew could not be seriously meant, or, at all events, could not be meant for me, I felt that I ought to make an effort to create a diversion in favour of my friend. Putting on a very bold face, I said: 'You must not take it amiss, Kari, that we have come as guests to your soeter to-day. It is all my fault, and therefore, at all events, you must not be angry with Bersvend. He had so long promised to go with me to the Auma; and then he was to look after his horse upon the Li; and then'—

'And then you just chanced to fall in here,' interrupted Kari. 'O yes, I see it all. But God forbid that I should shut my door or close my dish to any one,' she continued after a pause. 'But I do think it is great folly of thee, Bersvend, to act in this way. Thou art sinning, Bersvend; thou art sinning grievously against thyself and against the maiden, by not keeping away from her, when thou knowest that she can never be thine. It would be much wiser, methinks, if thou wouldst never look to the side where she is, that it might at last be forgotten' [here Ragnhild burst into tears]; 'for thou knowest that what the good man has once said, that he will stand by. God help us, we have all our crosses to bear in this world,' she added, sighing, while her voice betrayed her emotion.

Now Bersvend rose, and, going up to the old woman, laid his hand on her arm. 'O yes, Kari,' he said, and his voice trembled; 'I know full well that I am acting foolishly, and that it leads to nothing. Often have I said to myself, that better would it be to hie me away to Nordland, or some other place far away in the world, than to go hanging after one that can never be mine; but then it is as if I were nailed to the place, and I have neither courage nor power to tear myself away. And so much I know, that were I even to travel north, and Ragnhild south, as far as the earth reaches, we could not, if we would, forget each other. And so much I have said, and that I never will gainsay, that if I cannot get Ragnhild for my wife, I will remain without a wife all the days of my life. But, Mother Kari,' he now exclaimed with warmth, taking the old woman's hand, 'is there no help? Canst thou not aid us to bend the good man's will, if not directly, at least little by little, that we may not lose all hope?'

'Yes, Bersvend,' answered Kari, wiping her eyes, 'thou knowest it is not I who am so hard. I, for my part, have nothing to say against thee; and seeing that ye bear so strong a love to each other, it would give me joy could you be united, if thou wouldst conduct thyself well. But the good man is not easy to bend, and least of all will it help that I touch upon that string. We must put our trust in God, and bide our time; the Lord has softened harder hearts than Arne's when the right time has come! But, alack-a-day! I have been forgetting all this while the pony that is fastened to the paling,' exclaimed Kari suddenly, in a different tone of voice, and evidently

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with the intention of putting an end to this painful scene; for Ragnhild was still leaning her head against the chimney-post, and weeping loudly, and Bersvend's eyes stood full of tears. 'Go out, Ragnhild, and let the poor fellow into the enclosure, and put the clog on his fore-legs.'

Bersvend offered to attend to the horse, but Kari would not have it so. 'Nay, nay,' she said; 'remain in thy place; ye have need of rest after your meal, ye that have so far to travel. Ragnhild is accustomed to mind the horses.'

We remained, therefore, for awhile, seated on the form round the hearth; but in spite of Mother Kari's repeated endeavours to introduce various topics of chit-chat, and although the assurance of her friendly disposition had evidently comforted the lovers, conversation would not flow, and soon after Ragnhild came in again, we rose to take leave.

VII.

A BRIDAL.

There had long been much talk in the village about a wedding which was to take place at Kjerengen Farm; on which occasion the bride was to be dressed by my mother, who was in possession of a full bridal-costume, which she had inherited from the former pastor's wife; and although there were several other women in the bygd who undertook to 'dress' brides, the late Madam Vessel's red silk gown, silver coronet, and other paraphernalia, were always most in request. The day had not yet been fixed; and we children, who were to be of the party, were anxiously looking forward to it, when one morning we saw the future bridegroom, Niels Kjerengen, accompanied by the old sexton, both clad in holiday attire, with hats on their heads,* coming along the road towards our house. We readily guessed their errand, and received them at the garden-gate. The sexton, who acted as head of the deputation, informed us that he had something to say to the people of the house, and requested to be admitted within the door; for it must be observed, that invitations of this kind, like legal summonses, must be delivered within the threshold of the parties concerned, or they are not considered valid. Admitted to the presence of my mother, the two men first partook of refreshments, and the sexton then commenced a very long and circuitous speech, detailing the reasons why Niels Kjerengen had chosen this particular maiden for his wife, and why the bridal was to be celebrated at his and his parents' farm, and ending by inviting us all to take part in the festivity, and requesting my mother to dress the

* The everyday head-covering of the Norwegian peasant is a woollen night-cap; a hat is only worn on grand occasions.

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bride. The invitation was accepted, and the promise given in due form ; and the sexton having delivered another speech, full of wise saws about matrimony, he and his dumb companion took leave, and proceeded to Tjønmo Farm, to ask Ragnhild to be bridesmaid.

The bridal-morning dawned clear, bright, and warm. Early in the forenoon, a farm-servant, with a horse, was sent over from Kjerengen to fetch my mother ; and the horse having been put to my grandfather's old cariole, she, together with my sister and myself, took our seats in it, grandfather having excused himself on the plea of his advanced age. On the road we passed several parties in holiday attire, perspiring under the burden of the heavily laden baskets, in which they were carrying their contributions to the marriage-feast ; for it is the custom of the country for all invited guests to contribute on such occasions ; and those who live at too great a distance to send their offering on the previous evening, must take care to be in time on the great day, to allow of their gifts being placed properly on the table.

The well-swept yard, strewn with grass, and the two young birches, planted outside the door of the new house,* with their branches interlaced, at once indicated the bridal-house. We were received in the yard by the kitchen-master and master of the ceremonies, and by the mother of the house ; and having been greeted with a hearty welcome, were ushered into the old house, where the solemn ceremony of dressing the bride was to be performed. On entering, we found the bride, still in her maiden attire, surrounded by a number of female relatives, married and unmarried ; but Ragnhild Tjønmo, who, as one of the bridesmaids, and a near relative, ought to have been one of the earliest arrivals, was not among them. The rosy cheeks of the bride became still more rosy when she beheld the ominous basket with the bridal-costume ; and when the latter was placed upon the table and opened, bursts of admiration were heard from all lips.

The important ceremony soon commenced. The bride taking off her coif and bodice, seated herself on a stool in the middle of the floor. The first act performed was the taking down and combing her fine hair, which was then curled in front with a warm iron, and combed back over a cushion placed on the top of her head somewhat in front. On the hair, which, thus arranged, made her look tall and stately, was then fixed a profusion of tinsel flowers of various kinds and colours ; while on the back of the head were attached five lappets of ribbon, trimmed with gold and silver lace, which fell over her shoulders down to her waist. This being accomplished, the red, somewhat faded, damask gown, with trimmings of green ribbons

* The *stue*, or room, is the term used in Norway, as the house frequently does not contain more than one room, it being the custom of the country to have separate rooms under separate roofs. Timber being plenty on the farms, and the roofs being covered with turf or shingle, or the slate quarried on the spot, building costs but little.

round the sleeves, was put on ; a girdle of silver lace was fastened round her waist, and a gorgeous stomacher of red ribbons, richly studded with beads and spangled with gold, was pinned on her bosom, which was furthermore covered with a white handkerchief. Then came at last the keystone of the edifice—the bridal-coronet of real silver, which none but the virtuous may wear ; and the bride having then only to put on her mittens, and to take her folded pocket-handkerchief in her hand, was ready to receive the female guests, who now crowded in to admire her rich attire.

At this juncture, however, I slipped out, and went over to the new house, where the banquet was to take place, to look around me there. It was a spacious room, with white timber walls and newly painted doors and cupboards, on which Synvis, the village painter, seemed to have expended all his talent ; for on each door was represented a stately city, consisting of half-a-dozen houses, with red tile roofs, and five or six stories high ; besides a temple, with a belfry, in the distance, and two or three palm-trees, the leaf-crowns of which seemed to have been dexterously produced by a single flourish of the brush. The tables were already laid out for the coming banquet, and the wooden forms placed around. First, there was the 'high table,' which, beginning from the 'high seat,' or seat of honour, extended the whole length of the room. At right angles with this table, at which the bride and bridegroom and the principal guests take their seats, was placed the smaller one, called the women's table, which is generally occupied by the married women of the party ; and from this extended, again, the bridemaids' table, running parallel with the high table, and destined for the young people of both sexes. All the tables were covered with the coloured cloths only used on festive occasions, and over these were spread smaller white ones. The side of the room where stood the high table was in particular festively decorated ; on the wall, and before the window, were suspended the white and red drapery, which is used in all solemnities, whether joyful or sorrowful ; and in addition to this, a white sheet was spread, like a canopy, over the high seat, or places of bride and bridegroom.

On the tables were placed, at regular intervals, numerous pyramids of butter, on wooden platters, and beautifully decorated with flowers and scroll patterns and lions in relief. Between these stood three-legged wooden platters with fat cheese, old cheese, and other varieties of cheese ; and the so-called bridemaids' cake, a plain wheaten cake, eaten with butter and treacle, and considered a very great delicacy. But near the place of honour stood the greatest ornament of the banquet—the wedding-cake, made of sifted meal and milk, and adorned with the initials of bride and bridegroom, with the date of the happy day, and with innumerable zigzags and flourishes.

When all the guests were assembled, and were conversing in merry groups, while Bersvend alone walked about with a dejected

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countenance, although as bridegroom-man he ought to have been the merriest of the merry, to enliven the company as in duty bound, my mother, guessing the cause of his dejection, and having looked feelingly at him for some time, went up to the good woman of Tjønmo, and talked to her in an under-tone. All that passed between them I did not overhear, but I could understand so much that my mother—who had always felt a deep interest in Ragnhild and Bersvend, and who, on account of her strong good sense, acknowledged rectitude, and general kindness of disposition, was much beloved and respected in the village—was inquiring of Kari whether it would not be possible to induce Arne to relent. To this Kari replied, that of late she had perceived that Arne was often sleepless, and lay and sighed and moaned, and that she did not doubt but that he was sorely troubled at seeing Ragnhild dwindling away with sorrow, and that she was sure that, if it were not that he was ashamed of recalling his word, he would perhaps still give his consent. 'But try what you can do, Malene,' at length said Kari; 'it is no use my speaking any more.'

'Yes,' said my mother, 'I will try;' and she proceeded to the banquet-room, which was soon filled with guests. On a form, with his back turned to the table, sat old Arne Tjønmo, deep in politics with some of the elders of the village. On seeing my mother come in followed by the other women, the master of the ceremonies bade the guests take their seats; but my mother walked straight up to Arne, and having shaken hands with him, asked why Ragnhild was not among them.

'Oh, somebody must stay at home, and take care of the house,' answered the old man.

'That is not the whole truth, Arne,' replied my mother; 'it is because Bersvend Trøn is here.'*

'Well, and if it were so?' rejoined Arne, placing his hands on his knees, and squaring his elbows, as if putting himself into a firm attitude to ward off an expected attack.

'Hear me, Arne,' now said my mother; 'let me speak a serious word with thee; and all who are present are welcome to hear what I have to say. See, we are assembled here to-day, and all are pleased and full of joy. If you look round in this assembly, you see none but cheerful and happy countenances. There are only two persons who are not glad—perhaps the only two in the bygd who to-day bear sorrow and grief in their hearts; and one of these is thy daughter, who is sitting at home as if in prison; and the other—I seek him in vain in the room—who is bridegroom-man—God help us for such a sad bridegroom-man!—he goes about looking more as if he wished he were laid in the black earth, than like one who is to help to make others glad and merry. Tell us, now, is it still thy

* It is usual to attach the name of the farm to that of the owner as a distinguishing appellative—surnames being not in use among the Norwegian peasantry.

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firm determination to prevent those coming together who will perhaps never know a happy hour if they are not allowed to wed?’

‘Yes,’ answered Arne slowly, and without looking up; ‘for I think I, as father, can judge better than inexperienced youth what is likely to lead to the happiness of my own child.’

‘But what reason hast thou to think that thy child would not be happy if she wedded him whom her heart has chosen? What objection canst thou have to the lad? Is there any one in this assembly who can say that Bersvend Trön is not as able and as honest a fellow as a man can desire for his son-in-law?’

‘That we can say with truth,’ here broke in several of the elder men, ‘that Bersvend is as industrious, and as steady, and as honest as any one in the bygd.’

‘As far as that goes,’ added the old sexton, ‘I can tell thee, Arne, thou wilt not easily find a better son-in-law.’

‘I don’t pretend to say that I have anything against the lad himself,’ said Arne; ‘but his is a poor house.’

‘A poor house!’ exclaimed my mother with warmth. ‘Many a one has gone in to a poorer house than that, and has nevertheless got on very well. Remember thy own youth, Arne. How many of thy people gave a cheerful consent when thou brought thy Kari in to thy mother, and all thy grown-up brothers and sisters? That was not either, I daresay, so very pleasant a house to enter. But see, did not she and you manage so that you paid out the inheritance of your sisters and brothers, and that you now have wherewithal to leave your children? And thy neighbour Peter, yonder, how much had he and his good woman to begin with when they first came to the farm?’ She then went on to enumerate several other couples that had begun with very little, and had nevertheless thriven by industry, order, and frugality; and also dwelt on several melancholy occurrences which were well known in the village, and which had taken place in consequence of parents thwarting the affections of their children; and she ended by alluding to the event of Whitsunday, which, she said, seemed to shew that it was ordained that Ragnhild and Bersvend should be man and wife.

My mother had spoken with the warmth inspired by deep conviction, and the words therefore flowed from her lips with persuasive force. When at length she paused, the ticking of the clock on the wall was distinctly audible, so breathless was the interest with which all present had followed her; the deep silence that reigned throughout the banqueting-room being only broken by the suppressed sobs of Mother Kari, who stood leaning against one of the cupboards with her face concealed in her hands.

Old Arne remained a long time with his eyes bent upon the floor, shook his head a couple of times, and gave utterance to a few inarticulate grunts: it was evident that a great struggle was going on in his mind. At length he said in a suppressed voice: ‘Are,

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then, we parents not to have a word to say regarding our children?’

‘O yes!’ exclaimed my mother with much animation: ‘you are to bring up your children in the fear of the Lord, and to all that is good, and to keep them out of such paths as would inevitably lead to their ruin; but you are not to use your power and authority over your children to thwart and oppose them unnecessarily and unreasonably, at the risk of destroying their happiness. And now, Arne, if thou desirest the welfare of thy child, thou must no longer say no to that which seems to be the will of Heaven. Thou wilt otherwise rue it on thy death-bed. Come, give me thy hand, Arne.’

‘Well, then, let it be, in God’s name!’ exclaimed Arne, raising himself from his stooping position, and grasping my mother’s hand.

The anxiety with which the company had awaited the result of my mother’s endeavours, was succeeded by a burst of applause, and loudly expressed admiration of her eloquence. The good man of Tjønmo, whose countenance expressed a mixed feeling of vexation at having been induced to give up a principle, and of contentment at having found a reasonable pretext for yielding to what in his heart he had long desired, remained some time longer in deep thought, shaking his head, and uttering short but significant grunts. Suddenly, however, he exclaimed: ‘Isn’t she a wondrously clever woman, that Malene? Why, she might preach any day as well as the old bishop!’

In the meanwhile, my mother had hurried out of the room to bring Bersvend the joyous intelligence; but the young man, who had been in the passage during the whole scene, had heard every word that had passed, and before any one could say what had become of him, he was seen issuing from the stable with the Tjønmo pony ready saddled, and waving his hand to my mother, he was soon out of the yard at full gallop.

VIII.

THE WEDDING.

In the bridal-house, the guests had not yet left the table; but the dishes were already pretty nearly empty, and the beautiful butter pyramids had lost their topmost ornaments. The wedding-cake, with the initials and flourishes, had, however, not been touched; for this must remain in its pristine beauty the day over. The cup-bearers, with their long narrow-necked flagons, were diligently going their rounds, offering fresh draughts of strong beer to those whose thirst might not yet be quenched. The black bottle on the sideboard was not either left idle, but was sometimes even carried over to the

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women's table, to fill the glass which passed from hand to hand there, and from which each, it is true, only took a sip, but which, nevertheless, went round until it was empty.

At length the foreman, or master of the ceremonies, made a few raps on his wooden platter, and silence immediately ensued. 'Lads, are you satisfied?' he asked. 'Have you had anything to eat, and have you had anything to drink?'

'Yes, we have had to eat and to drink,' answered some voices; but others, who thought that anything was not synonymous with enough, said: 'To eat, we must say we have had enough; but as for the drink, that is another matter.'

'Cupbearer! there are complaints against thee at the other end of the table. Thou must try and quiet them.'

But the cupbearer contended, with mock gravity, that however often he filled some people's glasses, there was no quenching their thirst; but he would, nevertheless, make one trial more.

When the cupbearer had, for the last time, filled the glasses all round, the foreman again gave the signal for silence; and clearing his throat, he made a speech, complimenting bride and bridegroom on their happy choice, and on their bright prospects; but recommending them, at the same time, not to put too much trust in fortune, for but few pass through this world without sore trials, and then it was that they would be called upon to prove 'if they had true and strong love in their hearts—if they would faithfully share the burden with each other, standing by each other, and placing their confidence in God: in which case, they would be sure to get through, were it ever so difficult.' Then addressing the guests, he added: 'I have now to thank all those who have honoured the house to-day; and to tell them, that the good woman expects that you will all accompany the young couple to church, and then return here to partake of the feast, such as it may be. But first we will now thank the Lord for his plentiful and merciful gifts.'

He then said grace, after which the whole company sang the hymn commencing, 'Thou art my host, and I am thy guest.' This was followed by the old bridal-song about Rebecca, who was fetched from her brother Laban's house; a song which generally draws tears from some eyes, as it is the signal for the bride to leave the paternal roof. At the close of the song all rose, and were hurrying out into the fresh air, when a shout was heard: 'There they come! there they come!' and the next moment Bersvend, with Ragnhild placed behind him on the horse, arrived at a furious gallop. Guns were fired in the air, and loud acclamations greeted them; but pressing through the crowd, Bersvend went straight up to my mother, and taking her hand, said: 'Never shall I forget what thou hast done for us to-day. I have neither words nor power to thank thee as I would.' And the tears that stood in his and in the maiden's eyes, proved that the thanks came from the depth of their hearts. They

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then entered the house, and went up to Arne, who was still seated with some of the other elders.

'Well, well, it must be so now, Bersvend,' said the old man, shaking hands with his future son-in-law. 'I have given my word, but God help thee if thou shouldst ever give me reason to repent!'

A great commotion in the yard now announced that the time for proceeding to church was come. From stables, sheds, and enclosures, were dragged forth horses, saddles, and wagons, and great activity prevailed. At length all were ready. The quietest and most sure-footed horse was led forward for the bride, who was carefully lifted into the saddle, and sat there, stiff and stately, in her shining and glittering costume. On each side of her rode a young man, leading her horse by a bridle, the bridegroom's place in the procession being next after the foreman. The musician, also, must be on horseback, and for him likewise a careful choice must be made; for it is no easy matter to play the fiddle and guide a horse at the same time. At length the report of a gun gave the signal for putting the procession in motion. The foreman rode forward, the fiddler struck up the merriest bridal-march, the horses snorted and reared, the women shrieked, the men cried merrily: 'Ho, ho!' and with much noise and confusion the procession moved on, and was soon enveloped in a cloud of dust.

Around the church, the turmoil was even greater to-day than on other occasions of the kind, for no less than three weddings were to take place; and in addition to the three bridal-parties, which arrived at the same moment from three different sides, the eminence was crowded with idlers, who came to stare at a sight they had perhaps seen a hundred times before. After the wedding-ceremony, and when everybody had come out of church again, a rather long delay ensued, as custom would have it that young and old were each by turn to shake hands with bride and bridegroom, and wish them joy. In the meanwhile, the three fiddlers scraped away, each playing his own particular march; the *feu de joie* resounded; the maidens laughed, the matrons wept; and the men partook of refreshments from each other's canteens. At length, however, all were again mounted and in motion, and three clouds of dust indicated the directions in which the three processions were going.

In the new house at Kjerengen the tables were again laid, almost in every respect in the same way as in the morning, with the exception that to every wooden platter was added a beautifully carved wooden spoon, shewing that, as on all festive occasions, soup was to form part of the chief repast. Old Mother Kirsti, who presided in the kitchen, had at least scummed the pot twenty times, and had each time presented the ladle to one or other of the assisting-women, asking them to taste whether the soup was good; and when at last it had been pronounced strong enough, and salt enough, and fat enough, and altogether delicious, she was beginning to be very

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impatient for the return of the party, when the cracking of the guns announced its approach.

A few moments later, a stately procession was seen coming from the kitchen to the banqueting-room. First came the fiddler, playing a wedding-march; then the bridegroom-man; and then the waiting-women, each carrying a smoking tureen of soup, which was placed on the tables round which the guests were already seated. Grace was now said; and the master of the ceremonies having invited 'all who have *jongas*' [clasp-knives], 'to take them out of their pockets,' adding, 'that for those who had none, some would be provided,' the repast commenced. Towards the close, after the foreman had drunk to the health of the king, and to that of the young couple, accompanying the last toast with a short speech, and after each guest had repeated the toast, when the glass came to him in his turn, the company was called upon, according to old custom, 'to honour bride and bridegroom with gifts for the bowl;' by which was meant, that each guest was expected to place a piece of money in a bowl, or to make promise of some other gift, the proceeds being destined to pay the expenses of the banquet, and to help the young couple to begin housekeeping. The foreman, as in duty bound, announced the amount of each gift, giving at the same time a humorous description of the name, person, and condition of the giver, in order to awaken laughter and merriment, the speaker being, however, bound to contribute before all others, and to raise as hearty a laugh against himself as against others. The parents of the young couple, who generally give one or two cows, or a horse, or some other valuable thing, are always the last of the givers, in order that the costliness of their gifts may not make others feel awkward at giving less.

The company having dispersed for a while, the tables are got out of the way, and now the tones of the fiddle call them back again to see the bridal-dance begin; for the bride, still in full costume, is bound to dance three polskas*—one with the foreman, one with the bridegroom, and the next with the most honoured guests, each partner 'challenging' the next—that is to say, leading the bride, after having thanked her for the dance, to the person he selects as his successor. After this, the whole company mix in the dance. Suddenly the report of a gun causes a pause, and announces that the most important of all the wedding-ceremonies is about to commence. Followed by their relatives, the bridesmaids, and all the persons who have performed any of the functions connected with the festivities of the day, bride and bridegroom proceeded to the other house, where the ceremony was to be performed. Here the bride doffed the wedding-dress, the coronet, and all the glittering baubles which had decked her for the day, and appeared in dark-blue petticoat, snow-white apron, coloured bodice, and beautifully embroidered linen

* The same dance which, under the name of *Schottische*, is now introduced into fashionable society.

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sleeves, with her hair parted smoothly on her forehead. The bridegroom then advanced, and placed on her head the matron's coif of black velvet, embroidered with bugles; and a couple of verses of an appropriate hymn were sung by the foreman and a few others; while the tears that glittered in the eyes of the bride, as well as of many of the spectators, shewed that they felt the deep meaning of this affecting ceremony, during which the maiden, in exchanging her grand bridal attire for the simple and sombre dress of the matron, is, as it were, introduced to the more serious duties of life. However, smiles soon again broke through the tears, when the young wife, in her turn, placed the woollen night-cap on her husband's head, and pulled it well down over his ears.

Having put on her blue cloth jacket, the young matron was quite ready; and a gun having again been fired, the procession, preceded by music, returned to the ball-room, where the black hood was now to be 'danced in;'^{*} for though the matron's coif is black, it does not denote a renunciation of the innocent joys of life.

The night was far advanced before the guests thought of breaking up, and then commenced on the bride's side the distribution of knitted gloves and garters to relatives, intimate friends, and all who have assisted in the various duties of the day. The next day the festivities recommenced, the only change being that bride and bridegroom, having taken over the housekeeping, themselves placed the dinner on the table.

Two months after the wedding at Kjerengen, my mother placed the bridal-coronet on Ragnhild's head. When, after the marriage-feast, the time came for contributing the gifts to the bowl, my grandfather, who was this time of the party, did not allow the master of the ceremonies to announce his gift, but only whispered a few words in Bersvend's ear, who seemed overwhelmed with emotion, and could only express his thanks by a silent pressure of the old man's hand. His aged friend had whispered, that the 200 dollars which he wanted, to get rid of his most pressing creditors, should be forthcoming, and for one year without interest. By this timely assistance, Bersvend was relieved of the floating debts; and by the aid of his beloved and industrious Ragnhild, he succeeded in a few years in ridding the farm also of the mortgage with which it was burdened.

^{*} The first ceremony is called 'singing the black hood on.'





QUINTIN MATSYS, THE BLACKSMITH OF ANTWERP.

I.

THE BLACKSMITH AND HIS FAMILY.

NEARLY four hundred years ago, there was, at a short distance from the city of Antwerp, a blacksmith's cottage. It was not much better than a hut—low-roofed, mud-walled, and consisting of only one room. It was situated a little aloof from the high-road, in one of those solitary nooks which are so often found, when least suspected, in the neighbourhood of large cities. Only at times there came through the distance the faint hum of a populous town, and the high spires of the renowned cathedral stood out in bold relief against the sky, which was of that pale bluish gray peculiar to an October evening, when the brilliant autumn sunsets are in some degree gone by.

The blacksmith's wife sat spinning by the half-open door of her humble dwelling. She was a woman of middle age; her face was of that peculiar Flemish cast which the Dutch painters have made so well known—round, fair, and rosy, with sleepy eyes of pale blue, bearing an expression of quiet content, almost amounting to apathy. A few locks of silky flaxen hair peeped from under her Flemish cap, and were smoothly laid over a rather high forehead, where, as yet, no wrinkle had intruded. She looked like one on whom the ills of

life would fall lightly ; who would go on in her own quiet way, only seen by the unobtrusive acts of goodness which she did to others. Such characters are lightly esteemed, and little praised, yet what would the world be without them ?

The good Flemish dame sat at her work undisturbed, occasionally stopping to listen for the noise of her husband's forge, which resounded from the high-road, a little way off, where the blacksmith had wisely placed it, as well to deaden the noise of the hammering in his little cottage, as to attract stray customers. At this distance the unceasing sound of the forge was rather lulling and pleasant than otherwise, and no doubt the wife often thought so, as it reached her ears, and told her of the unwearied diligence with which her husband toiled for her and her children. Their cottage had once been alive with many childish voices, but one by one all had dropped off, from sudden disease or inherent delicacy of constitution. Of eight, seven lay in the churchyard not far distant, and one only was left to cheer the blacksmith's cottage—little Quintin, the youngest born. No wonder was it, therefore, that the mother often turned her eyes within, where the child was amusing himself ; and at such times the placid, almost dull expression of her face changed into a look of ineffable love, for he was her youngest and her only one.

At last the sound of the forge ceased. The blacksmith's wife immediately put by her distaff, and set about preparing the evening meal ; for she knew her husband's daily work was over, and that he would soon be home. The *sour kraut* and the beer were laid on the rudely carved plank, which, fitted on tressels, served for a table ; and all was ready when the husband and father entered. He was a short, stout-built man ; his broad face shone with good-nature, and his muscular frame shewed strength which had not even begun to fail, though some gray locks mingled imperceptibly with his light curly hair. He nodded his head in cheerful thanks when his active wife brought him a large bowl of clear water, in which he washed his dusky face and hands ; and then, without wasting words, sat down, like a hungry man as he was, to his meal. The wife, with a quiet smile, watched the eatables and drinkables disappear, interrupting him only to fill his plate or cup in silence, as a good wife ought ; asking no questions until the first cravings of nature were satisfied.

When the blacksmith had finished his meal, he rested his brawny arms on the table, and looked in his wife's face—then for the first time broke silence. 'I have had a long day's work, Gretchen ; but that is not a bad thing for us, you know. I have shod all the elector's horses. He was travelling, and said none could do it so well as Matsys the blacksmith.'

'It is a good thing to be spoken well of ; but great people do not often notice such folks as we are,' answered the quiet Gretchen.

'The elector need not be ashamed of speaking of or to an honest

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man, who owes nothing to any one, and whose forge is never seen idle,' said the blacksmith, who was an independent character in his way, though rather phlegmatic, like the rest of his countrymen. 'But, by-the-bye, working all day in the heat of that same forge makes one feel cold even here,' continued he, shivering, and glancing towards the half-open door.

Gretchen rose up and closed it without saying a word.

'You are a good wife, Gretchen,' said the blacksmith, looking at her affectionately: 'you always think of your husband.'

A pleased smile passed over Gretchen's face. 'You know, Hans, it is near the end of October; we must begin to have larger fires, I think.'

'And, thank God, we shall be able to have them, and also warm clothes; for I shall have plenty of work all winter. We will have a merry Christmas dinner, wife, and Quintin shall dance and sing, and have many nice things. But where is little Quintin?' asked the blacksmith, turning round.

'Here, father!' answered a sweet child's voice; and a little boy crept from out of a dark corner beside the hearth, where he had remained crouched while Matsys was eating his supper. He was slight, and rather delicate-looking, and dressed in the quaint Dutch fashion, which made him appear much older than he really was; and the uncommon intelligence of his countenance did not belie that impression. 'I am here, father; do you want little Quintin?' said the child, lifting up the long dark lashes from his deep, violet-coloured, and beautiful eyes, which indeed formed the principal charm of a face not otherwise pretty.

'I want to know what you have been doing all day,' said Matsys, drawing his son on his knee, and kissing him affectionately. The boy returned his father's rough but loving embrace, and then jumped off his knee, saying: 'Wait a little, father, and I will shew you.'

He ran to a far corner of the room; the mother looked after him, saying: 'Quintin often alarms me: he is always getting near the fire, and working and hammering. When I scold him, he only says that he is doing like his father.'

The blacksmith burst into a loud cheerful laugh, that rung through the little cottage, in the midst of which Quintin appeared, bringing with him two armlets, as he called them, ingeniously worked in iron. The father took one of them from his son's tiny wrist, and put it on his own great thumb, laughing more than ever. 'How did you make this clever little article?' asked he.

'Pray, do not be angry, father,' timidly answered the child; 'but I found an old horse-shoe in the forge, and brought it home; and then I made it red-hot, and hammered it into shape with the poker.'

'And how did you contrive to make this pretty little hand that fastens the bracelet?'

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'I made it in clay, and then took the shape in sand, and poured the molten iron into it.'

'Clever boy! clever boy!' cried the blacksmith, raising his hands and eyes in astonishment; then, recollecting himself, he said in a loud whisper to his wife: 'Quintin will be a genius some day—a wonderful man; but we must not tell him so, lest it should make him vain.'

The mother shook her head, smiling all the while; and little Quintin, who doubtless heard every word, grew red and pale by turns as he stood by his father's knee, proud and happy at the admiration his work excited.

'I'll tell you what, my boy,' cried Matsys; 'you shall come to the forge with me to-morrow: "like father, like son." I had no idea you had watched me to such good purpose. Let me see; how old are you? I forget exactly.'

'Quintin will be ten years old at Christmas,' said Gretchen; adding, with moistened eyes: 'You know, Hans, he was born just two years after Lisa—poor little Lisa—and she would have been twelve now.'

The father looked grave for a few minutes, but soon recovered his cheerfulness when the eager upturned face of his pet Quintin met his. This one darling atoned for all his departed children; he had soon become reconciled to their loss, like most fathers: it is only in mothers' hearts that the memory of babes vanished to heaven lingers until death.

Matsys twisted his coarse brown fingers in Quintin's fair curls, and said thoughtfully: 'Well, ten years old is not too soon to begin; I was a year younger myself when my father made me work; to be sure I was stronger than Quintin, and was the eldest of a dozen boys and girls. But then Quintin shall do no hard work, and it will keep him out of mischief, and make him learn diligence betimes—always a good thing for a labouring lad. Not but what I shall have some gold florins to put by for him in time; but bad things happen sometimes, God only knows! However,' continued the blacksmith, ending his long soliloquy, and speaking louder, 'if you like, Quintin, to-morrow you shall begin to learn how to be as good a blacksmith as your father.'

'And may I make plenty of bracelets like these?' inquired the boy.

His father laughed merrily. 'You would take a long time to get rich if you never did anything but these little fanciful things. You must learn how to forge tools, and horse-shoes, and nails. But,' continued he, noticing that the boy's countenance fell at this information, 'don't be unhappy; you shall make bracelets now and then if you like, and rings too, if you are clever enough. And now, go and ask your mother what she says to this plan.'

'I am quite willing, Hans,' said his wife: 'you know best; but I shall often be very lonely without the child. However, you must send him over to see me sometimes in the day.'

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'Very well, wife. And now, all being settled, put out the fire, and let us go to rest, for it is long after sunset, and little Quintin will soon be half asleep here on my lap.'

Gretchen kissed her little son, heard him repeat his prayers, then undressed him, and laid him in his straw bed. In another hour the quiet of night was over the cottage, and the little household it contained had all sunk into that deep slumber which is the sweet reward of labour.

II.

DEATH IN THE COTTAGE.

'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth!' is a wise saying, and of mournful import. The holy man who wrote it knew its truth; and many a fearful heart, shrinking from the future, as well as many a one stricken to the earth when most confident of bliss, have acknowledged the same. They are words never written or spoken without an indefinable dread; for no one living is so happy, or so confident in his happiness, that he has nothing to fear.

Christmas drew nigh merrily. In the blacksmith's little family there was nothing but hopeful anticipation. The clear biting frost of a Dutch winter had set in, and all was gaiety; for this is an important adjunct of mirth in a country where all festivities are carried on by means of the frozen waters. Gretchen had bought her furs and her gay ribbons; all the Christmas gifts were ready, and the Christmas dinner provided. The blacksmith's wife had finished all her preparations, had brought out the great silver cup, a family heirloom, the only vestige of riches, and had set out, ready for the morrow, one or two bottles of Rhenish wine, as a crowning treat for the Christmas festivities. Lastly, she brought out the eight carved wooden cups which had been added at the birth of each child, each bearing the initial letter of their names. It was the fancy of an old relative, a clever workman, who had thus enriched the stores of the blacksmith. Gretchen brought them out one by one, dusted them as carefully as if they were to be used, and as she did so, let fall a few quiet tears on each memorial of her little ones. Mechanically she arranged them in order, and then sighing deeply, put them all aside, leaving only Quintin's. She then dried her eyes with her apron, glanced round the cottage to see that all was right, and wrapping her warm mantle over her head, went outside the door to watch for her husband and child, for the loneliness of the cottage was too much for her.

It was a fine day for winter: there was no sunshine, but the white snow made everything light and cheerful. The frosty weather caused the bells of the cathedral to sound louder and nearer; their

merry peal rang out as if to drive away all care and melancholy thoughts; and while Gretchen listened to them, the mists of despondency which had gathered over her soul were, unconsciously to herself, swept away by their influence. The Dutch wife had little or no sentiment in her composition, yet she could not help giving way at this moment to fancies which mother-love alone could have roused in her placid mind. She thought no longer of the children lost on earth, but of the angels gained to heaven.

Gretchen's reflections then turned towards those left to her—her husband and Quintin. She thought of Hans, his diligence and industry, and how he had gone through all the struggles of their younger days, until comparative riches, the fruit of his labour, were beginning to flow in upon them. Their cottage was as small as ever, to be sure, but still it boasted many little comforts which it had not when they first began life; and all was through Hans—good, steady Hans! Gretchen never thought how much her own careful economy had contributed to keep safe, and spend rightly, her husband's earnings. Then she looked forward to the future, calculated how long it would be before Hans might leave off work, and Quintin succeed him in the forge. And the mother then pictured Quintin grown to manhood, and smiled as she thought of his taking a wife, and making Hans and herself grow young again on playing with a troop of grandchildren.

The blacksmith's wife was in the midst of these reflections and anticipations when the sound of her husband's forge ceased. It was earlier than usual; but Gretchen was not surprised, as it was holiday-time, and she thought that Matsys had got through his work quicker than ordinary, that he might be at home on Christmas eve. So she went into the cottage to await his return, and warm her chilled hands at the fire, which she took care to heap up in readiness for the cold and weary labourers, for Quintin was now indefatigable at his father's trade. She waited longer than usual, but neither came; the short twilight had passed away, and it was nearly dark. Still she feared nothing, but sat quietly by the fire.

At last the latched door was burst open, and little Quintin rushed in. He hid his pale face on his mother's bosom, sobbing bitterly. 'What is the matter? Who has vexed my little Quintin?' said the mother, soothing him.

'No one, mother—no one!' cried the child anew; 'but they told me not to tell you. Father'—

'Where is your father? Is he coming home?'

'Yes, he is coming home—they are bringing him; but he will not speak, and he looks like Sister Lisa. That is what frightened me.'

At this moment some neighbours entered: they were carrying Hans. His wife rushed to him, and flung her arms round him with wild exclamations; but he made no answer, and she could not see

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him clearly for the darkness. They drew Gretchen away, and laid him on the bed. A bright blaze sprang up in the fire, and shewed to the horror-stricken wife the face of the dead.

Death, sudden and fearful death, had come upon the strong man in the flower of his vigour and hope. The blacksmith had been engaged on his usual labours, when the horse that he was shoeing gave him a violent kick on the forehead : he sank on the ground, and rose up no more a living man.

III.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

It was a mournful Christmas in the home of the widow and the fatherless. Until the day of the funeral, Gretchen, passive in her affliction, sat by the body of her husband, holding in her arms her sole treasure, her only child. She seemed calm, almost passionless ; but her countenance, before so peaceful, was seamed with wrinkles that might have been the work of years, and her hair had grown gray in a single night. She kept her eyes fixed upon the corner where the dim outline of a human form was seen through the white covering, never moving them except to follow, with intense anxiety, every motion of little Quintin. To the child the scene was not new ; he had seen death before, and had not feared to behold, and even to touch, the white marble figures of his brothers and sisters who had died since his infancy ; but now he felt a strange awe, which kept him away from his father.

Those to whose hearths death comes slowly, preceded by long sickness, pain, and the anguish of suspense, can little imagine what it is when the work of the destroyer is done in a moment ; when one hour makes the home desolate, the place vacant, the heart full of despair. And when, added to the deep sorrow within, comes the fear for the future without, the worldly thoughts and worldly cares that will intrude even in the bitterest and most sacred grief, when that loss brings inevitably with it the evils of poverty—then how doubly intense is the sense of anguish !

Thus, when the remains of poor Hans Matsys had been laid beside those of his children, and the widow returned to her desolate cottage, it was no wonder that her strength and courage failed her. She burst into a flood of passionate grief, to which her quiet and subdued character had hitherto been a stranger, rocking herself to and fro in her chair, unconscious, or else heedless, of Quintin's attempts to console her.

'My child ! my child ! we have no hope. God has forsaken us !' she cried at last.

'You had not used to say that, mother, when Lisa died. You told me to be good, and then God would never forsake me.'

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'I did, I did,' cried the stricken woman; 'but it is different now! O Hans, Hans! why did you go away and leave me alone, all alone?'

'Not quite alone, mother,' said Quintin, raising himself, and standing upright before her with a serious firmness foreign to his years; 'you have me—Quintin. I will take care of you.' And he stretched out his arms to his mother, his face beaming with intense affection, and his eyes glowing with thoughts and resolves which even she could not fathom. However, there was something in the child's countenance which inspired her with hope: she felt that Quintin would one day or other be her stay and comfort.

'But,' said she, after she and her son had sealed their mutual love and confidence in a long embrace, 'how are we to live? Your poor father worked too hard to save money, except for the last year; and how are we to find food, now that he is no longer here to work for us? You are too young, my poor Quintin, to keep on the forge; it must go into other hands. There is no hope for us: we must starve!'

'We shall not starve!' cried the boy, his slight form dilating with the earnestness of his manner as he drew himself up to his full height. 'Mother, we shall not starve! I shall be a man soon; but, until then, we must be content with little. I can work well even now; whoever takes the forge will have me to help, I know. You can spin, mother, until I grow stronger and older, so as to be able to get money enough. You told me once, when I was trying to do something difficult, "When there is a will, there is a way." Now, mother, I have a *will*, a courageous one; and never fear but I shall make a *way*.'

New comfort dawned on the widow's heart; she was no longer hopeless as before. The boy who, a few days before, had clung to her knees in childlike helplessness, looking to her for direction, advice, and assistance, now seemed to give her the counsel and strength of which she stood in such sore need. It is often so with those who are afterwards to be great among their fellow-men; in a few days, by some incident or sudden blow of misfortune, they seem to step at once from childhood to the threshold of premature manhood. With Quintin this change was not surprising; because his thoughts had ever been beyond his years, partly from the superiority of his mind even in childhood, and partly because he had lived entirely with his parents, and from various causes had never associated with those of his own age. These circumstances had given a maturity to his judgment and a strength to his feelings which made him, in the foregoing conversation with his mother, assume that unwonted energy and resolution which was afterwards the prominent feature of his character, and which even then was sufficient to make the forlorn widow experience a feeling almost approaching to hope, as she read courage and firmness on every feature of the face of her son.

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From that time Quintin was no more a child. He seemed to think it incumbent on him to fill the place of his dead father; he went regularly to work at the forge, which had been taken by a kind-hearted neighbour, and Quintin's skill and dexterity atoned so much for his want of muscular strength, that he received good wages for a boy. These he regularly brought home; and no merchant ever told over the gains of his Indian vessels with more delight than did Quintin count over the few pieces of silver into his mother's lap. There is a sweetness in the gains of labour which no gifts, however rich, can bestow; and Quintin often thought that the bread which was bought by his hard-earned money tasted better than any other. It might be that his mother thought so too; and when he stood beside her—Quintin now considered himself too old and manly to sit on his mother's knee—the smile returned to her face as she noticed his sturdy hands and cheek embrowned by labour, and said he was growing so like his father. No other eye would have traced the very faint resemblance between the honest but coarse features of the poor blacksmith, and the intellectual countenance of his son.

Quintin, after his father's death, occupied his leisure hours no more with the toys and trifles of his own manufacturing, in which he had before so much delighted. He would not waste a moment; and as soon as he returned from the forge, he always set himself to assist his mother in her household duties, suffering her to do nothing that he thought was too much for her strength, which had been much enfeebled by grief. Quintin was become a very girl in gentleness and in domestic skill, for he thought nothing beneath him which could lighten his mother's duties. He even learned to spin; and during the summer evenings Gretchen and her son sat together at their work, often until long after the inhabitants of the few scattered cottages around them had gone to rest. But Quintin and his mother feared the long bitter winter, and worked early and late to put by enough to keep them from poverty during the biting frost of their climate. Still, while they feared and took these precautions, they did not despair; for they knew how sorely such a feeling cramps the energies of even a strong mind, and thereby induces the very evils which are dreaded. So Quintin's hopeful spirit encouraged his mother, and they worked on, patiently waiting until better times should come.

IV.

THE GOOD ANGEL.

It was on a cold dreary February day that a boy came through the churchyard, where the poor, who had no storied epitaphs, nor white marble shrines, awaited in peace their resurrection from clay. The boy was thin and poorly clad, and his face and bare hands were

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blue with cold. He walked slowly, in spite of the chilliness around him; for his spirit was very heavy, and his steps refused to move as those of one who carries a light heart in his bosom.

It was Quintin Matsys, who was coming from his daily labour to a sorrowful home; for the unusual severity of the winter had drained their little store, and Quintin knew now, for the first time, what poverty and hunger were. He thought, in his simplicity, that he would come round by his father's grave, and say his prayers there, hoping that God would hear them, and send comfort. Quintin crept rather than walked; for his poor little feet were frozen, and sharp pieces of ice every now and then pierced through his worn shoes. He was thankful to have been all day in the warm shelter of the forge; but that made him now feel more keenly the bitterness of the cold without. He came at last to the little green hillock which had been watered with so many tears; it was not green now, but covered with frozen snow; not soft, but hard and sharp.

The mist of a coming storm was gathering over the churchyard before Quintin had finished his orisons. The boy could hardly distinguish the gate at which he entered, and was about to depart, when there rose up from a grave which he had not before noticed a white figure. It was slender and small; and Quintin's first thought was that an angel had been sent to answer his prayer. He was not alarmed; but knelt down again with folded hands, waiting to receive the heavenly messenger. But another glance told him that it was no angel that he saw, but a little girl wrapped in white fur, who came timidly to meet him.

'Will you tell me who you are?' asked she, putting out from her mantle a warm little hand, which shrunk from the touch of Quintin's chilly fingers.

'My name is Quintin Matsys,' answered the surprised boy.

'You are very cold, poor Quintin, if that is your name. Give me your hands to warm them under my furs.'

Quintin did so in silence.

'Where is your father?'

'Here!' said Quintin sadly, pointing to the grave. 'My father has been dead a year.'

'They tell me that my mother is dead too, because I never see her now. I sometimes come here to think of her. When my father is angry, I steal out of the house and come here, as I have done to-day. No one minds little Lisa.'

'Lisa!—is your name Lisa?' cried Quintin eagerly. 'I had a sister Lisa once; but she was much older than you.' And the boy looked earnestly in the beautiful childish face of his new friend, as if to trace some slight resemblance to the sister he had lost, but remembered so well.

'I will be your sister Lisa!' exclaimed the little girl. 'I like you—you look good.' And she sprang up with a sudden impulse, put

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her arms round his neck, and kissed him. Quintin returned her affectionate embrace, and then asked her more about her father. He was a painter at Antwerp, and had been living near the village for several months—ever since his wife's death.

'And now,' said Quintin, 'I must go home. My mother is ill, and I have staid too long already; but I will not leave you here all alone, Sister Lisa;' and the word Lisa lingered on the boy's lips with the fondness with which we pronounce a beloved name, even when owned by a stranger.

'Why did you not tell me your mother was ill? I live close by; we will go away together directly.' And she took hold of his hand and set out.

The two young friends had not gone many steps when Quintin turned pale, and sank on a grave.

'What ails you, Brother Quintin?' asked the frightened child.

'I do not know,' said Quintin faintly.

The little girl tried to encourage him; and then, with childlike reasoning, thought that something good would be the best resource. She drew from her pocket a sweetmeat, which she put in Quintin's mouth. He devoured it eagerly, and then, looking wistfully at her, he cried: 'Have you another?' But immediately a crimson blush overspread his face. 'I was wrong,' said he, 'to ask; but I am so hungry. I have tasted nothing since yesterday.'

'Not eaten since yesterday!' exclaimed his compassionate little friend. 'Poor Quintin!—no wonder you are tired! And your mother—has she nothing to eat?'

'I fear not indeed—unless some charitable neighbour has given her some dinner.'

Lisa felt again in her pocket, and produced a biscuit, which she made Quintin eat; and then, as soon as he was able to go forward, she pulled him on. 'I will go home with you, Quintin,' said she. 'Here is a fine gold piece that my father gave me; we will go and buy some supper, and take it together to your mother. I am very hungry too, and I will sup with you,' she added with instinctive delicacy of feeling, wonderful in a child.

Quintin yielded to her gentle arguments; and, laden with good things, he and Lisa entered his mother's cottage. She was sitting, exhausted, beside the fireless and cheerless hearth; a small rush-candle in one corner just shewed the desolation of the cottage, for they had been obliged to part with one thing after another to preserve life. The two children entered hand-in-hand. Gretchen looked surprised, but, from feebleness, did not speak.

'Mother, dear mother,' cried Quintin, 'I have brought you a good angel, who has come to save us from dying of hunger.'

The child stepped forward and took her hand. 'Here is plenty for supper; let me stay and share it. I am Lisa—little Lisa.'

The similarity of name struck on Gretchen's ear; her mind was

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weakened by illness and want ; she snatched the child to her bosom, crying out : ' Lisa—my Lisa ! are you come back to me again ? '

The little girl, startled, uttered a cry. Gretchen set her down, and looked at her. ' No, no—it is not my Lisa ! ' she said sorrowfully.

' I am not your own Lisa, but I will try to be,' answered Quintin's friend, while the boy himself came forward and explained the whole. His mother was full of grateful joy. Without more words Quintin lighted the fire, while little Lisa, active and skilful as a grown woman, arranged the supper—not, however, before she had carefully administered some wine and bread to the thankful widow. All three sat down to a cheerful meal, Lisa holding one of Quintin's hands in hers the whole time, and watching him eat with an earnest pleasure which prevented her thinking of her own supper, and effectually contradicted her assertion that she was very hungry.

' You will not faint again, Quintin,' she said at last.

The mother looked alarmed. ' What has been the matter with you, Quintin ? Have you indeed fainted from hunger ? My poor boy ! I thought you told me they were to give you dinner at the forge, and therefore you would not eat that piece of bread this morning ? '

' Yes, mother ; but—but—' said Quintin stammering, ' they forgot all about it. I was not so very hungry, so I thought I would not come home until after dinner-time, that'—

' That your mother might have it all ! My own boy—my dear Quintin, God bless you ! You are husband, and son, and everything to me,' cried the widow, folding him in a close embrace.

Lisa looked on, almost tearfully. ' I wish my mother were here to kiss me as you do Quintin ! ' she said.

' Have you lost your mother, poor child ? ' asked Gretchen, turning towards her. ' Then come to me—you shall be my own little Lisa.'

' I am Quintin's sister already, so we shall all be happy together,' cried the pleased child, who would have willingly staid, had not the thoughtful Gretchen told Quintin to take her in safety to her own home. The children parted affectionately, and Quintin felt that Lisa's loving and hopeful spirit had left a good influence behind upon his own. He went home with less gloomy thoughts for the future ; his mother, too, had a happy look on her care-worn face, which cheered the affectionate boy. He listened to her praises of the sweet Lisa, and bade her good-night with a lightened heart. Both mother and son felt the day's events had shewn them that there is no night of sorrow so dark to which there will not come, sooner or later, a bright and happy morning.

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V.

THE FIRST PARTING.

Two years passed lightly over Quintin's head, bringing with them much happiness and little care. It seemed as if the meeting with Lisa had been the turning of their fortunes; from that time friends sprung up for the widow; and Johann Mandyn himself, the father of Lisa, helped Quintin to obtain work with the influence he possessed. But he was poor, and had little sympathy beyond his art, in which he placed his sole delight. Quintin and Lisa were inseparable in their childish friendship; the artist's daughter felt no scorn for the blacksmith's son, for she was too young to think of difference of station. Quintin worked at the forge, where he was invaluable, and his mother spun; so that the week's earnings were sufficient for the week's need, and poverty was no longer dreaded in the widow's now cheerful home. Gretchen became once more the stout, rosy, and good-humoured Flemish dame; for time heals all griefs, even the bitterest; and it is well that it should be so. A long-indulged sorrow for the dead, or for any other hopeless loss, would deaden our sympathies for those still left, and thus make a sinful apathy steal over the soul, absorbing all its powers, and causing the many blessings of life to be felt as curses. As the bosom of earth blooms again and again, having buried out of sight the dead leaves of autumn, and loosed the frosty bands of winter, so does the heart, in spite of all that melancholy poets write, feel many renewed springs and summers. It is a beautiful and a blessed world we live in, and whilst that life lasts, to lose the enjoyment of it is sin.

Gretchen's restoration to peace after her heavy trials was in a great measure owing to the influence of Lisa. This child was one of those sweet creatures who steal into our hearts like a gleam of sunshine. Why this was so, it was impossible to tell: she was not clever above her years, nor fascinating through her beauty, which then was not conspicuous; but there seemed an atmosphere of love around her which pervaded everything and every one with its influence. It was impossible not to love Lisa.

A good man once said to his daughter: 'Why is it that every one loves you?' 'I do not know,' answered the child, 'except that it is because I love everybody.' This was the secret of Lisa's power of winning universal affection. Her little heart seemed brimming over with kind words and good deeds. She was never seen gloomy or unhappy, because her whole delight consisted in indulging her love of bestowing pleasure on others, and therefore she never knew what it was to be sad. People may talk as they will, but it is in ourselves alone that the materials of happiness are to be found. Even love—we mean household, family love—need not always be reciprocal at first. A gentle and a loving spirit, though it may

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seem for a long time fruitless, will at last win love in return. It is useless to say : 'I would be kind and affectionate if he or she would be so in return.' Let us begin by shewing love, and a requital will not fail us in the end.

Quintin's character matured rapidly. If his manly and resolute mind had wanted anything, it was the charm of gentleness, and this he learned from Lisa. They continued to call one another by the sweet names of brother and sister, and certainly no tie of kindred could be stronger than theirs. Lisa taught Quintin much that the misfortunes of his youth had prevented him from learning, so that he no longer lamented his ignorance of reading and writing—acquirements very uncommon in his present sphere, but which his ardent mind had always eagerly longed after. His bodily frame grew with his mental powers, and at thirteen Quintin was a tall and active youth, though never very strong. To say he loved the occupation which he pursued so steadily, and in which he was so successful, would not be true; and here it was that the quiet heroism of his character appeared. Quintin's heart was not in the forge, and the more learning he acquired, the more he felt this distaste increase. But he never told his mother, for he knew that it would detract from her happiness, and he manfully struggled against his own regrets.

When Quintin had attained his fourteenth year, a change took place in his fortunes. The young blacksmith, with the native taste which was inherent in him, had worked a number of iron rails with such ingenious ornaments, that the purchaser, a rich burgher of Antwerp, sent to inquire whose hand had done them. Quintin's master informed him; and the answer was, that the young workman should immediately go to the burgher, who had found him employment in the city.

A grand event was this in the boy's life. He had never seen Antwerp, but he and Lisa had often sat together on summer evenings watching the beautiful spires of the cathedral, while the little girl told him of all the wonders it contained; for Lisa inherited all her father's love of art. Now Quintin was about to realise these wonderful sights; and when he got home he could hardly find words to tell his mother and Lisa the joyful news. Quintin was too happy to notice that, while his mother congratulated him on his good fortune, a tear stood in her eyes, and that little Lisa—she still kept the pet name, which suited her low stature and child-like manners, though she was, in truth, but little younger than Quintin—looked very sad immediately after the first surprise had passed away.

'Will you be long away, Brother Quintin?' asked she, laying her hand on his arm.

'Only two or three months; perhaps not that.'

'Three months seem a long time when you have never left your mother before in your whole life,' said Gretchen mournfully.

Quintin then felt that his joy was almost unkind towards these dear ones, who would miss him so much. And yet it was such a good thing for him to find work at Antwerp; he would be well paid, and it was the sort of labour which he liked much better than his hard and uninteresting work at the forge. He urged all these arguments, except the last, to his mother and Lisa, and was successful in quieting their alarms, and in lulling their grief at losing him for a time. He was to leave the next morning, for there must be no delay, and the necessary preparations in some degree distracted Gretchen's thoughts from the approaching parting. Lisa assisted too, but her little fingers trembled while she tied up the small bundle in which Quintin's worldly wealth was deposited. He, good thoughtful boy, though his own heart sank after the first burst of delight, did not fail to cheer them both with merry speeches, telling Lisa that he would need a wagon and horses to bring home his goods, instead of the handkerchief in which they were taken thence, and such-like cheerful sayings—with little humour, but much good-natured cheerfulness.

Nevertheless, when all was ended, and the three sat down to their last meal together for some time, Gretchen's courage failed. She looked at her son; the thought struck her how soon his place would be vacant, and she burst into tears. Quintin consoled her. He felt almost ready to cry himself; but a boy of fourteen must not yield to such weakness, so he forcibly drove the tears back to their source. Lisa did not speak, but she changed colour, and several large bright drops slid silently down her cheek, and fell on her empty plate.

'Come, mother dear,' said Quintin at last, 'we really must not all look so very melancholy; I shall be quite too full of importance if you cry over me so much. And I shall be so rich when I come home. This will be the best winter we have had yet. You shall not spin any more, mother: indeed, there will be no need, I shall be so independent. And three months will soon pass; Lisa will be near you; and, mother,' he added gravely and affectionately, 'you can trust me to be good, to remember all you have taught me, and to love you as much as ever, though a few miles away from you.'

With such words did Quintin cheer the little party, until the time came for Lisa to go home. Her father, absorbed in his studies, though loving her sincerely, noticed her but little, and was content to leave her often for whole days with the blacksmith's widow, provided that Quintin brought her home at dusk. It was now summertime, and the children went along the oft-trodden way together hand in hand. At length the moment for parting arrived, and how sad it was, need not be particularly described.

'Do not forget Sister Lisa,' were the last words Quintin heard from the child; and when the door of her father's house closed, and he saw her no more, Quintin felt more sorrowful than he had done since he beheld the cold earth thrown over his father.

VI.

QUINTIN'S LIFE AT ANTWERP.

It was a dull and dreary morning when Quintin set out on his journey. He was to proceed on foot to Antwerp; for in those days the poor and middling classes had to look to themselves alone for those powers of locomotion which are now open to every one. In the fifteenth century, carriages were almost unknown; the sole mode of conveyance was on horseback; but the very wealthy, when aged or sick, indulged themselves with litters, or with rude wagons, drawn by horses. But none of these appliances of luxury were for Quintin Matsys; so he set forth on foot, carrying his bundle, tied to a stick, over his shoulder.

With the night had faded many of Quintin's brilliant anticipations of pleasure. When he awoke in the morning, and saw that the long drought had melted into rain, and that the dull mist rose up from the fields, shutting out from his view the city of his hopes, he would almost have been glad not to set out. At the last moment, when anticipation has vanished into certainty, it is seldom that we really feel happy in some pleasure long hoped for at last attained. So Quintin felt; and when he had indeed parted from his weeping mother—when he had lost sight of the cottage, passed the forge, and was out in the high-road, he thought that if this was the first-fruits of good fortune, he had almost rather stay at home all his life.

But the boy had not gone far when the mist—it was only a summer's mist, like his own sadness—cleared away; the sun rose brightly, and the cathedral spires were bathed in its golden radiance. They seemed a beacon of future hope to Quintin's now cheerful heart. To a fanciful and enthusiastic spirit like his, a mere trifle—the passing of a cloud, the bursting of a sunbeam, the sudden carol of a bird—will drive away care, until we wonder why we were so heavy-hearted before; and this sudden susceptibility to pleasure, unless blunted by very sore afflictions, is indeed a great blessing. So it was with Quintin. Encouraged by the sunshine around him, he went hopefully on his way, and before sunset reached Antwerp.

The first view of a great and populous city is always striking. But the young blacksmith's mind was naturally of too high a tone to feel that stupid wonder with which such a sight would impress a country peasant who had less intellect than himself. Quintin walked through Antwerp, feeling himself elevated, not made lower, by the grandeur around him. Thus, when he came into the presence of his future patron, no false shame or self-abasement made him shew to disadvantage the talents he possessed. The wealthy Herr Schmidt was pleased with him, and Quintin was at once placed with a clever iron-worker in the city.

The country youth now began a new life, which required all his energies. Left almost entirely to his own guidance, he acted as became the good boy he had always been, when his mother's eye was upon him, and her precepts in his ears. But he had so long been accustomed to judge for himself and for her, that this complete independence was scarcely new to him. His sole regret was when, after his day's work, he returned to his lonely room in a narrow street, and missed the kind face and smile of welcome; when he had to prepare his frugal meal himself, and to eat it alone, without those almost invisible cares which a mother, sister, or wife's hand bestows, and which, though often unperceived and unacknowledged, yet sweeten the food. Then Quintin missed also the fragrant breath of country air coming in at his window; and while he grew taller, and his mind increased in strength and acquirements, his brown cheek became paler, and his frame more slender, through his city life. But Quintin had one grand object—he wanted to grow rich, that his mother's closing days might know all the comforts of wealth. Another impulse, too, which he scarce acknowledged to himself, spurred him on. He had grown wiser, painfully wiser, since he had come to Antwerp. He then found out, for the first time, the difference the world shews between an artist's daughter and a poor blacksmith's son; that he and Lisa, when they grew up, could never call one another brother and sister. Other feelings than fraternal ones never entered into Quintin's simple mind; but he could not bear the thought of losing his sister Lisa; and the idea of raising his position in the world, so as to be able still to keep up the association with her, mingled in his ideas of gaining wealth for his mother to enjoy.

Quintin was not entirely without troubles, even in his good fortunes. His fellow-workmen envied his skill in fancy-working in iron, and many a plan was laid to injure the youth in his master's estimation. They stole from him his tools, complained of his overbearing conceit, and accused him of giving a false statement of his age, and representing himself as much younger than he really was, to gain his master's favour and approbation. This accusation Quintin's high spirit could ill brook. The principal weakness of his character was a want of gentleness, not surprising in one of his resolute temper, for the two qualities are seldom combined. He was more tried than ever he had been at home, where his sole troubles came from without: he had none from within, for in the little household all was peace. This last allegation roused him to anger.

'I a liar!—I tell a lie!' cried the indignant boy; 'I would not do it for the king himself. How dare you say so to my face!' and his eyes flashed with the violence of his feelings. His companions saw they had goaded him on too far: they said no more that day. Quintin went home, his spirit still chafing under the insult he had received, and there was no gentle Lisa to cast oil on the angry

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billows of his soul. The poor boy felt how lonely he was, and when he had shut the door, his anger melted into sorrow; he threw himself on his little bed, and covered his face, while hot tears of vexation, mingled with grief, burst through his fingers. His spirit was strong; but still Quintin was only a boy—not fifteen.

Next morning he rose, and went courageously to his work. He was making the iron cover to a well, wrought tastefully in a manner which he alone could do, therefore his master had intrusted him with it, and thus caused so much jealousy among the rest. When Quintin came to look for his tools, lo! hammer and file were gone. He inquired, first gently, then indignantly, for them; but his companions could not, or would not, give him a satisfactory answer. His anger kindled; but they only taunted him the more.

‘How will you make your fine well-cover without hammer or file?’ cried one.

‘Here is a pretty plight for the first workman in Antwerp to be in!’ said another.

‘The young genius will never finish his work!’ exclaimed a third, bursting into a loud laugh.

‘I will finish it, though!’ said Quintin, resolutely folding his arms, and standing before them with a determined air, though his face was very pale. ‘I will finish it, in spite of you all.’

He turned away, took up the rest of his tools, locked up himself and his work in another part of the establishment, took no heed of the daily taunts which he met with, until the given time expired. The master came, and asked for the well-cover. It was done! Quintin *had* finished it, as he said he would, without hammer or file. How he accomplished it, no one could tell; but the workmanship was inimitable; and this testimony to the genius and determination of the young blacksmith may be seen to this day over a well near the cathedral of Antwerp.

VII.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Lisa’s fears proved true: Quintin did not come home for several months, not until mid-winter; and when he did return, his adopted sister was not there to welcome him. Lisa, the affectionate Lisa, had departed with her father for Italy some time before. When Quintin returned, all that he found was a sisterly message left with his mother for him, and a lock of hair—one curl of the bright golden tresses which he had so many times twisted round his fingers in play. Quintin had indeed lost his Sister Lisa.

This was not his only disappointment. He had ever been a delicate boy, and his constant work while at Antwerp, together with the confined air of the city, had injured his health. He was long

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before he would confess this to himself, for he could not bear to slacken in his exertions ; so he still remained where he had abundance of work, sending the fruit of his earnings to his mother, and keeping but little for himself. At last his master, a kind-hearted man, saw the sad change in the boy, who, listless and feeble, went about his work mechanically, without a smile or a hope. He sent Quintin home on his own horse, for the boy was now too feeble to walk, as he had done on his first entrance into Antwerp. And thus weakened in health, Quintin Matsys came home to his mother.

He had not known of Lisa's departure, and the closed-up, uninhabited dwelling, as he passed it, gave him a sudden alarm. When he learned the truth, it was a bitter disappointment to him, for his gentle little playmate had become entwined with every fibre of Quintin's heart. However, his fond mother's caresses were very sweet to the boy, who had been so long without them. Illness made him feel doubly how precious is a mother's love.

It was well that Quintin returned home in time ; for he had not been there long, before a slow fever, the result of his anxious toil for so many months, seized him, and he was many weeks unable to move from the bed on which he lay. When he recovered a little, he was as feeble as a child. Gretchen watched and nursed him as in the days of his infancy ; only too thankful to be spared the one absorbing dread to lose him for ever, she did not think of the future. But when Quintin began to feel better, he pined over the good prospects his illness had blighted, and thought sadly how long a time must elapse before he would be able to follow his trade. This idea retarded his gaining strength, and gave a painful cast of anxiety to his thin and sharpened features, for which his mother could not account. She, thinking of nothing but him, had not noticed how gradually the earnings of the year had dwindled away ; but Quintin often thought of this.

One day Gretchen had propped up her son with pillows in his chair, and placed him in the warm noon by the open window. He looked so worn to a shadow, with his long hair grown thin and straggling, as the hair does in continued illness, falling over his attenuated face, and his large full eyes fixed with a melancholy gaze on the sky, that his mother could not refrain from tears. She turned away, lest Quintin should see them, and busied herself with arranging her household affairs. She dusted the table and shelves, and then, in her search for more occupation, came to the silver cup where she kept her money. Many an anxious gaze had she often cast on that little cup ; and now she uncovered it, by an irresistible curiosity, to see how much it contained, for she had not looked in it lately. There was but a single silver piece ! Gretchen stood with it in her hand for some minutes, looking dolefully at the poor remnant of her treasure. Quintin turned his head feebly round.

‘What are you doing there so long, mother?’ he asked.

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His mother closed the cup, but not before he had seen what she was doing. 'How much money have you left, dear mother?' he said again. 'Not much, I fear.'

To conceal it would have distressed him more; so Gretchen shewed her son the remaining coin.

Quintin's countenance fell. 'Oh, how unfortunate I am,' he cried, 'to have been ill here instead of gaining money! But I know I am nearly well—I am sure I can walk now.' And he rose, but before he had moved three steps, he fell exhausted on the floor. Gretchen ran fearfully, and raised him; but all her consolations failed to reassure him. Quintin—the brave-hearted Quintin—for the first time in his life sank into despair. He had still courage enough to conceal his feelings from his mother; but he could not speak, and she laid him in his bed, and sang him to sleep, as she had done when he was a little boy—not knowing how deep was the poor boy's misery and hopelessness.

But this feeling could not last long in one of such energy as Quintin Matsys. Morning brought with it strength and hope, for in the long wakeful hours of night he had thought of a good plan.

'Mother,' said Quintin, when she brought him his plain breakfast of milk and meal, and sat beside him, encouraging the slight appetite of the sick boy by all those persuasive words which loving hearts so well know how to use—'mother, I have been thinking of a way to gain money.'

'Eat your breakfast, and tell me afterwards, my dear boy,' said the anxious Gretchen. Quintin did so, and then began again to talk.

'You know, mother, when I was a child, I used to make all sorts of fanciful things in iron. Now, when I was at Antwerp, I saw that, in the grand religious processions, there were quantities of metal figures of saints used, and sold about the streets. I am sure I could make the same if I were to try; and the people buy such numbers, and give so high a price for them, you cannot think!' And Quintin, half raising himself, rested his elbow on the pillow, and looked anxiously in his mother's face.

Gretchen smiled cheerfully, to encourage him. 'I think it is an excellent plan,' said she; 'but you must make haste and get strong, so as to be able to make these figures; and do not be too anxious, or you will be longer in recovering.'

'I will promise everything,' answered Quintin; and his face grew brighter, so that his mother wondered to see how much better he looked.

Hope is the best physician in the world. Now that Quintin had something to look forward to, it was surprising how fast he improved. He was soon able to move about the room, and in a little time began to make the figures. His youthful skill returned, together with his childish pleasure in the work. Sickness brings us back to the

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enjoyment of simple and infantile pleasures ; it takes away all the false gloss of the world, and restores our souls, in some measure, to their early freshness ; we feel again like children—child-like in our feebleness, child-like in our enjoyment of things that seem trifles to others.

Thus Quintin would sit for hours, contentedly forming the figures in clay with his thin white fingers, that were, alas ! incapable of harder work. Then he took moulds of them, into which his mother poured the molten metal, as Quintin had done in his first essay many years before. At last a number of graceful little figures were made, at which his proud mother lifted up her hands and eyes in admiration. She took them to a kind and honest neighbour, who was going to the grand festival at Antwerp ; he sold them all, and faithfully brought back the money—a sum sufficiently large to maintain, until Quintin's complete restoration, the widow and her diligent boy.

VIII.

CHANGES.

It is an old and trite saying, how rapidly Time urges on his flight : sometimes as a relentless, unsparing destroyer, but oftener as a swift-winged and beautiful angel, changing, yet not taking away, this world's blessings—making our past sorrows look dim in the distance, opening many flowers of pleasure on our way, and gradually ripening our souls for the great and glorious harvest of eternity.

Five years from the last epoch of our story, a young man sat all alone in a large cheerful room in the good city of Antwerp. The house was in one of the second-rate but respectable streets, and through the open windows might be distinguished the continuous trampling of feet, and the mingled sounds that rise up from a busy thoroughfare. The room where the young man sat was simply but comfortably furnished : carved chairs, coarse but full hangings to the windows, and abundance of clean rushes strewed over the floor, shewed that the occupier stood in no fear of poverty. His dress, too, though that of a plain burgher, was of good materials, carefully made, and well arranged. The young man himself was thin, almost spare in figure, and, as far as could be judged from the bending posture of one thinking deeply, appeared to be above the common height. His face was not handsome ; but that very want of beauty added to its charm, because the eye, at first dissatisfied, was ever and anon discovering some new expression which gave unexpected delight. One becomes wearied of a handsome face, over which no change flits : it is far better to find out new beauties daily, than gradually to lose sight of those which fascinated at the first look. But Quintin Matsys—for it was indeed he of whom we speak—had one perfection so rarely seen, that great index of the mind and disposition—a

beautiful mouth and chin. A Greek sculptor would have revelled in its exquisite curves—sharp, decided; the round, but not full lips, set close together, shewing great firmness and steadiness of character, mingled with almost womanly sweetness. And when he raised his head, the dark-blue eyes were just the same as in the boy Quintin of old, though now full of grave, almost mournful thought.

A great change had come over Quintin in five years. He had risen from the blacksmith's low mud-walled cottage to comparative riches. He was now the best iron-worker in Antwerp. He lived in a good house, had workmen under him, and his smooth soft hands shewed that he now had no need to handle the hammer. He walked through the streets of Antwerp a prosperous and respected man, though still so young; receiving salutations from the wealthy tradesmen and burghers of the place, and knowing that his present position was the result of his own diligence. But Quintin had had one great sorrow—he had lost his mother.

The unlearned, meek-spirited, but true-hearted Gretchen now slept in the lowly churchyard beside her husband and children. She had died not many months before, having seen and enjoyed her son's prosperity, knowing that it was the work of his own dutiful hands, aided by that blessing of Heaven which ever falls, sooner or later, upon patient industry exercised for a holy purpose. Therefore Quintin felt no violent grief at her peaceful death; but when all was over, and her place was vacant in the house where all needful comforts had surrounded her in her latter years, every hour in the day did Quintin miss his mother.

Often, when in the leisure hours which his raised condition in life afforded him, the young master of the house gazed discontentedly around on his comfortable dwelling, to which something was evidently wanting. He sat down almost cheerlessly to his plentiful meals, at which he felt so lonely. Quintin sighed for his mother, or else for some kind sisterly face to smile opposite to him; and then he thought of Lisa.

Since the hour of their parting he had never seen or heard of his childish friend. Johann Mandyn had never returned from Italy; and in those days, to be in a foreign country was as complete a severance as death itself could occasion. Quintin heard no tidings of Lisa; even her existence was unknown to him; and his memory of her had become like an indistinct but pleasant dream. Five years at Quintin's time of life make such changes in the whole character, that we hardly recognise one of the thoughts and feelings of the past as being like those of the present.

Quintin had grown up to manhood, with the good qualities which his youth promised ripened into happy maturity, while adversity had taken away many of those feelings from which no one is free. He was now a high-principled, right-feeling young man, guided, but not led away, by the impulses of an affectionate heart. Many of the

finer qualities of his soul were as yet undeveloped, though his natural refinement of mind had kept pace with his fortunes. Quintin had not yet felt the influence of love, though, as was natural, several youthful fancies had pleased his imagination for a time; but he always discovered something wanting, and his ideal of perfection was as yet unfulfilled. He had, in reality, never felt a stronger love than his devoted attachment to his mother, and his brotherly affection for Lisa, which now existed only in remembrance. Yet the influence of these two had assisted in making Quintin what he was. There is nothing so salutary to a young man as the unseen but magic power of a good mother or sister. It is a shield and safeguard to him, on his entrance into the world, to look back upon a home where he found, and might still find, a nearer approach to his ideal of goodness than elsewhere. Otherwise he is driven abroad to seek for what he cannot have at home, and his heart often makes its resting-place in some fancied perfection, which soon proves delusive.

Thus Quintin, in all his likings, invariably instituted comparisons with what he remembered of Lisa—what she was, or would be now; and his early association with a character like hers made his heart grow purer and better, and this high standard of excellence prevented his imagination from being led away. Thus was Quintin at the age of twenty.

IX.

A MEETING.

One evening, as Quintin was returning from a chapel in an obscure part of the town, to which he had gone for the performance of his religious duties, an unforeseen adventure occurred. As the small crowd of worshippers passed along, one of them, a female, stumbled and fell. The young girl's foot had slipped from a stone; and there she lay, unable to move, and her old nurse was lamenting over her, and chafing one of the delicate ankles.

'Is she much hurt?' inquired Quintin, bending over the stranger, so as to throw the light of his lantern on her face. It was very beautiful; fair, though colourless, and full of womanly sweetness, like one of Guido's Madonnas. We cannot otherwise describe it. The voice which answered, too, was soft and musical, and thrilled in Quintin's heart like a tone heard long ago.

'It is nothing, thank you,' were the few words she said. The old woman kept exclaiming loudly in a foreign tongue, of which the words: 'Lisa—Signora mia Lisa!' struck Quintin's ear.

'Lisa! Is your name Lisa?' asked Quintin in the same words he had used so long ago.

'Yes, it is Lisa!' answered the wondering girl.

'But are you my Lisa, my Sister Lisa?' cried the young man, forgetting himself in his eagerness.

'I am indeed!' she cried, bending forward and looking fixedly at him; 'if you are Quintin—Quintin Matsys.'

Quintin's first joyful impulse was to press his adopted sister to his breast, as in old times; but he restrained himself, and only took the two hands which were stretched out to him, holding them in his, and kissing them many times.

'You have not quite forgotten Quintin?'

'Nor you Sister Lisa?' were the first questions that passed between them; and then a strange silence fell upon the two, who, had they thought of such a meeting an hour before, would have fancied their subjects of conversation inexhaustible.

'And your mother, Quintin?' asked Lisa at last.

He did not answer; but the light fell on his sad face, and the girl guessed the truth.

'I had not thought of that,' she cried, bursting into tears, and affectionately taking Quintin's hand. Another silence ensued, and then they spoke of changes.

'Things are strangely altered, when I did not know you, Lisa, as you passed me to-night.'

'Nor I you; but that was no wonder, you are so changed,' said the girl, looking at him intently.

'Were you thinking of the poor blacksmith?' asked the young man, almost mortified.

'No, indeed,' cried Lisa, blushing deeply at what she thought had pained him—'no, indeed; I only thought of my brother Quintin.'

'And are you not changed, Lisa? Are you indeed the same?' And with a sudden thought he took her left hand: there was no ring there. Quintin felt relieved; but Lisa had not noticed his movement, and answered him frankly and earnestly.

'Indeed, Quintin, I am not; I have never forgotten old times; you will always be the same to your sister.'

A dearer word than sister just flitted across the young man's thought, but he said nothing. The surprised Italian nurse now drew near, and a few words from Lisa explained the meeting. The young girl rose to go home to her father's house, which was not far distant; but her steps were feeble, and she was obliged to trust much to Quintin for support. Their young hearts were full of happiness as they walked together through the desolate streets, talking of olden days, of their united childhood, of all that had happened to them since, of her, who had been as a mother to both. They spoke of the dead with loving regrets and gentle sadness, which rather spread a holy calm over their present joy than took away from it. And so they went to Lisa's home together, in the sweet reunion of their childish affection; and the quiet stars looked down upon them, as if rejoicing in their happiness.

X.

LOVE AND ITS SHADOWS.

A few weeks passed, during which Quintin and Lisa constantly met. They could not break through old ties—why should they? So they visited together their parents' graves in the old churchyard, and talked over their first meeting; then went to look at the poor cottage, and retrod the path from thence to Lisa's former home, the last walk they had taken together; and then their common faith was a bond of union. In short, love—first, deep, and true love—stole into the hearts of Quintin and Lisa before they were aware. It was but the sudden ripening of the strong affection of their youth. They ceased to call one another 'brother' and 'sister,' or, when they did, it was with a shrinking consciousness that these names, dear and tender as they were, were not those that lingered in their hearts, though unacknowledged.

How the discovery was effected each to the other, they probably could hardly tell themselves. Their yet unrevealed love was like a well-tuned harp, of which the lightest breath or touch would awaken its harmonious chords. And that breath, that touch, did come at last, and they were made happy by the sure and certain knowledge of each other's true affection. Lisa's nature was too frank and generous idly to sport with Quintin's love, or to deny her own for one of whom she felt a just pride; and when Quintin Matsys asked if he might one day call her not his sister, but his wife, his own beloved and true-hearted wife, she did not say him nay.

And now the young man had to ask boldly for the hand of his beloved. This required all his courage; for Johann Mandyn was known to be a harsh and irritable man; and even Lisa, who was the sole object which divided his affection with his art, had little influence over him. He was not a man of great genius; his talents were just sufficient to make him perceive this deficiency, and probably his temper was imbibed by this cause. Yet his beautiful and soothing art had a charming influence over his wildest moods; it acted upon him like a spell, and to it he owed all the better and more refined qualities of his nature. He lived within and for his pictures; everything in the world outside he reckoned as nothing. His greeting of Quintin had been cold, though not unkind; he congratulated him on his changed fortunes in a manner which shewed how little he thought about either the young man or his destinies.

QUINTIN MATSYS,

Quintin had need of all his love and all his remembrance of Lisa to warm his heart when he sat waiting for the painter in his studio. It was a large old-fashioned room, and the light from above gave it a mysterious cast. Opposite to the young man hung a dark-looking painting, from which gleamed out the wild fierce head—it was that of a fallen angel, and the fixed eyes followed him round the room, as he fancied, with a threatening aspect. He closed his eyes, and pictured Lisa's sweet face, but still the dark image pursued him.

At last Mandyn entered the room. He was a little man, with sharp thin features, and bright black eyes gleaming from under bushy eyebrows. He wore a dark velvet cap, which he was accustomed, in the energy of his solitary thoughts, or in earnest conversation, to twist in all directions upon his bald head, giving a wild and sometimes ludicrous air to his countenance.

At his entrance Matsys rose. The old man came and stood opposite to him, with his hands folded behind his back.

'You are an unusual visitor here,' said he. 'Have you been admiring my pictures? But I forgot; you do not care about such things.'

Quintin muttered some vague compliments. At another time he would better have expressed the warm feelings with which he regarded art, as every higher mind must do; but now he thought only of his errand, and with hesitation explained the reason why he came—his hopes, his love, and his worldly prospects.

The old painter listened in silence; but a convulsive twitching of his thin lips shewed that he was not insensible to the young man's words.

'Does my daughter love you?' he asked at length in a suppressed tone.

'Yes,' said Quintin simply and truthfully.

'She has told you so?' cried the father in a passionate voice; 'then she must learn to forget her love, for she shall never become your wife.'

Quintin turned pale. 'Why not? Have you anything to urge against me? You can lay no crime to my charge. I am honest: I am not poor.'

'Do you taunt me with *my* poverty?' exclaimed the angry painter. 'Nevertheless, though I am poor, no daughter of mine shall ever wed a worker in vile metals.'

The unfortunate young man compressed his lips together in strong emotion. It was a sore struggle between pride, anger, and love; but he repressed his passion, and answered calmly: 'Is that your sole reason?'

'It is,' answered Mandyn, his wrath a little lulled, and surprised at Quintin's firmness and command of temper. 'I have nothing to complain of in your position, your prospects, your character; but

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you are, in fact, only a blacksmith—an iron-worker; and my Lisa, my beautiful Lisa, is an artist's daughter—worthy to be an artist's wife, and such she shall be.'

A pang shot through young Matsys' heart at the idea, and then his features relaxed into a less troubled expression. 'She is so young still,' he said, 'you will not marry her to any one against her will? If I have no hope, do not make Lisa miserable by such a union.'

'I will not,' answered the father. 'I love her too well: she shall have free choice. I am sorry for you,' he continued, and his softened feelings made him take the young man's hand kindly. 'I like you—I always did; but you are not a painter, and my child shall never marry any but an artist.'

Quintin wrung his hand and went out. As he threaded the passages of the house with lingering steps, his eyes glanced round in search of his beloved. He was not disappointed: a door opened suddenly, and Lisa appeared. She looked anxiously and blushing up to him, but Quintin could not speak. He held fast the hand she laid on his, and turned his face away. They stood thus for some minutes, until Lisa said: 'I knew it! My father is angry: we have no hope!'

'Do not say so, Lisa—my own Lisa! If we are certain of one another's love, we can never be hopeless.'

Lisa shook her head. Poor girl! she knew her father better than Quintin did.

'You do not know how strong love is,' passionately urged the young man. 'Love can bear anything—can do anything! O Lisa, Lisa! only say you will not give me up, and then you will see we are not without hope!'

'I will not give you up, Quintin; you know I love you,' said the simple-hearted girl, her truthful soul beaming in her eyes; 'but I will never disobey my father, who has always been kind to me until now.'

'I do not ask you: I would not! There is no happiness for such unions. Only say you will not marry another—not yet—and I am content.'

Quintin's hopeful courage communicated itself to his companion. Her confidence rose she knew not why; and the lovers parted, not in despair, but in patient expectation of better things.

'I dare not see you often,' said Lisa as she bade him farewell; 'but you know I shall not change.'

'I know it,' answered Quintin, 'and I do not fear. Lisa, dear, you will—you shall be mine yet! Patience and hope. There is nothing impossible to love like ours.'

XI.

THE STRONG HEART TRIUMPHS.

Quintin had spoken truly. This last and sorest disappointment had roused in him a firm determination, which few would have undertaken, but which was not surprising in a character like his. He would not relinquish his beloved Lisa, the friend of his childish days, the sister of his early affections, the object of his manhood's strong and ardent love. They clung together as those do who are left alone in the world without near ties, and parting was not to be thought of by them. Still, there was but one chance for their union, and this Quintin determined, come what would, to accomplish.

Johann Mandyn had said that his daughter should wed an artist, and an artist Quintin resolved to be. His mother, for whom alone he had sought the comforts of riches, stood in need of them no longer, and they were valueless in gaining Lisa for his bride. Quintin determined to relinquish everything for Lisa; his home, his profitable trade, his comforts; and to qualify himself, by patient and arduous study, to be a rival to Johann Mandyn himself. He sold his shop, his house, his furniture—everything that he could convert into money, to maintain himself during his studies; left Antwerp, and went to Haarlem, keeping his destination and intention secret from every one but Lisa. The old painter heard of his departure; wondered, pitied him, almost relented; but then his eye fell on the pictures with which his room was hung, and he doubted no longer.

'It is a glorious thing to be an artist!' cried the enthusiastic old man. 'None but a painter is worthy of my Lisa!'

Meanwhile Quintin established himself at Haarlem as pupil to an artist there, and diligently began his studies. His progress was rapid; for love lightened his task, and, though he knew it not then, he was following the bent of his own mind. His soul was that of a painter: this predilection had shone forth throughout his whole life, when, through a sense of duty, he worked at a trade which he did not like. His genius only wanted some strong motive or happy incident to call it forth in fortunate exercise, and his disappointed love effected this. Still, the early path towards art is toilsome and difficult, and Quintin was often discouraged; but love, like faith, can remove mountains, and there are no obstacles invincible to a strong and loving heart.

As he advanced in his studies, the young man's whole soul became absorbed in his art; not that he loved or thought of Lisa less, but the awakened powers of his own mind, and his new-kindled perceptions of the beautiful, gave him intense pleasure. He was like a man who had found a treasure in what he thought was a desert to be passed through. He now loved art for its own sake as well as

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for Lisa's; and almost forgave her harsh father for his unconquerable will.

It was with a delicious sensation of conscious power, and patient conquest over difficulties, that Quintin Matsys viewed his first picture. Many talk of the vanity of genius, self-sufficient, thinking itself above everything. But it is not so. Without a certain consciousness of innate talent, a man would be unequal to any great attempt; his very soul would sink within him, thinking of his weakness and inferiority. As well might a lovely woman look daily in her mirror, yet not be aware of her beauty, as a great soul be unconscious of the powers with which Heaven has gifted him; not so much for himself, as to enlighten others—a messenger from God himself, with a high and holy mission to perform. Woe unto him who abuses that mission!

Quintin Matsys was not vain, but he felt a noble satisfaction in himself and his work. His whole life had been a lofty struggle against difficulties. The last and greatest he was now surmounting; but he had yet to wait. He was too proud to come before Johann Mandyn's eye anything but a superior artist; so during a long season of unwearied perseverance did Quintin toil. Now and then he secretly visited Antwerp, and received the sweet assurances of Lisa's affection and encouragement. Her woman's heart swelled with delicious pride in him who possessed its deepest feelings, and every new triumph of his was sweeter to her than, perchance, even to Quintin himself.

At last the young man had become a painter, and a great one. He returned to Antwerp, and went openly and boldly to Mandyn's house with his last and best picture in his hand. The artist was out; but Lisa came, surprised and doubtfully, to meet the stranger, and was greeted by her lover, who, with his countenance full of joy and hope, shewed her his work. It was a household group; simple, life-like, and painted with that minute fidelity to nature and magic light and shadow for which Matsys' pictures are remarkable.

Lisa looked at it long and fixedly, and then turned her bright face, radiant with happy pride, to her lover. 'Quintin, my dear Quintin, you are indeed a painter!' was all she said; but it was the sweetest praise to him.

And now they thought of the discovery to her father, how it should be effected. Their happiness was almost like that of children, and in the exuberance of their mirth they imagined a playful trick. The old painter had left on the easel his darling picture of the fallen angels, the same which had struck Quintin's excited imagination in the last momentous interview which had influenced so strongly his whole life. The young artist now took a brush, and painted on the outstretched limb of his former imaged tormentor a bee, with such skill and fidelity, that Lisa's joyous laughter, as she stood by Quintin's side, was irrepressible.

QUINTIN MATSYS,

'He will surely be deceived,' said she as they both departed from the studio, leaving Quintin's picture there, out of sight.

Mandyn came, and Lisa was right.

'How came the insect on my picture?' cried he, trying to brush it away; then discovering the clever delusion, he hastily called his daughter. 'Who has done this?' said the old man.

A bright colour rose on the girl's cheek, and a happy smile flitted about her mouth, as she answered: 'It was an artist, father, who has brought that picture for you.'

Mandyn looked at it, and could not conceal his unfeigned admiration. 'It is a noble picture—a beautiful picture!' he cried. 'Where is the artist?—what is his name?'

'Quintin Matsys!' answered the young man himself, entering at the door, and standing modestly before the father of Lisa.

'You—you!' exclaimed Johann Mandyn; 'have you become a painter? Where have you studied? Is this your work?'

'It is indeed; I painted it at Haarlem.'

The old man's piercing eyes searched his countenance; but there was no room for doubt in the young man's ingenuous though self-possessed look. He gazed at Quintin, then at his daughter; and then went up to the former, and seized both his hands. With eyes full of tears, and in a broken voice, the old painter cried: 'Quintin Matsys, you are indeed a great artist—greater than I. You are worthy to marry my Lisa: take her, and God bless you!'

And Johann Mandyn went out of the studio without saying another word.

XII.

WEDDED LIFE.

Quintin and Lisa were married, though not immediately; for the young painter loved his betrothed too well to suffer her to share the necessary difficulties of the struggle which must always be endured before fame and prosperity crown the toils of the seeker after such. But this struggle was not of long duration with Quintin Matsys. His evident talent, his unwearied perseverance, and, it might be, the little romance mingled with his story, soon won for him friends and patrons. As soon as Quintin felt that he need not dread the future, and that the present was free from difficulty, he wedded his beloved Lisa, and brought her to a cheerful home, not luxurious, indeed, but far removed from poverty. And Lisa's gentle spirit needed no more to constitute her happiness. To be the patient, devoted wife, looking up to her husband as the model of all that was high and noble; keeping his household in order, that nothing might trouble him; surrounding him and all about him with a mantle of perfect love, which hid from every other eye, almost from

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her own, any slight failing which might obscure his character—or hastiness produced by his intercourse with a world not always smooth—this was Lisa's daily life.

It is needless to say theirs was a blessed home; not perfect, for what on earth is perfect? but still as near to heaven, and as complete in happiness, as an earthly home can be. Perhaps, too, the sorrows of Quintin's youth made him feel more deeply the quiet happiness of his mature age. To one who has been long travelling through a desert region, how sweet is every little flower that he finds on his path! Quintin and Lisa had not married in the first bloom of youth and hope, expecting to find earth a paradise, and wedded love a thornless rose. Their hearts were matured even beyond their years, and therefore they grew old together, daily loving one another the more, with a deep, earnest, household love, far stronger than in their earlier youth they could have conceived or pictured. Children sprang up around them; and Johann, their eldest son, his grandfather's darling, bade fair to be a worthy follower in the art which both his immediate progenitors had delighted in.

The life of Quintin Matsys as a painter is well known. He was one of the most extraordinary men of his time, when art was in its infancy, and when the stars of Michael Angelo and Raphael had yet scarcely risen. Matsys' style was peculiarly his own—he followed no school, imitated no master. Nature and his own mind were his sole guides. In general, he did not follow the higher style of art, but contented himself with depicting simple nature as she shewed herself to his loving eye. Quintin never left his native city, nor visited Rome, nor studied the antique. Had he done this, several judges have declared that he would have become the noblest painter that his country ever produced, so great were his natural powers. His pictures are little known in England, with the exception of one at Windsor, 'The Misers,' which is universally esteemed and lauded. In his latter days, Quintin painted an altar-piece for the noble cathedral of Antwerp, which still remains there as a testimony of the powers of his genius. Our own Reynolds visited it, and was struck beyond measure with this work of the blacksmith of Antwerp. The cold, cautious Sir Joshua, who seldom gave way to admiration or enthusiasm for any but his grand idol, Michael Angelo, was heard to declare that this 'Descent from the Cross,' by Quintin Matsys, was a wonderful picture at that early age of art, and that some of the heads were executed in a manner worthy of Raphael himself. Higher praise could scarcely have been given by any one.

Quintin and Lisa descended the vale of life together, slowly and peacefully. Johann Mandyn died, having gained his wish in seeing his Lisa an artist's wife, as she had been an artist's daughter, though this wish had been accomplished in a manner contrary to all his expectations. Quintin's origin cast no shade over his good name in the world's eye, or in that of his father-in-law. The blacksmith's

QUINTIN MATSYS, THE BLACKSMITH OF ANTWERP.

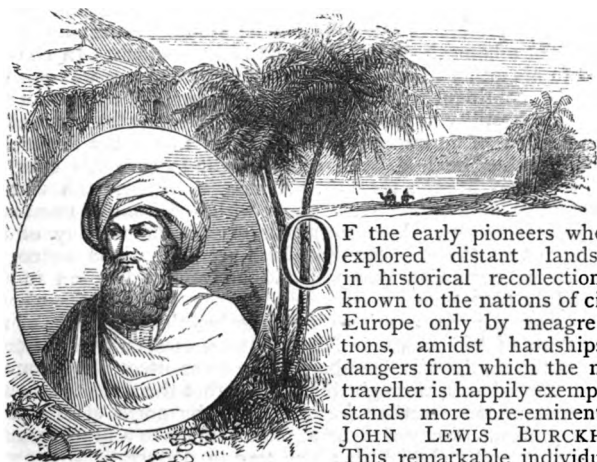
son had nobly and successfully fought against ill fortune ; and it was no shame, but a glory to him, to have once been poor. Johann Mandyn himself acknowledged this ; and Quintin and his wife never passed by the lowly home of his youth—the cottage and the forge—without a thrill, not of discontent, but of pleasure. Many and many a day, when they saw their children playing about the two graves—now, alas ! three—in the churchyard which had witnessed their first meeting, did Quintin tell over again to the attentive little ones that old story, and Lisa pressed closer to her husband's arm, as she felt how justly proud she was of the noble and brave heart which had lived through all—triumphed over all.

We have now traced Quintin Matsys through the trials of his youth, and the cares of his manhood, to the settled calm of his middle age. As after a stormy morning there often comes a season of peace, and stillness, and sunshine, so in many instances do the sorrows of early life lead to a happy old age. May it be so to all those who have struggled, and do struggle, often with a weary and a fainting heart ! But the reward, though it seem long delayed, must come at last. There is no storm so great that a true, courageous, and loving heart cannot live through, and, it may be, prove conqueror at last. Let this be the moral of Quintin's simple history ; let it encourage the feeble, bring hope to the hopeless, and excite to energy the despairing. The most helped of Providence is he who helps himself ; and he who shrinks from disaster in coward fear, or sinks in listless apathy, is not worthy to go through, but must fail in the ordeal. To all on earth should this watchword be precious—Despair not ; endure all things ; for to him who fears God, and loves his brother man, life can never be without hope.

23



LIFE AND TRAVELS OF BURCKHARDT.



Of the early pioneers who have explored distant lands, rich in historical recollections, but known to the nations of civilised Europe only by meagre traditions, amidst hardships and dangers from which the modern traveller is happily exempt, none stands more pre-eminent than JOHN LEWIS BURCKHARDT.

This remarkable individual was a Swiss by birth, being born at Lausanne in 1785, though his family belonged to Basel, in which city and canton it held an eminent position. His father, who enjoyed the territorial title of Burckhardt of Kirschgarten, from the name of his mansion in Basel, became a victim of the revolutionary party in Switzerland, when the French overran that country in 1796, and upset the existing government. He was tried for his life on a pretended charge of military treachery, and escaped condemnation at the hands of his prejudiced judges only by adducing undoubted testimony of his innocence; but receiving timely warning that, notwithstanding his acquittal, he was still marked for proscription by the ruling powers, he deemed it prudent to expatriate himself, and joined a corps of his countrymen in the British pay, then serving on the Rhine with the Austrians, in which he gained the rank of colonel. He was obliged, however, to leave his wife and family behind him at Basel; and it was thus his son, the subject of this memoir, being a daily witness of the oppressive domination exercised by the French, imbibed the deepest animosity against that nation, and, like another Hannibal, vowed undying enmity towards it. Young as he was, he panted to take arms under the banner of some nation at war with France; but, unfortunately for this aspiration, the continent was soon hushed in peace by the crowning ascendancy of Bonaparte. His father accordingly placed him, in the year 1800, at the university of Leipsic, whence, after a

stay of nearly four years, he was removed to that of Göttingen. At both these seats of learning he was distinguished equally for his ardent and successful pursuit of knowledge, and for his cheerful equanimity of temper, whereby he gained the applause and favour of the various professors under whom he studied, especially of the most eminent among them, the celebrated Blumenbach. In 1805 he returned to his father's house at Basel, and as no career was open to him on the continent which might afford him an opportunity of evincing his hostility against France, since Europe still trembled at the recollection of Marengo, he determined to try his fortune in England, whither he had been early taught to turn his eyes for deliverance from French tyranny. Armed, therefore, with sundry letters of introduction, and particularly with one from Blumenbach to Sir Joseph Banks, which eventually ruled the destiny of his life, he set out for the only country which yet maintained a struggle against the modern Charlemagne, and arrived in London in the month of July 1806.

At this time the 'Association for Promoting the Discovery of the Interior Parts of Africa' was in full operation, and Sir Joseph Banks was one of the most active members of the committee. It becoming known to Burckhardt, through this source, that the Association was anxious to send out another traveller into the north of Africa to follow up previous discoveries, he at once yielded to a prepossession he had long secretly cherished, which was in perfect harmony with the leading characteristics of his mind, wherein a thirst of knowledge and spirit of enterprise were mingled with an indomitable courage, and he eagerly offered his services. It was not, however, until May 1808 that his proposal was formally entertained by the Association; when, it being accepted, Burckhardt forthwith commenced his preparations for the expedition, which consisted in a diligent study of the Arabic language, and of the sciences most likely to be serviceable in his intended field of action. He also allowed his beard to grow, assumed the Oriental garb, and undertook long journeys on foot, going bareheaded in the heat of the sun, sleeping on the ground, and living upon vegetables and water. On the 25th of January 1809 he received his final instructions from the Association, and shortly afterwards took shipping for Malta, which island he reached in the beginning of April.

From previous experience, it was judged indispensable that, before embarking on his perilous adventure, the young traveller should completely perfect himself in the knowledge of Arabic and of Moslem habits. Hence he was directed to proceed, in the first instance, to Syria, where he was to remain two years, and subsequently repair to Cairo in Egypt; whence he was to follow the track of Hornemann to Mourzouk, prosecuting his journey into the interior as far as practicable from that starting-point. He accordingly tarried but a short time at Malta, hastening with all speed to the coast of Syria,

with the view of taking up his abode at Aleppo. In executing this purpose, however, he encountered numerous obstacles from the deceit of the Levantine captains he sailed with, and also incurred serious risks of discovery notwithstanding his disguise, which, to suit the present emergency, was that of a Mohammedan Bengal merchant, returning to India through Syria and Bagdad; and it was not until the end of September 1809 that he reached the place of his destination, Aleppo, where he was most kindly received by the British consul, Mr Barker. Here he made no secret of his European origin, but still retained the name he had assumed of Ibrahim Ibn Abdallah, as well as the Turkish costume. He thus lived in retirement and unnoticed, prosecuting his studies of Arabic, the Koran, and Mussulman law—in all of which it behoved him to be profoundly versed. His stay in Syria was prolonged for nearly two years and a half, during which time he made sundry excursions among the Bedouins in the surrounding deserts, and visited Palmyra, Damascus, the Libanus, and Anti-Libanus, and the then unexplored district of the Haouran. Having thus acquired the requisite familiarity with the Arabs and their language and manners, he finally departed from Aleppo in February 1812, and proceeded to Cairo, passing through Tiberias and Nazareth in Judea, to the east and south of the Dead Sea, as far as Wady Mousa, where he discovered the remains of the ancient city of Petra, the capital of Arabia Petræa, distinguished for its extraordinary architectural excavations in the rocks, and as the site of Aaron's tomb; from which place he diverged in a westerly course across the stony valley of Araba, and the horrid desert of El Tyh, to the capital of Egypt, which he reached in the month of September, after a tedious but interesting and profitable journey of seven months.*

Before attempting to execute the great object of his mission, Burckhardt judged it advisable, with the full approbation of the Association, that he should take time to study the Egyptian and African character, since to too great precipitancy, and the want of due preparation, might be ascribed the failure of previous travellers. Consequently, after a short sojourn in Cairo, he proceeded to Esné in Upper Egypt, from which he made an excursion up the Nile beyond the second cataract to Tinareh, being unable to penetrate farther on account of the hostile refugee Mamalukes, then in possession of the country of Dongola. As the authority of Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, was at that time recognised in this part of Nubia, Burckhardt did not encounter any serious dangers or difficulties on his way, beyond those inseparable from travelling in barbarous and unsettled regions, being fortified with a passport or firman from Ibrahim Pasha, the son of Mohammed; and he returned in safety to Assouan, on the northern frontier of Nubia, after an

* The incidents of this journey are related with Burckhardt's usual minuteness, and have been published under the title of *Travels in Syria*.

interval of thirty-five days. Settling again at Esné, he was compelled to remain there nearly a whole twelvemonth, waiting to accompany a caravan which took the route through Eastern Nubia to Sennaar, as he had resolved to proceed in that direction before venturing on his great western journey. His main object was to gain an acquaintance with the negro Arabs on the confines of Abyssinia and the shore of the Red Sea, and to pass into Arabia itself, returning to Cairo in time to catch the caravan from Egypt to Fezzan, by means of which alone he could advance into the south-west of Africa. On this journey he started on the 2d of March 1814, joining the caravan at Daraou, the place of departure, in the disguise of a poor Mohammèdan trader, which he had maintained ever since his first arrival at Esné. He was but ill provided with money, owing to the long delay that had occurred, and on that account sold his camel, retaining only an ass to ride upon, and stipulating for the conveyance of his luggage and merchandise. The whole stock of money he carried with him was only fifty dollars in a purse, and two sequins sewed in a leathern amulet round his arm for better security. Having no servant or slave, and but a scanty supply of goods—being dressed, moreover, in the meanest garb, such as is worn by the Egyptian peasant—he at first provoked the contempt of the merchants his fellow-travellers, and eventually their hatred and suspicions; first, because they viewed him as a Turk, and secondly, as a spying interloper in their trade. He confessed, indeed, that he was an Aleppine, but sought to calm their suspicions by alleging he was in search of a cousin who, some years previously, had set out on a mercantile expedition to Darfour and Sennaar with a great part of his property, and had not since been heard of. This pretence was well suited to their apprehensions; but they continued, nevertheless, to treat him during the whole journey with the greatest contumely, and often with the rudest violence, addressing him as a vile beggar unfit to associate with their servants, beating him with sticks, and pilfering his provisions and goods. He had need, in truth, of all the forbearance and equanimity of temper with which nature had gifted him, for their design was to provoke retaliation on his part, in order to have a pretext to fall upon and despatch him. When their persecution at length grew insupportable, he was driven to throw himself on the protection of the Arab guides of the caravan, who, having themselves had a dispute with the Egyptians, were the more inclined to shield him from their vindictiveness; yet they required to be bribed by the forlorn traveller to yield him this natural service, which, by their contract, he had a right to command.

The deserts of the East are generally of similar character, being wastes of sand and rock; but in many particulars they vary. Some, as those of Syria and Tyh, for instance, are almost destitute of trees and sweet water; whilst others have a succession of verdant spots

where both are found, which render them more easy to be traversed, for shade and water are the principal luxuries in those hot and arid regions. The only means of carrying water is in skins, made of the hides of sheep, goats, or oxen, hung over the backs of camels, which are filled at the different wells as they occur on the journey. These, however, are liable to burst, and the water soon becomes partially putrid, from the constant shaking and the action of the burning sun, so as to be almost undrinkable; whereby, if the distances between the wells are considerable, great inconvenience, and often danger of perishing from thirst, is incurred. The Nubian Desert from Daraou to Shigre, about sixteen days' march, is one with more agreeable features than most of its kind, although not free from the ordinary hazard of attacks by the roving tribes who inhabit it. It abounds in valleys, which contain trees and wells, yielding a copious supply of water; and over its whole extent is a broad beaten path, from which there is little risk of deviating. Yet even with these advantages the journey across it is irksome and laborious, especially to a solitary and unfriended traveller like Burckhardt. The want of a servant or associate was grievously felt by him; for he could get no assistance from his fellow-travellers, who delighted, on the contrary, in witnessing and aggravating his distress and perplexities. He himself represents his situation in very striking colours, at the same time that he gives a graphic picture of the peculiarities of desert travelling. 'Whenever it was known beforehand,' he says, 'that the chiefs intended to stop in a certain valley, the young men of the caravan pushed eagerly forwards, in order to select at the halting-place the largest tree, or some spot under an impending rock, where they secured shelter for themselves and their mess. Every day some dispute arose as to who arrived the first under some particular tree: as for myself, I was often driven from the coolest and most comfortable berth into the burning sun, and generally passed the midday hours in great distress; for besides the exposure to heat, I had to cook my dinner, a service which I could never prevail upon any of my companions, even the poorest servants, to perform for me, though I offered to let them share in my homely fare. In the evening the same labour occurred again, when fatigued by the day's journey, during which I always walked for four or five hours in order to spare my ass, and when I was in the utmost need of repose. Hunger, however, always prevailed over fatigue, and I was obliged to fetch and cut wood to light a fire, to cook, to feed the ass, and finally to make coffee, a cup of which, presented to my Daraou companions, who were extremely eager to obtain it, was the only means I possessed of keeping them in tolerable good-humour.'

From Shigre southwards to Berber, where the route rejoins the Nile, the character of the Desert is completely altered. Although a five days' journey between the two places, there is but one halting-

place where water is to be had, and that in such scanty quantity that a caravan can seldom obtain an adequate supply. Consequently, it is necessary to carry from Shigre, whose wells are famous throughout the Desert, as much as possible of the indispensable element ; but seldom sufficient can be taken to last the whole way. Reliance, therefore, is always more or less placed on procuring some quantity at least from the wells of Nedjeym, the only intervening station, which are often choked up altogether with the drifting sand, as on the present occasion the Arab guides were warned was the case. They resolved, nevertheless, to push on ; and filling all the water-skins, the caravan advanced from Shigre into the Desert, where all trace of a road was now utterly lost. At Nedjeym a small supply of water was secured, after great labour in clearing out the wells ; but the appalling fact became evident that the caravan could not hope to reach Berber upon its existing stock. Nothing remained, however, but to hurry forward with all speed ; and, as always happens in such cases, many were unable to keep up with the main body, and were left straggling behind. The scene that ensued will be best portrayed in Burckhardt's own words.

'In nine hours,' he says, 'we reached the valley of Abou Sellam, which abounds with Sellam trees. Here we stopped, for the beasts were much fatigued, and there were many stragglers behind, whom we might have lost in proceeding farther. In order to spare my stock of water, I had lived since quitting Shigre entirely upon biscuits, and had never cooked any victuals. I now made another dinner of the same kind, after which I allayed my thirst by a copious draught of water, having in my skins as much as would serve me for another draught on the morrow. We were all in the greatest dejection, foreseeing that all the asses must die the ensuing day if not properly watered, and none of the traders had more than a few draughts for himself. After a long deliberation, they at last came to the only determination that could save us, and which the Arab chief had been for several days recommending. Ten or twelve of the strongest camels being selected, were mounted by as many men, who hastened forward to fetch a supply of water from the nearest part of the Nile. We were only five or six hours distant from it ; but its banks being here inhabited by Arabs inimical to the traders, the whole caravan could not venture to take that road. The camels set out at about four P.M., and would reach the river at night. Their conductors were ordered to choose an uninhabited spot for filling the skins, and forthwith to return. We passed the evening, meanwhile, in the greatest anxiety ; for if the camels should not return, we had little hopes of escape, either from thirst or from the sword of our enemies, who, if they had once got sight of the camels, would have followed their footsteps through the Desert, and have certainly discovered us. After sunset several stragglers arrived ; but two still remained behind, of whom one joined us early next morning, but the

other was not heard of any more. He was servant to a Daraou trader, who shewed not the least concern about his fate. Many of my companions came, in the course of the evening, to beg some water of me ; but I had well hidden my treasure, and answered them by shewing my empty skins. We remained the greater part of the night in gloomy and silent expectation of the result of our desperate mission. At length, about three o'clock in the morning, we heard the distant hallooings of our watermen, and soon after refreshed ourselves with copious draughts of the delicious water of the Nile. The caravan passed suddenly from demonstrations of the deepest distress to those of unbounded joy and mirth. A plentiful supper was dressed, and the Arabs kept up their songs till daybreak, without bestowing a thought on the unhappy man who had remained behind.'

Thus happily rescued from the most dreadful of disasters, the caravan arrived at Berber two days afterwards. This is a cluster of four villages standing on the banks of the Nile, each village being divided into about a dozen quarters, standing separate from one another at short distances. These are inhabited by a tribe of Arabs called Meyrefab, who are under the government of a Mek, holding authority, at the time of Burckhardt's visit, under the king of Sennaar. The caravan halted here a whole month before proceeding to Shendy, a place of much greater importance a few days' journey to the south, likewise seated on the banks of the Nile. This delay, and his subsequent sojourn at Shendy, enabled Burckhardt to make close observations on the character, manners, and customs of the Nubian Arabs, who, from his descriptions, appear to be a very depraved race of people. Shendy is governed in the same manner as Berber, but is peopled by different tribes of Arabs, all of whom, however, are, or claim to be, descended from the original Arabian stock, and are distinguished in all respects by the same features. The account given by Burckhardt of the people of Berber being the most minute and animated, it may therefore be taken as applying to the whole country as far as Sennaar and Darfour.

'The native colour,' he says, 'seems to be a dark-red brown ; which, if the mother is a slave from Abyssinia, becomes a light-brown in the children, and if from the negro countries, extremely dark. Their features are not at all those of the negro, the face being oval, the nose often perfectly Grecian, and the cheek-bones not prominent. The upper lip is, however, generally somewhat thicker than is considered beautiful among northern nations, though it is still far from the negro lip. Their legs and feet are well formed, which is seldom the case with the negroes. They have a short beard below the chin, but seldom any hair upon their cheeks. Their hair is bushy and strong, but not woolly. "We are Arabs, not negroes," they often say ; and indeed they can only be classed among the latter by persons who judge from colour alone.

'The Meyrefab, like the other Arab tribes in these parts of Africa,

are careful in maintaining the purity of their race. A free-born Meyrefab never marries a slave, whether Abyssinian or black, but always an Arab girl, of his own or some neighbouring tribe; and if he has any children from his slave concubines, they are looked upon as fit matches only for slaves or their descendants. This custom they have in common with all the eastern Bedouins; while, on the contrary, the inhabitants of the towns of Arabia and Egypt are in the daily habit of taking in wedlock Abyssinian as well as negro slaves.

Few men have more than one wife, but every one who can afford it keeps a slave or mistress, either in his own or in a separate house. Drunkenness is the constant accompaniment of this debauchery; and it would seem as if the men in these countries had no other objects in life. The intoxicating liquor which they drink is called *bousa*. The effects which the universal practice of drunkenness and debauchery has on the morals of the people may easily be conceived. In the pursuit of gain they know no bounds, forgetting every divine and human law, and breaking the most solemn ties and engagements. Cheating, thieving, and the blackest ingratitude are found in every man's character; and I am perfectly convinced that there were few men among them, or among my fellow-travellers from Egypt, who would have given a dollar to save a man's life, or who would not have consented to a man's death in order to gain one.

The women of Berber, even those of the highest rank, always go unveiled; and young girls are often seen without any covering whatever, except a girdle of short leathern tassels about their loins. Many, both men and women, blacken their eyelids with *kohol* or antimony, but the custom is not so general as in Egypt. The women of the higher classes, and the most elegant of the public women, throw over their shirts white cloaks with red linings of Egyptian manufacture. Both sexes are in the daily habit of rubbing their skins with fresh butter. They pretend that it is refreshing, prevents cutaneous complaints, and renders the surface of the skin smoother; the men, in reference to their frequent quarrels, add that it renders the skin tougher, and more difficult to be cut through with a knife. It is certain that the cutaneous eruption, called the prickly heat, which is so common in Egypt, is never seen here; and I had often occasion to admire the smooth and delicate appearance of the skin, even in men who were very much exposed to the sun. It is by the nature of their skin that these Arabs distinguish themselves from the negroes: though very dark-coloured, their skin is as fine as that of a white person, while that of the negroes is much thicker and coarser. But the small-pox is very prevalent, and very destructive. Only about one-third of those who are attacked recover, and they bear frightful marks of the disease on their arms and faces. Inoculation is known, but not much practised—little benefit being supposed to arise from it. The incision is usually made in the leg. Their

only cure for the small-pox is to rub the whole body with butter three or four times a day, and to keep themselves closely shut up. The plague is unknown, and from what I heard during my former journey in Nubia, I have reason to believe that it never passes farther south than the cataract of Assouan.

'The houses in the towns are generally divided from each other by large court-yards, thus forming nowhere any regular streets. They are tolerably well built, either of mud or of sun-baked bricks, and their appearance is at least as good as those of Upper Egypt. Each habitation consists of a large yard, divided into an inner and outer court. Round this court are the rooms for the family, which are all on the ground floor; I have never seen in any of these countries a second story or staircase. To form the roof, beams are laid across the walls; these are covered with mats, upon which reeds are placed, and a layer of mud is spread over the whole. The roof has a slope to let the rain-water run off, which, in most houses, is conducted by a canal to the court-yard, thus rendering the latter, in time of rain, a dirty pond. Two of the apartments are generally inhabited by the family, a third serves as a store-room, a fourth for the reception of strangers, and a fifth is often occupied by public women. I have seldom seen any furniture in the rooms excepting a sofa or bedstead—an oblong wooden frame with four legs, having a seat made either of reeds, or of thin strips of ox-leather drawn across each other.'

The people of the various towns and villages are engaged as husbandmen, shepherds, and traders. At Shendy, a very extensive slave-trade is carried on, and it is likewise the entrepôt for other considerable traffic between Egypt, Arabia, and the interior of Africa. Burckhardt estimates that five thousand slaves are annually sold at Shendy, the greater part of whom are purchased for the Egyptian and Arabian markets, and are brought from the idolatrous countries to the south and south-west of Darfour. Few are imported above the age of fifteen, those between eleven and that age being in most request; males commanding fifteen or sixteen dollars, if bearing marks of having had the small-pox, without which a boy was not worth two-thirds of that price, and females from twenty to twenty-five dollars. Burckhardt himself, having disposed of his merchandise, bought a slave, fourteen years old, for sixteen dollars, and also a camel, intending to proceed no farther south, but to cross the country stretching from Shendy to the shore of the Red Sea. This he preferred to penetrating into Abyssinia—which he might, perhaps, have easily accomplished, as the roads were considered safe in times of peace—for two reasons: first, because the country between Shendy and the Red Sea had been unexplored, and was extremely difficult and dangerous to traverse; secondly, because he wished to reach Mecca by the month of November, at the time of the annual pilgrimage, being convinced that the title of hadji, or pilgrim, would

be a powerful protection and recommendation to him in any future journey through the interior of Africa. It was his first idea to have pushed on as far as Massouah, a port lying far to the south, on the Abyssinian coast of the Red Sea, and thence crossed to Mokha, or Mocha, in Arabia; and with this view he took his departure from Shendy with a caravan proceeding to Souakin on the Red Sea, which he proposed to accompany as far as Taka, whence he hoped to find means of reaching Massouah. It is a striking proof of his persevering and ardent courage, that when starting on this most adventurous enterprise, he had only four dollars in his pocket, and that, after selling his camel, he relied upon being able to beg his way, if necessary, to Djidda, on which town he had a letter of credit.

This more extended scheme, however, he was not fated to carry out. The caravan, which left Shendy on the 17th of May, divided on the banks of the Atbara, or Astoboras, a tributary of the Nile, into two parties, one of which struck straight across the Desert to Souakin, and the other turned south to Taka. The latter, according to his original design, Burckhardt accompanied; but when arrived at Taka, which is a chief emporium for *dhourra*, the grain in principal request, and the almost universal medium of exchange throughout Nubia, he found there was no commercial intercourse between that place and Massouah, as he had been led to believe, and that, from the inhospitable and treacherous character of the intervening tribes, any attempt to penetrate through them alone was quite hopeless. He had no other alternative, therefore, but to relinquish the project, and proceed to Souakin, the road to which was comparatively safe and pleasant, and which he reached on the 26th of June. Here he was exposed to the danger even of losing his life, through the rapacity and violence of the Arab governor of the town, and the aga of Mohammed Ali, who then held a partial sovereignty over that and the other ports on the Red Sea, and averted it only by producing old firmans of the pasha, and of Ibrahim his son, which he had hitherto studiously concealed, through fear of being taken for a spy of those princes by the Nubians, who already foreboded the yoke that has since been imposed on them. In the latter of these documents he was described as 'Our man, Ibrahim the Syrian,' which had such an effect upon the aga, that though his clothes were literally in rags, that functionary forthwith tendered him marks of great respect, invited him to reside in his house, and ultimately procured him a free passage to Djidda on board a small ship, over-loaded with *dhourra* and passengers, chiefly black pilgrims on their way to Mecca. In this vessel, which was little more than an open boat, he embarked on the 6th of July; and after the usual creeping voyage of Arab navigators, who cast anchor in some bay on the coast every night, arrived at Djidda on the 18th of July 1814.

JOURNEY TO MECCA.

It is now we enter upon the most interesting portion of Burckhardt's travels, because, from the perfect success with which he maintained his disguise of a Mohammedan, he was enabled not only to visit the two holy cities of Mecca and Medina, into which none but true believers are permitted to enter, but also to witness and participate in all the ceremonies of the hadj, or pilgrimage, to those places of Moslem superstition—mysteries never before beheld by any but a true disciple of the Prophet. The province of Arabia in which Mecca and Medina stand is distinguished by the name of the Hedjaz, or Holy Land, and it stretches from the 20th to the 26th degree of northern latitude. Besides these two cities, which are sanctified—the one as the birthplace, and the other as the burial-place of Mohammed—it contains the towns of Djidda, Yembo, Tayf, and others of lesser note. The first two are the ports of Mecca and Medina respectively. At the period of Burckhardt's visit, Mohammed Ali held military possession of the country, and was himself at Tayf. He had just repulsed the Wahabys, a powerful and fanatical tribe of the Nedjed in Eastern Arabia, who had previously conquered the whole Hedjaz, and, in the quality of reformers, destroyed many of the monuments in the temples of Mecca and Medina, which they viewed as savouring of idolatry. They had even interdicted the hadj, or pilgrimage, for the six years of their sway, although expressly enjoined upon his disciples by Mohammed in his Koran as necessary to salvation, and were consequently held in great detestation by the whole Moslem world, and by none more so than by the inhabitants of Mecca and Medina, who were principally dependent upon the sums spent by the pilgrims in their annual visit. These came from the most distant parts where Islamism prevailed: from European and Asiatic Turkey; from Morocco, Barbary, Egypt, and the countries in the south and east of Africa; and from Bagdad, Muscat, and India. They generally numbered from fifty to a hundred thousand, and arrived in five or six great caravans, of which the Syrian and Egyptian were the principal, they often comprising thirty thousand persons each. But from the interruption given by the Wahabys, and the increasing indifference to the precepts of their religion among the Mohammedans in general, the number had of late years considerably diminished. Its prolonged observance may be in a great measure ascribed to the commercial character with which it is invested, few of the pilgrims arriving without bringing some productions of their respective countries for sale, and taking back others in return—for Mohammed was too astute to prohibit trading during the pilgrimage—and thus, at the cost of much personal fatigue, the pursuit of sanctity and profit is cunningly combined.*

* 'Make provision for your journey, but the best provision is piety; and fear me, O ye

In ordaining this pilgrimage, Mohammed did but perpetuate a custom already hallowed by its antiquity amongst his countrymen. The temple of Mecca had been for ages an object of veneration to the pagan Arabs, who, at stated periods, resorted to worship at its shrine; and as it would have been difficult to eradicate this sentiment, Mohammed sagely incorporated it in his religion. The chief attraction of this temple was, and is, the Kaaba, which is believed to have been constructed in heaven two thousand years before the creation of the world, and there adored by the angels. Adam, who was the first true believer, erected the Kaaba upon earth on its present site, which is directly below the spot it occupied in heaven. He collected the stones from five holy mountains, and ten thousand angels were appointed to guard the structure from accident. The sons of Adam repaired the Kaaba, and after the deluge Abraham was ordered by the Almighty to reconstruct it. His son Ishmael, who, from his infancy, had resided with his mother Hagar, near the site of Mecca, assisted his father, and, on digging, they found the foundations which had been laid by Adam. Being in want of a stone to fix into the building, as a mark from which the towaf, or holy walk, round it was to commence, Ishmael went in search of one; and on his way met the angel Gabriel, holding in his hand a stone, ever since an object of adoration, and famous under the name of the 'black stone,' although originally white. Such is the legend handed down by tradition, and to which the Moslems yet give credence.

This Kaaba, notwithstanding its fabulous host of guardian angels, has been repeatedly destroyed both by fire and water, and was entirely rebuilt as it now stands in 1627. It is an oblong flat-roofed building, eighteen paces in length, fourteen in breadth, and from thirty-five to forty feet in height.* It stands upon an elevated base of two feet, and has but one door, about seven feet from the ground, which is only opened on solemn occasions, and then entered by wooden steps. On its north-east corner, in the angle of the wall, is the 'black stone,' of an irregular oval shape, and about seven inches in diameter. It has at present the appearance of several smaller stones cemented together, as if broken into pieces and then united again, which may well have been the case from the numerous mishaps which have befallen the Kaaba. It is worn very smooth, from the millions of kisses and touches it has received, and is set in silver. Another sacred stone is inserted in the Kaaba on the south-east corner, which is only touched with the right hand by those frequenting the shrine. Below the water-spout, on the west side

of understanding. It shall be no crime in you if ye seek an increase from the Lord by trading during the pilgrimage.—*Koran*, Sale, vol. i., p. 36. Sale says: 'The pilgrimage to Mecca is so necessary a point of practice, that, according to a tradition of Mohammed, he who dies without performing it may as well die a Jew or a Christian.'

* The dimensions given by Sale are: Length, 24 cubits; breadth, 23 cubits; and height, 27 cubits.—Vol. i., sect. iv., p. 152.

of the Kaaba, which is reported to be of pure gold, are two slabs, beneath which Ishmael and his mother Hagar are believed to be buried, and around them is a semicircular wall, called El Hatym, the area itself being named Hedjer, and considered almost as sacred as the Kaaba. All the sides of the Kaaba are covered with a black silk stuff hanging down, and leaving the roof bare. This curtain or veil is called Kesona, and is renewed annually at the time of the hadj at the sultan's expense. Openings are left in it for the two sacred stones, which are thus exposed to the lips and hands of worshippers. The interior of the Kaaba consists of a single chamber, with two pillars supporting the roof, between which hang rows of golden lamps, and is hung with a drapery of red silk, interwoven with flowers and inscriptions. Round the outside runs a pavement of marble, about eight inches below the surrounding square, which is encircled by thirty-two slender gilt pillars or poles, between every two of which are suspended seven glass lamps, always lighted after sunset. Beyond the poles is a second pavement, about eight paces broad, somewhat elevated above the first, but of coarser work: then another, six inches higher, and eighteen paces broad, upon which stand several small buildings—namely, five makams, or oratories; the edifice above the well Zemzem, whose water is held to cure all diseases;* the arch called Bab-es-salam, through which those who enter the temple for the first time must pass; and the mambar, or pulpit, formed of white marble, from which sermons are preached on Fridays and festivals. Four of the makams are appropriated to the four orthodox sects of Mohammedans, and the fifth contains the stone on which Abraham stood when he built the Kaaba, and which rose or sank as occasion required.

The Kaaba, with these edifices around it, stands almost in the centre of an oblong square, 250 paces long and 200 wide, enclosed on all sides by a colonnade or piazza, with pillars three and four deep, united by pointed arches, and surmounted by domes or cupolas with gilded spires. Along the whole colonnade, on the four sides, lamps are suspended from the arches, some of which are lighted every night, and all during the nights of the feast of Ramadhan. Nineteen gates open into it, distributed without order or symmetry; and seven paved causeways lead across the area to the Kaaba, which is more distinctly called the Beitullah, or House of God. The whole mosque, which is encompassed by a wall running round the colonnade, is styled Masjid al Harem—the Sacred or Inviolable Temple. It is only during the hours of prayer that it seems regarded as a consecrated place, being at other times a place of

* This well is represented to be the spring miraculously disclosed to Hagar in the Desert, when her son Ishmael was on the point of perishing from thirst. Mecca may be said to owe its existence to it, as it contains the only sweet water in the town, and gives a very copious supply.

meeting for men of business to converse on their affairs, and many of the poorer hadjis, or pilgrims, take up their abode under the piazzas during the whole period of their stay in Mecca. Boys, too, play in the great square, and servants carry luggage across it to pass by the nearest route from one part of the town to the other. Women sell corn and dhourra within the enclosure, which pilgrims purchase to feed the pigeons that abound in the mosque, and are deemed sacred. The latter is not an uninteresting trait; for the Mohammedans generally are fond and careful of animals, and in this respect would shame many Christians. In several parts of the colonnade public schools are held, where young children are taught to spell and read, who add not a little to the prevailing clamour, especially as the stick of the schoolmaster is in almost constant action. Ulemas, or doctors, harangue to groups, expounding the Koran and the law; and sheiks perambulate, offering their services to write out documents of every kind. Upon the whole, the desecration is complete; but it is by no means peculiar to the mosque at Mecca, being usual in all the great mosques of the East. At the times of public prayer the scene is very different, particularly at the evening prayer, which is most numerous attended. Then many thousands form in wide circles round the Kaaba as a common centre, before which each silently prostrates himself; the imaum, or priest, takes his post at the door of the Kaaba, and his genuflexions are imitated by the whole assembled multitude. This solemn spectacle is greatly heightened in effect by the indistinct light cast from the lamps around the Kaaba and the outer colonnade, which gives to it the essential character of sublimity.

The mosque of Mecca is endowed with large revenues, possessing property in almost every part of the Turkish empire, but they are now ill paid, and are comparatively trifling to what they used to be. Its principal support is derived from the Turkish sultan and the gifts of the pilgrims. The chief officer is the Nayb al Harem, the guardian who keeps the keys of the Kaaba. Next to him is the aga of the eunuchs, or towashye, who perform the duty of police officers in the temple, prevent disorders, and daily wash and sweep with large brooms the pavement round the Kaaba. They amount to above forty in number, and are usually presented by pashas and other persons of distinction. Most of them are negroes, but they enjoy, nevertheless, great consideration among the Meccans, and are much courted by the pilgrims. Besides these, numerous metowefs, or guides, are attached to the mosque, who escort the pilgrims, and instruct them in the proper prayers and ceremonies to be gone through, expecting to be well paid for the service.

The city of Mecca, in the centre of which the great mosque stands, is situated in a narrow sandy valley, about midway between Djidda and Tayf, and extends in length about 1500 paces, though its suburbs reach to upwards of 3500, and are included under the denomination

of Mecca. It is well built, and the houses, unlike other eastern cities, have windows fronting the streets, which latter are unpaved, and choked with sand or mud according to the season. There are no public khans or inns, so that every stranger is obliged to provide himself with a private lodging. Although anxious to visit the Holy City and its temple as early as possible, Burckhardt was debarred from doing so for some time by two circumstances—first, the want of money, his letter of credit being refused payment by the party on whom it was drawn, which plunged him into the greatest distress, from which he was unexpectedly extricated by Yahya Effendi, the physician of Tousoun Pasha, son of Mohammed Ali, who advanced him 3000 piastres (£100) for a bill on Cairo; and secondly, by a summons from Mohammed Ali himself to repair to his headquarters at Tayf, which it was necessary to obey. This summons he had drawn upon himself by an application to Mohammed Ali for pecuniary assistance previous to his acquaintance with Yahya Effendi; but although the pasha received him with civility, and was not aware of the aid he had obtained, he dismissed him without any offer to relieve his necessities. Glad, however, to escape from an irksome detention at Tayf, where he felt himself constantly watched, he was content to extract a promise that he should not be molested in his travels through the Hedjaz, and proceeded with all alacrity towards Mecca, which he had already passed on his way to Tayf. On arriving at a place called Wady Mohram, he assumed the *ihram*, in obedience to the law, which prescribes it to all who are about to enter Mecca. The *ihram* consists of two pieces of white linen, woollen, or cotton cloth, one of which is wrapped round the loins, and the other thrown over the neck and shoulders so as to leave part of the right arm uncovered. As every other garment must be laid aside before this is put on, great inconvenience is occasioned both in winter and summer, the more especially as the head must remain without any covering, and no additional clothing is permitted even at night. In the case of pilgrims who choose to wear the *ihram* until after the ceremonies of the pilgrimage at Mount Arafat are concluded, the custom is often attended with prejudicial consequences, and provokes immediate, or lays the seeds of future, maladies.

Arrayed in this peculiar garb, and mounted on an ass, Burckhardt entered Mecca at noon of the 9th of September, and advanced straightway to the mosque, it being incumbent on every one visiting Mecca, whether as a pilgrim or not, to repair to the temple before attending to any other business whatever. Alighting at the gate, he selected a metowef, or guide, and penetrated into the building through the gate allotted for devotees. With the exception of numerous prayers, pious ejaculations and prostrations, recited and performed in the prescribed places and order, the principal ceremony is the towaf, or circuit of the Kaaba. After touching or kissing the

'black stone,' which the novice salutes with two *rikats*, or four prostrations, accompanied with prayer, he encompasses the Kaaba seven times, repeating prayers the whole way, and touching or kissing the 'black stone,' and touching the other stone previously mentioned, as he makes each revolution. The first three circuits are always executed at a quick pace or trot, in imitation of Mohammed, whose enemies having reported that he was dangerously ill, confuted them by running thrice round the Kaaba at full speed. Afterwards he embraces the Kaaba with outstretched arms, beseeching God to forgive his sins, and drinks of the water of the Zemzem well, which concludes the ceremonies to be observed in the mosque. He is then conducted out of the mosque to a slight elevation, about fifty yards distant, called the Hill of Szafa. Here stand three small open arches, with three steps leading up to them, which the pilgrim has to mount and there repeat a prayer; then descending, he commences the say, or walk, which is along a level street, about 600 paces in length, to a spot called Meroua, where stands a stone platform, raised six or eight feet above the level of the street, with steps ascending to it, which he likewise mounts, and, as at Szafa, repeats a prayer. Part of the distance must be done at a quick pace, and the whole perambulated seven times, prayers being recited uninterruptedly during the progress in a loud tone of voice. After going through these fatiguing rites, the pilgrim gets his head shaved, and lays aside the ihram if he chooses; or, if still untired, proceeds forthwith to the Omra, a place an hour and a half from Mecca, where he visits a small chapel, repeats two rikats, and returns to the city chanting all the way certain pious ejaculations. He may postpone his visit to the Omra, however; but it is held proper to be paid on the next or second day. The Omra finishes everything that is necessary to be observed with regard to the city and temple.

After being thus initiated into the mysteries of the Mohammedan superstition—an inauguration which was indispensable to the character he had assumed, and indeed to the safety of his life—Burckhardt returned on the 15th of September to Djidda, where he remained until the middle of October, when he again took up his abode at Mecca, to await the era of the great hadj, or pilgrimage. Djidda and Mecca were already crowded with pilgrims, who had arrived in anticipation of the event, many of them three or four months previously, in prosecution of their trade; but the chief accession was expected from the regular hadj caravans, those from Syria and Egypt at least being this year reported on the road. Nor were the excited hopes of the Meccans disappointed. On the 21st of November the Syrian caravan appeared, and encamped on a plain outside the town, with the pasha of Damascus at its head. Early the next day the Egyptian caravan defiled into the valley, and in the course of the afternoon Mohammed Ali himself entered the city, attracted by the twofold object of joining the hadj and inspecting

the cavalry which had come with the Egyptian caravan, a reinforcement he was awaiting to take offensive measures against the Wahabys. He was dressed in a handsome ihram of Cashmere shawls, with his head bare, but protected from the sun by an umbrella held above him by an attendant. The ihram had been assumed by the pilgrims of the caravans at Asfan, two stations from Mecca; and those who had been previously residing at Mecca arrayed themselves in it at their respective lodgings.

On the following morning, the 8th of the month Zul Hadj, answering to the 24th of November, the pilgrimage commenced. The Syrian caravan first passed through the town amidst a vast concourse of people, uttering joyful exclamations, and with the enlivening sounds of martial music. Most of the hadjis rode in palanquins on camels, but the pasha of Damascus, his women, and the principal people were borne in takhtrouans—a sort of closed litter—carried by two camels, one before and one behind. The camels' heads were ornamented with feathers, tassels, and bells, and the procession was led by the soldiers of the escort, with the Mahmal, or sacred camel, in their front. The Egyptians followed, almost all soldiers, with many richly decorated equipages; and after defiling through the town amidst the acclamations of the people, pursued the way to Arafat. The private hadjis next mounted their camels to the number of 8000 or 10,000, whilst the greater part of the inhabitants of Mecca and Djidda prepared to accompany the hadj, as is usual with them, and a scene of great confusion ensued. The whole body of people—pilgrims, soldiers, servants, and camel-drivers—might be roughly estimated at 80,000. Burckhardt had engaged two camels to carry his luggage and provisions; but as it is considered meritorious to make the six hours' journey to Arafat on foot, he adopted that course, in company with several others, and by doing so incurred much danger, for many accidents occurred from the vast multitude of camels crowded in narrow thoroughfares. Nevertheless, he reached the plain of Arafat in safety about three hours after sunset, and beheld the fires of the vast encampment stretching over an extent of ground three or four miles in length. Lofty and brilliant clusters of lamps marked the spots where the tents of Mohammed Ali, the pasha of Damascus, and the emir of the Egyptian caravan were pitched; a countless throng was wandering up and down among the tents; noise and uproar prevailed in every direction; the loud prayers and vociferous chants of devotees were mingled with the songs and laughter of the merry Meccans and Djiddans, who regarded the affair in the light of a holiday; and over the whole plain were scattered numberless coffee-houses, crowded with customers the livelong night. Sleep was out of the question, though our traveller sought it, wrapped up in a large carpet he had carried with him; but he had scarcely composed himself to rest ere he was startled by the guns from the two caravans, announcing the advent

of dawn, and summoning the faithful to prepare for the morning orison. Immediately all was in commotion, and the multitude began to press towards the great object of attraction, Mount Arafat.

This mount rises with a sloping acclivity upon a base of nearly a mile in circuit, and attains a height of 200 feet above the level of the plain. On the eastern side, a tier of broad stone steps leads to the summit, at the fortieth of which is a place marked by a slab in the mountain, a little on the left hand, called Modaa Seydna Adam, or the Place of Prayer of our Lord Adam, where, it is stated, the father of mankind used to stand while praying; for here it was, according to Mohammedan tradition, that the angel Gabriel first instructed Adam how to adore his Creator. At the sixtieth step is a small paved platform to the right hand, on a level part of the hill, where the preacher stands who addresses the pilgrims on the afternoon of this day. On the summit, the spot is indicated where Mohammed used to take his station during the hadj; a small chapel formerly stood over it, which was destroyed by the Wahabys. The majority of the pilgrims repeat two rikats here in salutation of the mountain, but many never ascend it at all; and it may be observed, with respect to the pilgrimage generally, that, as every one is too busily occupied with his own concerns to keep an eye on his neighbour, the whole of the prescribed ceremonies are performed only by the truly zealous and pious. As, for instance, upon descending from the mountain, the time for mid-day prayer had arrived, after the observance of which the pilgrims are to wash and purify the body by a total ablution, for which purpose the numerous tents were erected on the plain; but the weather being cold and cheerless, nine-tenths of them, shivering as they were already under the thin covering of the ihram, were induced to omit that rite, and content themselves with the ordinary ablution. After this the time was spent according to individual fancy until three o'clock drew nigh, when that ceremony of the hadj was to take place for which the mighty congregation had chiefly assembled. The pressure once more set in towards the mountain, which was speedily covered from top to bottom; the camels were ranged in deep rows along its base, bearing the hadjis on their backs, whilst the two pashas, with their whole cavalry drawn up in two squadrons behind them, took post in the rear, all hushed in deep and respectful silence. Then at the precise time appointed, the preacher took his station upon the platform on the mountain, and began to address the multitude. The sermon he thence delivers constitutes the holy ceremony of the hadj, called Khotbet el Wakfe; and no pilgrim, although he may have visited all the holy places of Mecca, is entitled to the appellation of hadji unless he has been present on this occasion. The multitude is necessarily too great for all to hear the preacher, but it is sufficient for the purpose if he be within sight.

In the present instance, as usually occurs, this preacher was the

kadhy of Mecca, who was mounted upon a handsomely caparisoned camel, which had been led up the steps, in traditional imitation of Mohammed, who is said to have been always so seated when he exhorted his followers. The camel becoming unruly, however, the kadhy was obliged to dismount. He read his sermon from a book in Arabic, which he held in his hands. At intervals of every four or five minutes he paused, and stretched forth his arms to implore blessings from above; while the assembled myriads around and before him waved the skirts of their ihrams over their heads, and rent the air with shout of '*Lebeyk, Allah huma Lebeyk!*' (Here we are, at thy commands, O God!). This stentorian cry rung in the ears with thrilling effect, and awed for a moment even the most volatile; for whilst numbers betokened the deepest emotion, crying aloud and weeping, beating their breasts, and denouncing themselves to be great sinners before the Lord, others looked on with indifference, and laughed and joked as if engaged in an ordinary pastime. At length the sun began to descend behind the western mountains, upon which the kadhy closed his book, and the crowd, having given one more tremendous '*Lebeyk,*' rushed down the mountain to quit the place. Great merit is attached to speed on this occasion, and every one hurries away at his quickest pace. In former times, bloody affrays have occurred between the different caravans in endeavouring to get in advance of each other with their respective mahmals, or sacred camels, and two hundred lives have been sometimes sacrificed amid such encounters. There was no such contention in the present instance, as the power of Mohammed Ali extinguished all idea of competition.

From Arafat the pilgrimage returns through the pillars of Alameyn, on the skirts of the plain, and, passing through the defile of El Mazoumeyn, halts for the night at Mezdelfe. Nothing could exceed the confusion of this nocturnal march, although it is not one of more than two hours, owing in a great measure to the precipitation with which it was commenced. It was conducted by torchlight, amid the firing of cannon and musketry, whilst the two bands of the pashas vied with each other in producing the greatest noise. No order was observed in the encampment at Mezdelfe, and indeed no tents were pitched except those of the pashas and their suites, but every one lay down on the ground as he best might. Poor Burckhardt, with his usual bad luck, had lost his camels in the tumult of the start, and after being obliged to walk all the way, had to stretch himself on the plain with no other protection against the damp and chilly atmosphere than his scanty ihram. Before dawn of the following morning the whole hadj was aroused, and assembled around the mosque of Mezdelfe, with lighted torches, to hear another sermon from the kadhy of Mecca, who preached, as before, from daybreak to sunrise—a short interval in that latitude. After the conclusion of his discourse and the recital of a prayer, it moved

from Mezdelfe to Wady Muna, distant one hour's journey from the former place.

It is at Wady Muna that the extraordinary ceremony of throwing stones at the devil, and making an expiatory sacrifice, is performed. According to belief, when Abraham was returning from the pilgrimage to Arafat, the devil Eblis presented himself before him at the entrance of the valley, to obstruct his passage, when the angel Gabriel, who accompanied the patriarch, advised him to throw stones at the Fiend, which he did; and after pelting him seven times, Eblis retired. Not sufficiently scared, however, the Evil One again confronted Abraham in the middle of the valley, who once more put him to flight by a shower of seven stones. Still the malignant foe was not repulsed, for he appeared a third time at the end of the valley, and it required a final volley of seven stones from the indignant Father of the Faithful to dislodge him, and drive him for ever from his sight. In consequence of this tradition, three pillars are erected at the different places in the valley where the devil made his stand, and at each of them every pilgrim has to throw seven stones, exclaiming as he does so: 'In the name of God; God is great. We do this to secure ourselves from the devil and his troops.' After this ceremony of throwing stones is completed, the sacrifice of animals commences. Not more than between six and eight thousand sheep and goats were slaughtered upon this occasion; but in the days of the califs, when they were accustomed to head the hadj in person, forty thousand camels and cows, and fifty thousand sheep, have been offered up in sacrifice. The animals are butchered in all parts of the valley, but the favourite spot is a smooth rock at its western extremity. The act of sacrifice is accompanied by no other ceremony than turning the victim's head towards the Kaaba, and crying out, whilst cutting its throat: 'In the name of the most merciful God! Oh, supreme God!' This sacrifice is in commemoration of a request said to have been made by Abraham to the Deity, for leave to offer up his son as a sacrifice, which being granted, a ram was substituted by Gabriel as he was about to plunge his knife into the body of his son. The spot is shewn where this occurrence took place, on a mountain near Muna; but the Mohammedan doctors are not agreed which son was the intended victim, Isaac or Ishmael, though the weight of authority is in favour of the latter, who is revered as the father of the Bedouin Arabs. The pilgrims remain at Muna two days longer, and on each of them renew the ceremony of throwing stones at the devil, making in the whole sixty-three stones cast by every hadji, so that in the end those missiles become scarce, especially as they are not to be above the size of a bean, and the same are used more than once, in contravention of a solemn ordinance to the contrary.

During the stay of the hadj at Muna for three days, a sort of jubilee prevailed. After the sacrifice of animals, the pilgrimage is

virtually concluded, and the ihram is thrown aside. Shops are fixed in rows along the valley, and articles of every description are provided in abundance. The hadjis give themselves up to rejoicing, the more heartily as they have now accomplished the arduous task which secures them for the rest of their lives a peculiar character of sanctity. On all sides, accordingly, were heard mutual congratulations, and hopes that the pilgrimage might prove acceptable to God. At night the whole valley appeared as if in a blaze, every house and tent was lighted up, the abodes of the pashas were brilliantly illuminated, and bonfires gleamed from the tops of the surrounding hills. Fireworks also were exhibited, and a multitude of rockets shot into the air. The roar of artillery and the clang of kettle-drums kept up a fit accompaniment to these demonstrations; and the scene would have been one of unmixed enjoyment, but for the uncleanly habits of the Orientals. The entrails of the slaughtered sheep were left to rot on the ground, and the odour of their putrefaction polluted the air, filling the nostrils with a pestilent breath.

Shortly after noon on the 12th of Zul Hadj, immediately after having discharged their last shot at the devil, the whole body of the hadjis left Muna, and returned to Mecca, evincing the joy that filled their hearts by boisterous mirth, jovial songs, and animated discourse—affording a striking contrast to the gloom which marked the peregrination to Arafat. On their arrival at Mecca, it is incumbent on them forthwith to visit the Kaaba, which, in the meantime, has been covered with the new black curtain provided annually for the purpose. Here they repeat the towaf—consisting of seven perambulations—and afterwards go through the unmeaning ceremony of the say. With a subsequent visit to the Omra, and a repetition of the towaf and say, the whole duties of the pilgrimage are fulfilled. The caravans take their departure, and individual hadjis either loiter for a time at Mecca, or set out for their several destinations.

The inhabitants of Mecca contrive to glean an abundant harvest from this pilgrimage. Fees are exacted from the hadjis at every place they visit, and every rite they perform, and each locality is appropriated to separate families, who enjoy them as a sort of patrimony. Thus, in the aggregate, immense sums are collected,* which, in addition to the extortion practised in the shape of charges for board and lodging, serve to keep them in competence for the whole year. Besides those already enumerated, there are other places in and around Mecca at which the pilgrims are expected to pray—such as the spot where Mohammed was born, those in which Fatme his daughter, and Ali his cousin, first saw the light; the tombs of Khadidja his wife, and of Umna his mother; and the mountains,

* Burckhardt distributed thirty dollars in fees during the pilgrimage. This perhaps may be taken as a fair average of the cost, as the rich hadjis pay a great deal more, whilst the poorer ones contribute much less. Taking the number of actual pilgrims to have been 40,000, that gives a sum of 1,200,000 dollars, or £255,000 sterling, levied in the shape of offerings alone.

Abou Kobeys, where Mohammed executed the miracle of putting the moon in his sleeve, extinguishing the sun, and thereby converting his powerful and hostile kinsmen the Koreish; Nour, where he was visited by the angel Gabriel, who brought him a chapter of the Koran; and Thor, in which is the cavern wherein he secreted himself when pursued by his enemies, and over the mouth of which a spider spun his web. At all of these the pilgrim must make offerings; and such is the rapacity exhibited, that devout Mussulmans are shocked and disgusted, insomuch that a bad impression is left on the minds of all the hadjis, who are initiated into a system of cheating which too often forms the rule of their own subsequent conduct, whereby it has come to pass that the appellation of hadji, in most parts of the East, is considered as synonymous with that of knave. The prevalence of indecent practices, too, tends in no small degree to poison the morals of the pilgrims, who have opportunities of witnessing places the most hallowed in their faith polluted by the grossest abominations. Burckhardt relates that he has seen the Kaaba itself made the scene at nights of detestable proceedings, which were pursued without shame or censure. Hence it happens that scarcely any pilgrim escapes demoralisation: all his cherished hallucinations are dispelled, and he begins thenceforth to consider religion but as a convenient cloak for iniquity.

As Burckhardt intended to proceed to Medina, he was obliged to tarry nearly a month at Mecca, waiting to join a caravan proceeding thither. During this compulsory stay, he had occasion to observe the difference perceptible after the departure of the caravans and the bulk of the pilgrims. But a few of these were left, except of the poorest class, principally Indians and negroes—the former of whom go about as mendicants, soliciting alms to enable them to return to their homes, whereas the latter seek the same means by labour and industry. As the Arabians regard themselves in the light of a superior people, they universally refuse to perform anything like menial offices, and consequently the negroes are in great request as porters and hewers of wood, and being orderly and thrifty, they often acquire comparative wealth. Burckhardt everywhere speaks of them in terms of eulogy, and represents them as by far the most decent of the pilgrims who resort to Mecca. Meanwhile that city appeared, in comparison with the recent bustle, as if deserted. The bazaars that had been lately filled with costly merchandise were, for the most part, closed; and the streets which, but a few days ago, had been inconveniently crowded, so that it was difficult to force a passage, were abandoned to solitary stragglers, and beggars whining their piteous supplications before the windows of the houses. Many of the poor hadjis, overcome by the climate, were stretched in the porticos of the temple, ill and dying, with none to tend or care for them. The suburbs of the town were strewn with the carcasses of camels, and the offal left by the caravans in their halting-places;

and every street was a dunghill of rubbish and filth, which was quietly allowed to stagnate ; so that, from these combined causes, an effluvia pervaded the whole town of the most offensive and noxious description, fully accounting for the numerous diseases raging within it. And, as if this were not enough, the inhabitants select this period of the year to empty the contents of their cess-pools, which they do into holes dug in the streets before their houses, covering the receptacles with a simple layer of earth, whereby they insure themselves a perpetual miasma. They avoid, however, the pernicious practice of burying the bodies of the dead within the precincts of the city, as they remove them to cemeteries at a distance.

During his prolonged sojourn, Burckhardt likewise enjoyed the opportunity of gaining a clearer insight into the manners of the Meccans, or Mekkawys, as he calls them. These partake of the general Oriental character, with some few peculiarities. The Arabians have been, from time immemorial, divided into two classes—the Bedouins or wandering Arabs, and the settled cultivators and inhabitants of towns and villages. The native Arabians have been almost completely rooted out of Mecca; the great family of the Koreish, so paramount in the time of Mohammed, and of which he was a member, has sunk into obscurity, and is nearly extinct; and the only survivors of the original stock are certain families of sheriffs, who derive their descent from Hassan and Hossein, the sons of Fatme, the daughter of Mohammed. These latter yet form a powerful class, having intimate relations with many of the largest Bedouin tribes, whose aid they can command, and they choose from among them the reigning sheriff, who shares with the kadhy, an officer sent annually from Constantinople, the governorship of the city. At times this sheriff has extended his sway over the whole Hedjaz; but under Mohammed Ali he exercised a very confined jurisdiction. The rest of the inhabitants are all of foreign origin, and comprise representatives from most of the states of the eastern world; but they have become gradually amalgamated, and are scarcely distinguishable from the pure Arabians. This surplus of strangers is owing to the pilgrimage, as every year some of the hadjis remain, either from illness or through inclination, and ultimately take up their abode in the place. The depopulation of the Koreish and other native Arabians is to be attributed to the incessant intestine feuds that prevailed amongst them, whereby, in process of time, they have been either extirpated or expatriated. Almost everybody in Mecca is more or less engaged in trade, which is carried on to a very considerable extent, as, there being no manufactories in Arabia, the country is wholly dependent on the foreign supply. The pilgrimage gives a great stimulus to commerce likewise, and many of the principal merchants have amassed large fortunes. One is mentioned by Burckhardt, of the name of Djeilany, who had establishments both at Mecca and Djidda, and who was reputed to be worth

£150,000 sterling. From the amount of wealth that annually flows into Mecca, Burckhardt considers it ought to have been one of the richest cities in the East, but for the dissolute habits of its inhabitants. 'The generality of Mekkawys,' he says, 'of all descriptions and professions, are loose and disorderly spendthrifts. The great gains which they make during three or four months are squandered in good living, dress, and the grossest gratifications; and in proportion as they feel assured of the profits of the following year, they care little about saving any part of those of the present. In the month of Moharram, as soon as the hadj is over, and the greater part of the pilgrims have departed, it is customary to celebrate marriage and circumcision feasts. These are celebrated at Mecca in very splendid style; and a man that has not more than three hundred dollars to spend in the year, will then throw away half that sum in the marriage or the circumcision of his child. Neither the sanctity of the holy city, nor the solemn injunctions of the Koran, are able to deter the inhabitants of Mecca from the using of spirituous liquors, and indulging in all the excesses which are the usual consequences of drunkenness. The sheriffs in Mecca and Djidda, great merchants, ulemas, and all the chief people, are in the habit of drinking an Indian liquor called *raky* (arrack), which they persuade themselves is neither wine nor brandy, and therefore not prohibited by the law.'

From this description, it is not surprising that the arts and sciences are very far from being in a flourishing state. Where the sole pursuit of all is gain, to be afterwards dissipated in debauchery, learning is sure to languish; and accordingly we find the Meccans, above all other communities in the East, distinguished for ignorance. Even in the subtleties of their own religion they are unversed, concerning themselves only with the prescribed formalities; and in the mere mechanical arts they are so deficient, that when any repairs are required in the mosque, workmen must be sent from Cairo or Constantinople. No heed is given to education; not a single public school exists in the town. Formerly, several medreses, or schools, were built and endowed in connection with the mosque; and El Fasy, who was himself kadhys of Mecca, and wrote a history of it in the fifteenth century of our era, enumerates no less than eleven as subsisting in his day. The edifices still remain; but, through the shameful cupidity of the ulemas and functionaries of the mosque, they have been converted into private residences, and are let out as lodgings to the hadjis. The only schools are those held under the piazzas of the mosque; and if any parents wish to educate their children after a higher standard, they are obliged to send them to Cairo or Damascus. In former times, also, several public libraries belonged to the mosque, but they have all disappeared, the last remnants of them having been carried off by the Wahabys. But with all this defective mental culture, the Meccans are singularly

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polite and urbane in their address, particularly to strangers, and shew great elegance and taste in the decorations of their houses and in the service of the table. They are very hospitable also; and, with something like patriarchal simplicity, invite any one who may seat himself in the vestibule to partake of their repast. On the other hand, they are excessively proud, holding themselves above all mankind as dwellers in the most sacred spot on earth, and as assured of the bliss in paradise promised to the frequenters of the Kaaba. They are gay and cheerful, nevertheless, and do not affect that stolid gravity which is so remarkable among the Turks and other Orientals. In their domestic economy they follow the usual customs of the East. They have one or more wives and concubines according to their means, the inmates of their harems being principally Abyssinian slaves. It is from this mixture of Abyssinian blood that the general complexion of the Mekkawys has become a yellowish brown, very distinct from the healthy hue of the neighbouring Bedouins. They are reputed to be bigoted and intolerant; but as no unbeliever is permitted to enter, or even approach, their walls, they have little opportunity of displaying these qualities. Burckhardt found his residence amongst them sufficiently agreeable, though he complains bitterly of the climate and the quality of the water; but he was left to enjoy complete freedom, unmolested by inquisitive or suspicious inquiries.

JOURNEY TO MEDINA.

On the 15th of January 1815 our traveller quitted Mecca for Medina, with a small caravan of hadjis who were going to visit the tomb of the Prophet. It may be remarked, that a visit to Medina forms no part of the duties of the hadj, or pilgrimage, being undertaken only by the more zealous of the Mohammedan devotees. The route from Mecca to Medina passes through several cultivated valleys, studded with groves of date-trees, and large villages, inhabited by settled tribes of Arabs, and sometimes by Arabs who partake of both the settled and the Bedouin character. The names of these villages, which are all market-places for the surrounding tribes, are Kholeys, El Rabegh, Szafra, and Djedeyda. No incident of any moment marked the journey; and Burckhardt entered Medina on the thirteenth day after leaving Mecca—namely, on the 28th of January—although the distance is generally traversed in eleven, and occasionally in ten days.

Medina is the city in which Mohammed took refuge when his life was sought by the Koreish, his kinsmen; and the adherence of its inhabitants gave the first impulse to his career. In gratitude, he directed his body to be interred amongst them. Extraordinary tales were current in Europe at one time concerning his tomb, which were purely fabulous. Amongst others, it was stated that his coffin was

suspended in the air, kept in equipoise by four walls of adamant. It is, in truth, deposited underground, within the great mosque of Medina, which stands in the eastern part of the city, and not in the centre, as usually represented. This mosque, which, like that of Mecca, is styled El Haram, on account of its inviolability, is not nearly so large as the latter. It is only a hundred and sixty-five paces in length, and a hundred and thirty in breadth; but it is built much upon the same plan, forming an open square, surrounded on all sides by covered colonnades, with a small building in the centre of the square. Near the south corner stands the tomb of Mohammed, detached from the walls of the mosque, being twenty-five feet from the south, and fifteen from the east wall. It is within an enclosure, forming an irregular square of about twenty paces, and consisting of an iron railing, painted green, fixed between the columns of the colonnade about two-thirds of their height. The upper part of the columns is left open, and is surmounted by a lofty dome, rising far above the other domes of the mosque, and ornamented with a large globe and a crescent, both said to be of pure gold. The railing is interwoven with inscriptions of yellow bronze, of so close a texture, that no view can be gained into the interior except by several small windows about six inches square, and five feet from the ground. There are four gates to it, three of which are kept constantly shut, and one only is opened every morning and evening to admit the eunuchs, whose office it is to clean the floor and light the lamps. Permission to enter this enclosure, which is distinguished by the name of El Hedjra, may be purchased from the principal eunuchs; but the privilege is rarely embraced. All that can be discerned from the outside, through the windows, is a curtain hanging down on all sides, leaving an interval of a few paces between it and the railing. Within that is said to be another curtain of rich silk brocade, of various colours, interwoven with silver flowers and arabesques, and covered with inscriptions in golden characters. No person is permitted to penetrate behind this latter covering except the chief eunuchs, who take care of it, and put on the new curtain sent from Constantinople when the old one is decayed, or a new sultan ascends the throne. Within is the tomb of Mohammed, buried deep in the earth, according to the historian of Medina, and above it are the tombs of his two earliest friends and immediate successors, Abou Beker and Omar. A large amount of treasure was at one time deposited here, consisting of gold and silver vessels and precious jewels; but all has been swept away, chiefly by Saoud the Wahaby chief, and nothing of any value now remains except a few gold vessels presented by Tousoun Pasha, son of Mohammed Ali, who, unlike his father and brother, was of a religious turn of mind. The curtain of the enclosure is surrounded with lamps, which are lighted every evening, and remain burning all night; and on one side of it is seen the tomb of Setna-Fatme, the daughter of Mohammed. From the Hedjra to the

opposite side of the mosque runs a wooden partition, dividing the southern colonnade from a holy place called El Rodha, or the Garden—a name bestowed upon it by Mohammed, who said: 'Between my tomb and my pulpit is a garden of the gardens of paradise.' The pulpit of the mosque stands close to this partition, and the name of Rodha belongs strictly to that space only which is between the pulpit and the Hedjra. The columns within the Rodha are painted, to the height of about five feet, with flowers and arabesques, to give it something of the appearance of a garden, and the floor is strewn with rich carpets, on which the congregation sits when assembled for prayers.

The ceremonies on visiting the mosque are somewhat analogous to those observed in the temple of Mecca. First, the pilgrim is led to the Rodha, where he prays, and performs four prostrations as a salutation to the mosque; and then proceeds at a slow pace to the Hedjra, where he addresses invocations to Mohammed, repeating his different surnames or honourable titles, and craving his intercession in favour of himself and of all he chooses to include in his prayers. After this he steps back, and performs four prostrations, which being accomplished, he plants himself opposite another part of the Hedjra, where the tomb of Abou Beker is understood to be placed, and invokes him in like manner; and subsequently does the same with regard to Omar and Setna-Fatme, who is propitiated under the title of Fatme-è-Zohera, or the Bright-blooming Fatme. The whole is concluded with a prayer to the Deity, repeated in the Rodha—the time consumed in these observances rarely exceeding twenty minutes. The devotee is, however, pretty heavily mulcted for the satisfaction he derives from them, having to pay fees on every spot where prayers are said to people waiting to receive them, and to the eunuchs of the mosque on the completion of the rites. He is, moreover, beset by a crowd of beggars at the door of the edifice, from whom he finds it difficult to escape without a liberal distribution of alms. He has also to give a handsome gratuity to his guide or mezowah, as he is called, so that the poor hadji is plundered quite as ruthlessly as at Mecca.

The guardianship of the mosque is intrusted to the care of forty or fifty eunuchs, who have an establishment similar to the eunuchs of the Beitullah at Mecca; but they are persons of greater consequence at Medina, and are more richly dressed, though in the same costume, usually wearing fine Cashmere shawls, and gowns of the best Indian silk. When they pass through the bazaar, everybody hastens to kiss their hands, and they exercise considerable influence in the internal affairs of the town. They have large stipends, which are sent annually from Constantinople by the Syrian hadj caravan; they share also in all donations made to the mosque; and they expect presents from every rich hadji, besides what they take as fees from the visitors of the Hedjra. They live together in one of the

best quarters of Medina, to the eastward of the mosque, and their houses are said to be furnished in a more costly manner than any others in the town. Like their brethren at Mecca, they are all, singularly enough, married to black or Abyssinian slaves. Their forms are emaciated, and their whole appearance represented as inspiring disgust. The chief of these eunuchs is called Sheikh el Haram, and is the principal personage in the town. Even Tousoun Pasha, who was governor of Medina at the time of Burckhardt's visit, yielded him precedence, and kissed his hand when he met him. In addition to the eunuchs, there are a great many other persons connected with the mosque, employed to light the lamps of the colonnade at night, to keep the mosque clean, and spread the carpets; these are called Ferrashyn, and as their duties are light and honorary, they include some of the first people in the place. They amount in number to no less than five hundred, and share among them an annual sum transmitted from Constantinople for their use. They officiate also as *mezowahs*, and drive a lucrative trade in praying for the absent—persons remitting them money from all parts of the Moslem world to pray for them before the tomb of Mohammed. Many of them have from four to five hundred regular correspondents of this profitable class, through whom they enjoy, at a slight expense of trouble, sufficient incomes to live in leisure and affluence.

As at Mecca, so at Medina there are several places considered sacred, and visited by the pious. The principal is the burial-ground outside the town, where numerous saints are interred, consisting of members of Mohammed's family, warriors who fell in his battles, and the Calif Othman, one of his successors. As a specimen of the invocations addressed to the manes of saints, we may take that repeated with uplifted hands after a prayer of two rikats over the tomb of Othman: 'Peace be with thee, O Othman! Peace be with thee, O friend of the chosen! Peace be with thee, O collector of the Koran! Mayst thou deserve the contentment of God! May God ordain Paradise as thy dwelling, thy habitation, and thy abode! I deposit on this spot, and near thee, O Othman, the profession everlasting, from this day to the day of judgment, that there is no God but God, and that Mohammed is his servant and his prophet.' The other places of resort are the Djebel Ohod, a mountain on which Hasuze, the uncle of Mohammed, and seventy-five martyrs, fell in battle, and are buried; Koba, a mosque erected on the ground where Mohammed first alighted on his flight to Medina; and El Kebletyn, a spot marked by two pillars, at which the Prophet first changed the Kebly, or direction in praying, which, before his time, was towards Jerusalem, and which he changed to the Kaaba at Mecca.

The city of Medina itself stands in the centre of an extensive plain, on the edge of the great Arabian desert, in the 25th degree of

north latitude, and contains from 14,000 to 20,000 inhabitants. It is divided into the interior town and the suburbs, the former describing an oval, enclosed by a thick stone wall, from thirty-five to forty feet high, flanked by about thirty towers, and surrounded by a ditch. Three gates lead into the town, and on its western point is a large castle or citadel, of considerable strength, capable of holding a garrison of six hundred men. The houses are generally two stories high, with flat roofs, and entirely built of stone; but, owing to their not being whitewashed, and to the extreme narrowness of the streets, they have a very gloomy appearance. Many of them, moreover, have fallen into decay, and an air of ruin and desolation pervades the whole place. Outside, however, on three sides of the city, cultivated fields, gardens, and date-groves present a cheerful landscape, and afford agreeable retreats to the inhabitants, the wealthier of whom have little villas in the midst of them. On the southern side, the rocky nature of the ground forbids any attempt at cultivation. The present inhabitants of Medina are, as at Mecca, for the most part of foreign descent, owing to the gradual extinction or removal of the native Arabians, and the settlement from time to time of pilgrims. The trade of the town is inconsiderable when compared with that of Mecca, and is liable to continual interruptions from the quarrels of the tribes in its vicinity. There is the same remarkable deficiency of artisans, scarcely a single mechanic existing in the place; even carpenters and masons are to be brought from Yembo when repairs are needed to a house. The sources of wealth are few, since no manufactures are prosecuted; and the sole dependence of the inhabitants is on the gifts from Constantinople, and the sums spent by the pilgrims. Of these there is nothing like the number that resort to Mecca—a visit to Medina being considered rather meritorious and edifying than strictly essential, although the Moslem divines teach that one prayer said in sight of the Hedjra is as efficacious as a thousand repeated in any other mosque, except that of Mecca; and it is also said that he who recites forty prayers in the mosque of Medina will be surely delivered from hell and its torments in a future life.

The government of Medina has shifted according to circumstances. Nominally under the sway of a Turkish aga from Constantinople, and the Sheikh el Haram, or chief of the mosque, practically a sort of oligarchical rule, by the different sheikhs of the quarters, has prevailed, except when some strong hand held the reins of power. The command had been vested in a Scotsman some short time before Burckhardt's visit—one Thomas Keith, who went under the denomination of Ibrahim Aga, and filled the post of treasurer to Tousoun Pasha. The climate is very insalubrious, owing to the saline nature of the soil and water, and the exhalations which arise from numerous stagnant pools around the town. Poor Burckhardt fell a victim to it, being attacked with fever, and stretched on his rug

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for upwards of two months. Nothing can be conceived more deplorable than his situation under this affliction, for he had nobody to attend upon him but a miserable black boy, fitted only for his occupation of a camel-driver, and was unable to procure the necessary medicines for his complaint. He rallied, nevertheless, under the genial influence of some fine weather in April; and afraid of a relapse, hastened to depart from so noxious an atmosphere. It had been his desire to proceed from Medina to Akaba, on the northern extremity of the Red Sea, across a country as yet unexplored by any modern traveller; but in his debility of body and purse, he found the scheme impracticable, and he accordingly joined a caravan to Yembo, the seaport of Medina, and a five days' journey distant, where he arrived on the 27th of April. Yembo is a small town situated on the north side of a deep bay, and is divided by a creek into two parts. Its harbour is one of the best on the Red Sea; but the trade carried on is very trifling, and consists principally in provisions. The intercourse with Medina is kept up by means of caravans, which proceed to and fro every fortnight when all is peaceable on the route. Contrary to what is found at Mecca and Medina, Yembo is almost entirely inhabited by Arabs; a few Syrians, Egyptians, and Indians being the only foreign settlers, and they but temporary sojourners. At the period of Burckhardt's visit it was ravaged by the plague, and a terrible mortality was the consequence. This scourge is almost unknown in Arabia, particularly in the Hedjaz, which the Mohammedans believed to be inviolable to its visitation, from the holy character it possesses. However, it had broken out in the present instance beyond doubt, and the calamity was rendered more grievous by the fact that all the ships in the harbour were engaged to carry invalid soldiers to Egypt. It was consequently with great difficulty Burckhardt secured a passage in a small open vessel, bound to Cosseir, and crowded with passengers, in which he embarked on the 15th of May. The voyage was exceedingly tedious, and, tired of the wretched accommodation on board the vessel, Burckhardt bribed the reys, or captain, to put into the harbour of Sherm, on the western shore of the Gulf of Akaba, where he was accordingly landed on the 5th of June. After a stay of a fortnight at a healthy village called El Wady, on the sea-coast, to recruit his wasted strength, he thence made the best of his way to Cairo through Suez, and arrived at that metropolis on the morning of the 24th of June, after an absence of more than eighteen months.

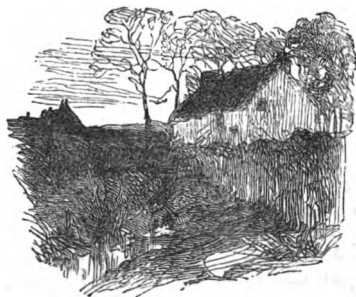
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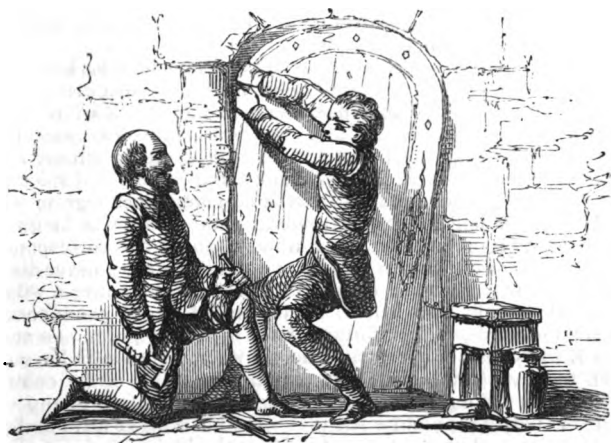
The joy which Burckhardt experienced at his safe return was damped by the miserable state of health into which he had fallen. He was still full of ardour, nevertheless, for the great enterprise to which all his previous labours had been merely preliminary. But

no tidings were heard of any caravan from Fezzan, by the return of which he might have proceeded on his journey; and after a residence of nine months in Cairo and Alexandria, he made another excursion across the Desert of Suez, and advanced to the extreme point of the peninsula of Sinai, in the hope of tracing the route supposed to be taken by Moses and the Israelites after their withdrawal from Egypt. In this pursuit he was not at all successful, and he returned to Cairo in June 1816; and, pending the arrival of the so-much-desired caravan, set himself to work in preparing various papers for his employers of the African Association. He devoted himself with intense application to Arabic literature, and the study of Arabian history, particularly the genealogy, manners, and customs of the different tribes of Arabia; and the valuable result of his labours has been given to the world in a publication issued by the Association, which also contains an account of Mohammed Ali's war with the Wahabys. He also applied himself to fill up and complete the journals of his travels in Nubia and Arabia, which were necessarily in a very rough state, as he very rarely durst venture to commit any notes to writing in those countries, since nothing so soon excites the angry suspicions of the untutored Orientals as seeing a person recording observations. Even Mohammed Ali himself was not favourable to the practice; and, when at Tayf, he caused Burckhardt to be asked whether he intended to take notes—an inquiry which he adroitly parried by replying, there was little inducement for so doing, since there were no antiquities in Arabia as in Egypt. Thus he had sufficient occupation for his ardent mind; but he still panted with impatience for the opportunity to penetrate into the interior of the continent; and his letters to Mr Hamilton, the secretary of the Association, vividly portray his chagrin as he saw month after month elapse, and his fond hopes remain ungratified. At length a favourable prospect opened. A party of Moggrebyns, or Western Africans, passed through Cairo in 1817 on their way to Mecca, and they were expected to return as usual by way of Fezzan. To accompany them, Burckhardt made all the necessary preparations, eager to enter on the adventurous path he had so long contemplated, and transmitted all his papers to the Association in London, whither they were happily conveyed in safety. But alas for the vanity of human expectations! When the moment seemed about to arrive when he might realise the achievement on which he had set his heart, he was struck with a mortal malady, and after a short illness, expired at Cairo, a few minutes before midnight, on the 15th of October 1817. It is a source of melancholy satisfaction to know that he was attended in his illness by an excellent English physician, Dr Richardson, who happened to be at Cairo in the suite of an Irish nobleman, and that his last hours were soothed by the attentions of Mr Salt, the British consul in Egypt, so celebrated for his zealous pursuit of Egyptian antiquities, and to whom he confided his dying

requests. He was calm and sensible, fully conscious of his approaching end, and dictated to Mr Salt his wishes as to the disposition of the books, manuscripts, and other little property he possessed, with perfect distinctness. He was fondly attached to his mother. He had already surrendered in her favour the share he inherited of his father's fortune. With troubled emotion he said to Mr Salt, six hours before he expired: 'Let Mr Hamilton acquaint my mother with my death, and tell her that my last thoughts were with her.' This intrepid traveller was only thirty-two when he died.

It must ever be a subject of regret that Burckhardt was not spared to undertake the task of penetrating into the interior of Africa. No man could be better fitted by nature, character, and education to succeed in such an enterprise. The qualities of his mind were truly noble; his courage was undaunted, his industry untiring, his zeal most persevering. That he was a man of great capacity, quick intelligence, and profound observation, is sufficiently apparent from his journals; and even the language in which he wrote them evinces an aptitude of attainment which is so rare as almost to be a phenomenon. English composition is insuperably difficult to a foreigner, even under the most propitious circumstances; but Burckhardt learned the language only after he was twenty-five years old, and enjoyed scarcely any opportunity of cultivating an acquaintance with English literature; yet he writes in a very agreeable style, and his works might pass for those of a native, if his origin were unknown. On the whole, his untimely fate is much to be deplored; for although he gave to the world the only authentic accounts of the cities of Mecca and Medina, and of the Mohammedan usages there, he would doubtless have added greatly to the sum of general geographical knowledge had he survived. By his lamented death, another victim was added to the number of enterprising men who have fallen a sacrifice to Oriental and African investigation.





LEON GONDY: A LEGEND OF GHENT.

I.

SOME three hundred years ago, there lived in the good old city of Ghent a rich clothier and banker, by name Karl Rosenfelt. He was a man of mark and note, sage in counsel and eloquent in speech, a shrewd man of business, but, above all, a good and just citizen. His temper was merry, and no man at proper times was more jovial and pleasant. He was stout, rather tall, and altogether the very type of his class. His countenance was the reflection of the reality. It was intellectual, benevolent; and about his eyes and mouth there was an expression which warmed at once all who had occasion to address him. He had his faults—and who has not? He was obstinate to the last degree upon occasion, and rather timid in presence of physical danger. A bolder or firmer merchant, when facing commercial difficulties, has been rarely seen; but he shuddered at the sight of a sword, and when he travelled, lived in continual apprehension of attack and pillage. He was a widower, with one daughter, Edith, a very charming, simple, unaffected girl of seventeen, with a very peculiar education. Karl Rosenfelt intended her to be his successor. He certainly hoped that she would marry in due time, but he wished her to be able to carry on the business, if necessary, herself; at all

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events to be able to understand her husband's affairs, and to aid with counsel and advice if needful.

Karl Rosenfelt lived in a grand old house, where he kept a good table, and where many a state affair had been discussed, to say nothing of the money that had changed hands. Karl negotiated loans even to princes; and although not an illiberal man, taking care where he lent, he became rich. He dealt in almost all the wholesale articles of the day; sold silks, and cloths, and spices, and even jewellery. There was then bustle and activity enough in Rosenfelt House. When Edith was seventeen, the house was in its most palmy days. Its reputation was European, and it had correspondents in every part of the known world; and yet Karl could never discover by their means any trace of his elder brother Paul, once a wild and passionate youth, who had in a moment of anger abandoned his father's residence, to seek fortune in the distant colonies as a soldier. Now Karl loved his eccentric elder brother, and would have given much to have found him; but search was vain: so he contented himself with talking to Edith, and regretting the fate of the other. Karl was very rich, and he felt that, were his brother alive and poor, or dead, having left children behind him, he had enough for all. In the same benignant spirit, when one Rigardin, a French clerk, robbed him and fled, he made no active search, for he said: 'Ungrateful rascal though he be, he has injured himself most. I am not less considered, or even much less rich, while he is ruined. Let him go.'

To replace Rigardin, who had been a confidential clerk, Karl took, on the strong recommendation of a Paris correspondent, one Leon Gondy, a well-educated youth, who, wishing to learn business in Ghent, came gladly to the place. Leon Gondy, when our story commences, had been six months with the house of Rosenfelt. He was about nineteen, an eager scholar, attentive, but silent and thoughtful. He never neglected business; but often when his occupation was over, he would retire to his room, and remain for hours shut up, there devoting himself to meditation and the study of the poetical romances of the day, which, however crude and vapid in general, were the forerunners of great things. But Leon was none the worse at his figures, wrote a clear, good letter, and prepared the private books of his employer with diligence and patience. Karl liked him at once, and soon treated him as one of his own family, admitting him regularly into his intimacy, and making him the constant companion of his daughter. The two young people were soon great friends, and were a great mutual resource. Karl had too much good sense not to be fully prepared for the consequences. He knew many young men whom he would, in one sense, have preferred as a husband for his daughter, but Leon was the only one who was placed in the circumstances which he thought likely to conduce to her happiness. Karl had no idea of happiness apart from the house:

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he wished his children to grow up identified with it—a part of it; and as the education of Leon was in his hands, he thought he could insure the continued prosperity of his fortune and the future well-being of his child at the same time.

As yet, however, he interfered in no way; he allowed things to take their course, and seemed occupied only with the commercial education of the young people. He soon had the satisfaction of perceiving that what he wished was likely to happen. Leon and Edith seemed never happy save in each other's society. They talked, they read, they sang, and they played the spinet together; they were often silent and contemplative; Leon would watch the door with unwearied patience when she was out; and, in fact, there were very evident signs of what was going on. But Leon began soon to be sad, very sad: Edith naïvely asked him what was the matter, but he did not know. At last he said, that he thought his native air would do him good, and that he must return to France.

Karl was astonished to find his daughter in tears one morning, and still more so that she could not explain why. Some time after, however, she mentioned timidly, by the way, that Leon was about to ask for his dismissal on the plea of ill health. Karl smiled, and thought the time was come for him to interfere.

II.

Karl was wont to sit in the evening in a large old-fashioned arm-chair, by a table, in a room furnished in the antique Flemish style, richly but heavily. A lamp illumined the table, on which rested some books, either of devotion or travels. Near him sat knitting a kind of half-attendant, half-duenna, who had waited on Edith from infancy, and was privileged to be wherever she pleased. Leon and Edith in general sat near a spinet, by the side of which was a table; here she worked when he read to her or talked. Sometimes they turned to the spinet, and played or sang. On the evening in question, things were as I have described. Leon was speaking in a low tone to Edith, who scarcely answered.

'Has anything happened while you have been in my house to displease or offend you?' asked Karl, suddenly raising his head, and addressing Leon.

'No, sir, nothing,' replied the young man, colouring up and looking very much amazed, while Edith continued steadfastly at her work.

'Then why do you propose leaving us?' continued Karl.

'Why, sir, I do not feel very well; and I fancied—I thought—that—that my native air'—

'Hum! Now my idea, Master Leon, is, that you are as well as ever you were in your life, but that you have some secret cause of

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regret—that you wish for something which you suppose you cannot have. Now be a man, and speak out!’

Leon remained speechless. There was something in the old man’s tone and manner which made his heart bound again. He looked at Edith; she bowed her head, listening with all her ears, but saying nothing. The young man took a sudden resolution: he determined to risk all on one bold cast. Without moving from his place, and almost closing his eyes, he spoke.

‘My worthy and respected master, and you, my friend’—addressing Edith—‘what I have to say, I meant not to have said. So direct a challenge, however, leaves me no alternative. I cannot say many words, but I love your daughter, Meinherr Rosenfelt’—

‘And’—said Karl, seeing the other hesitated.

‘For that reason, I was about to leave’—

‘I should have thought that a reason for staying,’ put in Karl, in his driest tones.

‘Sir!’

‘But perhaps my daughter has refused you?’ said Rosenfelt slily.

‘I have not spoken to her,’ replied Leon, who was overwhelmed with astonishment. ‘But, sir, I, the son of a respectable jeweller, intended for commerce, it is true, like yourself, have yet no pretensions to aspire to the hand of the daughter of a merchant prince; and feeling this, I wished to go away, before, carried away by my feelings, I risked an avowal of my affection to your daughter.’

‘Leon Gondy,’ said Karl quietly, ‘my father was a poor man, who rose by honesty and industry to vast wealth. My elder brother, if alive, is probably a poor man. You are not poor; you are the son of a respectable well-to-do tradesman; you have received a good education: during the year you have been with me, I have had reason to be much pleased with you. If my daughter is willing to accept you, I shall be very happy, one year hence, to take you as my son-in-law and partner. In fact, if you can settle this between you, I shall take steps to proclaim to the world the immediate union of the houses of Rosenfelt and Gondy.’

Karl bowed his head upon his book once more, and left Leon and Edith to their own thoughts. After a moment’s silence, Leon, in a gentle tone, asked if she were inclined to ratify her father’s promise.

‘I do not know, my friend. I do not wish you to go away; but to decide so important a question so hastily’—

Lovers are in general somewhat selfish. The answer of Edith was not exempt from this defect. It had a tinge of that ungenerous tyranny, which, however, is very readily pardoned.

‘Then I must go, and refuse your father’s generous offers.’

‘At all events, he is more generous than you.’

‘Why?’

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'To make me answer at once, when the least I should have is a week's reflection.'

'But think of my doubt and anxiety! Besides, your father expects an answer.'

'Tell him, then, that I have always been an obedient child, and that I am not disposed to change my principles,' replied Edith in a very low tone.

'I may then dare to hope, that one day I may call you, Edith Rosenfelt, my wife?'

The girl made no reply; but she listened with evident pleasure to the young man's protestations of affection, and smiled, at last, at some of his lively pictures of the future that awaited them. From that hour there was great joy in the house. Karl was delighted. He now saw a clear prospect of happiness for his child: he perceived in Leon all the signs of earnest industry and perseverance; and as he saw him so diligently devoted to his interests, longed for the moment when they should be bound together by irrevocable ties. There was something so frank, manly, and open-hearted in the character of Leon, that Karl already loved him as a son. In the course of a few weeks, it was settled that the marriage should be celebrated when Leon reached twenty years of age.

The sensations of Leon and Edith were pleasant indeed. The world smiled upon them: they were young people nearly of the same age, sensible, affectionate, well suited to each other, and looking forward to a happy marriage, sanctioned by parents and society: they had wealth, well earned, and always well spent, for Karl had taught them the secret of doing much good with their money. He was not a man to lavish gifts indiscriminately, but he never refused assistance to any when it could be really useful and profitable. The future was then bright and sunny, and they went on their way rejoicing, pleasantly, calmly, happy.

III.

It was four months later, and preparations were already making for the wedding. The father of Leon Gondy had signified his satisfaction and delight at the brilliant prospects of his son, and had renewed the promise of a visit at a future time. Leon was working very hard, to have the books of the house in good order; and was pressing business, so as conveniently to have a month's holiday; while Edith was busy seeing to all the domestic details of the house, as well as to the grand affair of the wedding, which in those days was a serious thing, requiring time and reflection. Karl overlooked all, even to the rich costumes which were being made for his daughter.

They dined at mid-day in private, the mass of clerks and others employed in the house having a general table. One day the meal

was nearly over, when a servant announced that a young man had just entered the courtyard on horseback, and insisted on seeing the master of the house instantly. He was, the servant said, in a state of great agitation.

'Let him come in.'

Scarcely had the words passed the merchant's lips, when a youth of about eighteen, sunburnt, dusty, and giving signs of extreme agitation, entered. He was tall, fair, with small features, and an expression of considerable shrewdness.

'I have the honour to address the worthy and respected burgher of Ghent, Karl Rosenfelt?' said the youth, in a shrill, agitated tone.

'My name is Karl Rosenfelt,' replied the other, much astonished.

'Have you forgotten your elder brother Paul?' continued the youth, whose voice trembled, while his eyes were fixed anxiously on the old man.

'No!' cried Karl, rising, while at the same time he shook with emotion. 'Speak! what of him? Is he alive? What message bring you from him?'

'My uncle!—my dear uncle!' said the youth, rushing to the other's arms.

'You my nephew! But my brother—where is he? Where is Paul, my long-lost brother?'

The boy held down his head, while drawing forth a thick letter from his pocket-book, or rather a leather pouch that served the purpose. Edith and Leon had risen, and placed themselves one on each side, overwhelmed with surprise.

'Dead!' said the old man sadly, while taking the letter—'dead, and without my seeing him! Poor Paul! But let me read his last words. Sit down, my nephew. Give him dinner, Edith: welcome your cousin. Leon, my friend, do the honours of my house.'

The old man as he spoke withdrew to a window to conceal his emotion, and to read the letter. Leon and Edith made the tired and agitated youth sit down at the table, and gave him to eat and drink. They did not press him much to talk, seeing that he was weary and exhausted. He, however, ate and drank like a man who had travelled much, and then demanded leave to retire to a room, where he could change his bespattered dress and take some rest. Leon accompanied him to his own chamber, and then returned to join the merchant and his daughter.

'I will be a father unto him,' said Karl as he entered. 'It seems my brother has suffered much in Mexico and elsewhere, and died six months back, leaving this only child. He has sent him to me, begging that I will provide for him. I will. He writes me to give him my child to wife'—

'Your child!' cried Leon.

'My friend, that cannot be, I know. But we can make up for the

non-fulfilment of this wish of my dear brother's, by finding him another wife, and giving him a position in the world.'

'O yes, my father,' cried Edith: 'as for me, he must of course look on me as the affianced wife of another.'

'Thank you, my dear Edith,' replied Leon; 'but I must leave you; I have a hard day's work before me, and there is no time to lose.'

'And I to the dressmaker's,' said the young girl.

Karl Rosenfelt remained alone. He was glad to be left to his thoughts: he was very sad. His elder brother—that Paul who had been his playmate, his companion, his leader—was gone, was dead; and he had died, too, in a foreign land, with only a boy near him. Karl would have given his fortune at that moment to have had his brother alive, even for one instant, to have pressed his hand; but, at all events, he had his son, and he vowed in his heart to transfer to him the deep and lasting affection which had always attached itself to the memory of his brother. There is no keener or more acute love than that which exists between brothers, nearly of the same age, who have been brought up together, and whom no quarrel has ever estranged. It is one of the most unselfish of all sentiments.

Rosenfelt was sad. He could have wished to have fulfilled his brother's wish in all things. It is true he could make his child wealthy among the wealthy, shower on him gold and all that gold can bring; but he could not give him his child. Why had he been so rash? Why had he given his Edith to a stranger?—a noble boy, it is true, but still a stranger. It would have been so delightful, so pleasant, to have united the cousins. But it could not be. The word he had given was a bond as binding as a triple-sealed parchment—more so; and Karl Rosenfelt rejected even the very thought of breaking off a marriage which had been settled under such happy auspices.

But Karl Rosenfelt went into his office that day very thoughtful and very sad.

IV.

Young Karl Rosenfelt—so he was called—appeared towards evening neatly dressed, and evidently completely refreshed. The whole family crowded round him, and asked him a thousand questions, to which he readily replied, speaking with an accent so completely foreign, as to leave no doubt of his having been born out of Flanders. He described his father minutely, bringing tears into his uncle's eyes. He had arrived in Europe in time, for his education, it was clear, had been much neglected. He was so incredibly ignorant as to astonish Leon, who was so very different in character. He seemed, however, modest and well-behaved, and rather won upon the old man and Leon; but Edith did not appear to like him much:

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she seemed to feel by instinct that a great danger was near her. Not that she disliked him. How could she?—the child of her long-lost uncle ; but she rather shrunk from any display of kindness and affection. Her manner was slightly repulsive, and she seemed beforehand to say: 'Do not attempt to make any advances: it will be in vain.'

Karl was never tired of hearing him speak. He made him relate all he knew of his father's life. He knew not much, having lost his mother when young, and being then left to the care of a quiet family in a village near Mexico city; but he knew that his father had been a soldier, an overseer of silver mines, a speculator in tobacco, and that he had died poor, after writing the letter which he had delivered that morning. He had seen him buried; and, with what money he had, had at once taken his departure for Europe in search of his uncle, whose kind and generous reception he should never forget.

'I have scarcely had time,' said the old man, 'to introduce you to my future son-in-law, Leon Gondy, an intelligent and good youth, who, as my daughter's husband, will soon be your cousin.'

'Ah!' was the sole reply of young Karl, while he looked considerably astonished.

The old man gazed at him curiously, while Leon and Edith interchanged glances.

'He is a rival already,' whispered Leon.

'No matter; you have nothing to fear,' said Edith quietly.

'Your father,' continued the merchant, in a tone which did not conceal his deep regret, 'I know had different wishes. He hoped you would find my daughter free, and that a union between you might reunite those so long parted. But you came too late: such a thing is not to be thought of.'

'I am very sorry, my uncle,' said young Karl, his eyes fixed on the ground. 'I certainly did myself come with this hope; but I should be the last person to wish to separate those who love. I wish my cousin much joy. I think my cousin Leon and I will be great friends.'

'I hope so,' replied Leon gravely.

Edith said nothing; she was looking with much sorrow at her father's serious and somewhat melancholy face. She felt an acute pain at her heart. She knew that her parent, under the impulse of his emotion, and influenced by his love for his long-lost brother, desired with all his soul that which to her was an impossibility. She was well disposed to like her cousin, as a cousin; but she was sure, that even if she had been free, she could never have accepted him as a husband: she resolved, therefore, to resist firmly any attempt to make her waver in her resolution. She felt strong in her father's consent, her marriage-day fixed, and in the affection of Leon.

Young Karl himself was very thoughtful the greater part of the evening. When his uncle took up his book as usual, he went to a

window that looked out on the principal street of Ghent, and appeared there enjoying the lively scene below—in reality, he was watching the lovers. There was something in his countenance of envy, as he saw them looking at each other with intense affection, and as he listened to their whispered protestations.

Edith herself introduced the subject to her lover: she told him that she was sure her father now regretted having affianced them, not from any want of affection for Leon, but because of his dead brother's wishes. But she told him quietly, that even if it were proposed, she would never consent to a union with her cousin. Leon thanked her warmly, and also declared that he should trust to the old man's word, and hasten on the marriage. He added, however, that he was quite sure the cousin would make an effort; he thought him a youth not likely to give up the battle so easily as it appeared. They must therefore be cautious and observant, and not give the enemy, in this one sense, any opportunity of action.

Young Karl himself was mute and impassive: what were his hopes and wishes, it was impossible to say.

V.

There was apparently little change in the position of affairs. Leon remained at the head of the house; Edith attended to the domestic affairs; Karl carried on his vast business; and the nephew commenced his education under an able professor. He took, however, much more to fencing, and all the manly sports and exercises, than to mental accomplishments. His uncle gave him a handsome allowance; and he soon began to cut a figure amongst the dashing young men of the town—those who thought more of pleasure than business. He did not, however, do anything to disgrace the name he bore, kept reasonable hours, and never wholly neglected his cousin or uncle. Indeed, he sought in every way to ingratiate himself with Edith; made, in fact, undisguised love to her; and began, after a few weeks, to look solemn and sad: but Edith repelled his advances firmly. As he grew attentive, and even spoke of his deep regret at her being engaged, she grew cold and distant—Leon thoughtful.

Karl said nothing: he never thought of interfering to break off a connection he had himself formed, but his regret at not being free to carry out his brother's wishes could not be concealed. He watched the progress of events with painful anxiety. If his nephew had not taken the thing to heart, if he had fixed his affections on the richest heiress in the town, Karl would not have cared—he would have felt himself released from all anxiety; but the boy seemed really to love his cousin, and the old merchant suffered much. He respected and liked Leon as much as ever; he could not do otherwise: he was assiduously attentive to his interests—his whole thoughts appeared centered in the house.

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A man struggling between a powerful sense of duty and a strong affection, suffers much ; a good man like Karl Rosenfelt would naturally feel more than most persons, and yet he never swerved : he was firm in his determination to be just ; but he racked his brain to find the means of making up to young Karl for his disappointment. He invited the good men and true of Ghent to come and sup with him, with their wives and daughters—he tried to draw the youth's attention towards several beautiful girls. His nephew spoke them the necessary words of politeness, and then returned where he could now and then speak a word to his cousin.

Old Karl Rosenfelt grew full of melancholy and remorse. Every night he retired to rest with the hope that the morning would bring him fresh counsel. He never reflected that his nephew was in all probability totally unfit to make Edith happy. A youth who had lived a wandering and semi-savage life in a country so uncivilised as the newly discovered Mexico, could not be reasonably expected to replace Leon, a young man of superior education and polished manners for his day, and who possessed the affections of his daughter ; but then Karl Rosenfelt had nourished this hope of union with a child of his elder brother for years, and had only given it up when time rendered the other's return improbable.

The nephew said little about the matter, but he threw out occasional hints of regret ; told his uncle how much he grieved that he had not come a year sooner ; to all which Karl answered not. As things were, he saw no use in encouraging a passion which could only prove fatal to the youth, and painful in the extreme to Leon and Edith.

One evening, however, the youth spoke to Karl too pointedly for him to put off the reply : they did not notice Leon and Edith, who were seated side by side in an adjoining room, of which the door was open.

'Uncle,' said young Karl, 'I must leave you ; I cannot remain and witness the happiness of Leon ; I cannot be present at the wedding ; it is beyond my strength.'

'Nephew, what mean you ?' replied old Karl in a state of profound agitation. 'My brother's only child leave me ! it cannot be.'

'I had hoped so too. If my cousin could have listened to my addresses, I should have been but too happy ; but she is another's : she cannot be mine. Let me leave you—not altogether : give me the means of travelling ; let me go to Paris, to England ; it will do me good. When I return, my feelings will be conquered, and I can see Edith as a cousin only.'

Karl Rosenfelt sat motionless and silent for some minutes. At length he spoke. 'Nephew, your decision is wise. The dearest wish of my heart would have been to unite you to my daughter, you the son of my dear, long-lost brother ; but it cannot be. Let us silence our grief, let us stifle our regrets. Come to my arms, my

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boy, and wonder not if an old man weeps. I never dreamed of your being in existence, and yet I had a hope that I might live to see in my nephew a son-in-law. But go; you shall travel at your ease; I will give you letters for every capital in Europe; and you shall see courts, and kings, and festivals—everything that can distract your attention, and fill your mind.'

'Thank you, my uncle! at my age, travel cannot fail to do good, though, when I read my father's letter, this was not what I hoped for.'

The reply of the young man was uttered in a tone of pique and disappointment, but this old Karl did not notice. He sat talking for some time, and then supped as usual with the whole family, and went to bed.

VI.

Next morning, Leon did not appear at breakfast-time; but two letters were handed to the old merchant, one for himself, and one for Edith: they were in the handwriting of the French clerk. Old Karl opened his anxiously; Edith hers tremblingly. He bounded on his chair; she wept with mingled pride, joy, and grief.

The letter to the old man was brief:

'I cannot allow my benefactor to turn his brother's child from the door for my fault. I love your daughter, and shall never love another woman. I thought her mine, and looked forward to a brilliant and happy future in her society. I find that my happiness is your sorrow. You have other wishes; and though I know well you would keep to your word, I cannot build my joy on your regrets. I make here a great, a bitter sacrifice to my benefactor; but I do my duty, and the sentiment of acting rightly will be some compensation. I shall be on my way to Bruges before you receive this letter. Please send me thither an order to receive my quarter's salary, as I have not money enough to enable me to reach home.'

The old man bowed his head, and wept. A moment after, he handed the letter to Edith, and took hers. It was much like that to him, and ended thus: 'My dear Edith, you will regret your poor Leon, but you will make your dear father happy. He will die a joyful old man, with his brother's child near him. Forget me: it is your duty. Think, if you will, that I love you not, and set your whole heart on loving your cousin.'

'A noble boy! a generous boy!' cried old Karl.

'My husband!' cried Edith, clasping her hands; 'noble and generous indeed. But the sacrifice is useless: I will never be the wife of any man but Leon!'

'But, cousin,' put in the youth in a timid voice, 'he leaves you; he gives you up: you cannot be willing to recall him.'

'No,' said the old man; 'that is my duty. He shall come back.'

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I cannot make so rare a man miserable for a whim—a caprice. I shall start after him for Bruges in an hour. Edith, my dear, hurry the preparations for your marriage: it shall take place in a week. My nephew, you *must* resign your hopes: be a man; take example by him, and shew only one-half his noble courage. The love of an old man will be doubly yours. My life, my fortune, are at your disposal.'

'I will have courage!' said young Karl impetuously. 'Go, bring him back, marry them, and then I will travel for a month or two in search of a wife. By your aid, I shall soon find one.'

'Now you are my own brother's child!' replied Karl warmly, while Edith kept coldly aloof.

'Do you not forgive me?' said young Karl.

'I will forgive you when my husband has returned,' answered Edith very coldly.

The old man looked at her with an anxious and wondering glance. 'It is not his fault if Leon be gone,' he said in a deprecating tone.

'It is, my father,' said Edith firmly. 'He was well aware that we were affianced, and yet he made advances to me which he knew you would encourage, if you could. His conduct has not been generous, and he has not acted the part of a cousin.'

Young Karl bit his lip, and looked half inclined to be angry; but the banker changed the subject to that of his journey, which was to be performed on horseback, with four armed attendants, as the road was not safe, and they had to pass through a thick wood. Karl had never before ventured that way, except in company with many other traders; but his feelings towards Leon were too strong to allow him to think of anything else. He gave a few minutes' instructions to Edith, placed her in the charge of the old attendant, handed young Karl a full purse, and then, after one or two adieus, departed on his way, in a hopeful but serious mood.

VII.

About a day's journey from Ghent, there was, in the days of which we write, a thick wood. On one side, it climbed a gentle hill; on the other, it descended to a winding river of small dimensions. At the spot where the scene is most picturesque, and where now there is a railway station, stood a small road-side inn, where carters, packmen, and retarded travellers were sometimes wont to stop, but which bore a very ill name in the country—some even going so far as to call it the Devil's House. It had certainly an evil look about it. It appeared half in ruins, or rather its upper story had never been finished, and the windows were all stuffed with hay, rags, and fagots, presenting to the eye a most miserable

and uninviting aspect. A sign creaked with a dismal sound over the door, and a pond of musty water, fed by a spring, was disputed by a pig and a flock of ducks, when horses were not driven there to drink. A wretched-looking girl served as hostler, chamber-maid, waiter, &c. ; while the landlord was a man of about fifty, common in look, and with an expression of vulgar sensuality peculiarly repulsive. A low, small forehead, a large mouth, and a nose flattened by some accident, were marks of themselves sufficient to terrify the pacific. There is much in a landlord ; and an inn rarely fails where there is a jolly, merry, stout host, of smiling aspect, to welcome the weary traveller.

For several months the inn had assumed even a more dismal and deserted aspect than usual. There was no provender to be had for horses, and scarcely food for man. The landlord looked wretched, the girl pale and half-starved. They seemed hardly in their senses, for all guests that came they treated gruffly ; so that few staid, especially as with the decreased accommodation the charges became exorbitant. The master stood the greater part of the time at his door smoking, while the girl sat by the fireside, her head resting on her knees. She was always thinking—an occupation which Peter Krubingen did not relish, for he would often interrupt her savagely, and then, as if recollecting himself, change his tone, and speak gently.

On the evening of the departure of Leon from Ghent, a scene of this kind occurred. The girl was seated by the fire, musing ; the man had been looking at her for some time, with a scowl of the most threatening character.

‘Poleska,’ he said savagely, ‘what are you sitting with your eyes fixed on the fire for?’

‘I was thinking,’ said the young girl, who was of Polish origin.

‘Of whom?’

‘Not of you.’

‘Of whom, then?’

‘I daresay you can guess.’

‘Poleska, you know very well what my intentions are. Once our affairs are settled, I shall return to my own country, and take you to wife. You will be a proud and happy woman, Poleska, if you are wise and discreet. But stop this sobbing and musing, or it will be worse for you.’

‘What can you do worse than you have done? You found me a poor orphan of seven years old ; you gave me a home and shelter, and made me your servant, to wait on you, on your guests, ill-fed, ill-clothed. When I became a young woman, you fancied I was pretty, well-favoured, and you offered to make me your wife : I refused—for a good reason—and you seek to win me by ill-usage and brutality : but, Peter Krubingen, I will never be your wife !’

The man looked at her in a scowling way, and then turned his

back, muttering something to himself not very flattering to the girl, whom, however, he did not seem to wish to exasperate. At this moment, a traveller on foot, plainly clad, a stick in one hand and a small bundle in the other, came up, looked at the inn, and then walked carelessly towards it.

'What is there for your service ?' said Peter Krubingen gruffly.

'I want a crust of bread, a mug of beer, and a bed,' replied the traveller, a young man of goodly aspect, who stared with extreme surprise as he observed the landlord stand full in the doorway.

'You will find very bad accommodation here, my master ; I would advise you to walk on farther.'

'What !' said the other ; 'I think I must have misunderstood you. At all events, I go no farther : I must rest here this evening. I have walked twenty miles, and am not inclined to cross the forest in the night.'

'I tell you, my master, that you must sleep hard, eat black bread, and drink ill, if you stay here. I am giving up business, and am sick of waiting on my fellows.'

'I am sorry for it ; but my legs refuse to carry me farther, so e'en let me pass, and remain an honest host for another day,' replied the youth ; and he brushed past the landlord, threw his bundle on a table, and sat down on a bench.

Poleska quietly rose, gave him bread, cheese, and, to his great surprise, a jug of good wine, Peter looking on all the time with a dissatisfied and scowling glance. The young man, considerably puzzled at what he saw and heard, roused himself from his fatigue and lassitude, to watch. He saw at a glance, from the faces of the two, that there was a mystery to be discovered, and at once suspected that there was a crime concealed under all. He tried to detect glances of intelligence between the two, but failed. He thought, on the contrary, that the man looked menacing, and the girl defiant, while it was clear she was overcome with profound melancholy. Always generous and thoughtful, Leon Gondy—for it was our fugitive—determined to fathom her secret if possible ; but he perceived that the host watched them, and he endeavoured, accordingly, to appear unconcerned : presently, he asked for a room, as, he said, he was tired.

'A room !' said Peter Krubingen sneeringly ; 'I told you, you would be ill accommodated here. I have no room ; you must sleep on a bench.'

'I will sleep on a bench,' replied the young man quietly.

'He can have my room, and I will sit up,' said Poleska. 'I have no inclination for sleep.'

Peter Krubingen looked savagely at her, but the girl bestowed no notice on him, turning to gaze once more at the empty fireplace. The landlord muttered something, and left the room. Poleska rose and crossed over to the door, whence the stairs by which he was

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ascending could be surveyed. The landlord was at the top, stamping and growling as he went.

'Are you a stout and bold youth?' said Poleska, without turning her head.

'What mean you?' exclaimed Leon, speaking, however, in a low tone.

'Would you prevent a great crime?' she continued, still without turning.

'If it were in my power,' said the young man, whose previsions were clearly realised.

'Go to your room; you will be locked in, but here is a master-key. Bolt and bar yourself in; and when morning comes, descend, go round the house, and under the first oak you will find me—I will then explain my meaning. But I had almost forgotten. Under the mattress, you will find arms; they may perhaps be needed: take them.'

'I will follow your advice in all things,' replied Leon quietly.

'God bless you, my gallant youth! But exchange no look of intelligence with me; let no glance but that of scorn escape you. He is cunning, deeply cunning; and all will be lost if he suspects us.'

The step of Peter Krubingen was heard descending, and Leon was silent. He poured himself out a glass of wine, and drank it off as the other came into the room. After rapidly examining the countenances of both, the landlord informed Leon that his bed was at his disposal. Leon looked round, and took up a small oil-lamp. Poleska never moved.

'Are you not going to shew the stranger his room?' said Peter Krubingen in a brutal tone.

'There are not so many but what he can find it,' replied Poleska sulkily.

'Go and shew it!' repeated the host in a still more surly tone.

Poleska took up the lamp, and preceded Leon. Arrived at the top of the stairs, Poleska silently pointed to a door, saw the young man in, then locked it on the outside, and took the key down stairs. Leon paid no attention to this, but proceeded to examine his room. It was small, and contained nothing but the bed, a chair, and a box; there were strong bolts on the inside, and a bar, of which Leon at once made use. He then turned up the mattress, and found a poniard, and a pair of loaded pistols, of the usual unwieldy make of the day. These he placed beside his bed, and then lay down in his clothes.

VIII.

To sleep under the circumstances was not an easy matter. Leon had much to think of. From an overwrought sense of duty, he had

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given up his fair bride, and the brilliant fortunes that awaited him with her; he had abandoned a post occupied with honour for more than a year, and was returning home to begin the world anew, with a very unsatisfactory account of himself for his father. In the inn where he had thrust himself, he did not feel in much danger, but still his position was not an agreeable one. He was engaged in an adventure of which he could not see the end; he did not hesitate, however, but resolved to try his utmost to do a good act, though not at all able to fathom the mystery by which he was surrounded. Strange ideas, wild thoughts, visions of varied character, filled his mind: he thought of Edith, of his long and happy engagement to her, of his blighted hopes, of his rival, and of the good old man to whom he had sacrificed his dearest feelings.

He had seen him that day, and guessed his errand. While walking along the road, he had heard horses' footsteps behind him; and not sure who the strangers might be, he had concealed himself behind some bushes: glad was he when he recognised Karl Rosenfelt and his armed attendants. He knew at once, that in the first generous impulse of the moment, he had determined to bring him back, and keep to his promise; but Leon felt that to shew himself was to be ungenerous and weak; and stifling a heavy sigh, he remained in his concealment. He was so convinced that the union between young Karl and Edith was necessary to the old man's happiness, that he was determined at any price not to stand in the way. To give up a bright future, thus within his reach, was painful indeed; but Leon Gondy was deeply impressed with the conviction that he was doing right, and to him this was compensation for much of his disappointment and suffering.

The old man had passed rapidly, and Leon Gondy had continued his journey. He had made up his mind to return to France, and there, in the pursuit of commerce, and by strict attention to his business, to try to bring about that oblivion of the past he so much desired; but an adventure, more like romance than reality, had now checked him on his way, although at this he rather rejoiced than otherwise. To him, it was so pleasant to have some honourable and legitimate excuse to remain near Edith, that even he was pleased at his present danger, and at the mystery which environed him, on that night—the most memorable of his life.

He remained some hours musing—how long he could not say—but at last he fell asleep, sound asleep, but not for long, as when he awoke it was still only the dawn of day, and he remembered his promise. He leaped out of bed, dressed as he was, took the pistols and dagger, and unbarred and unlocked the door. There was not a sound in the house. He listened carefully, but he neither heard nor saw anything; he then turned to the window, and looked out. He saw before him a narrow opening in the forest, and about a hundred yards distant, the ruins of a mill: it was a quaint-looking,

old-fashioned building, and had probably in its day been the property of some good stanch miller, but now it was a remnant of times gone by. The morning was bright and sunny—birds chirped, the wind shook the leaves of the trees, the dew sparkled bright in the rising sun, and that peculiar steam which rises from the ground on such occasions created a slight fog. All was perfectly calm and still, and Leon felt a revulsion of feeling as he thought of crime haunting that spot; he, however, remembered his promise, and, taking his stick and bundle, began calmly descending the stairs.

It was about four o'clock; the house was already open, but not a soul was to be seen; this made Leon almost hesitate. Had a trap been laid for him?—had the girl deceived him? He could not believe it, and so he went on his way. He left the house—he had left the amount of his score in his bedroom—and went round to the back. At a little distance, under a tree, he saw Poleska; her arms were folded, and she seemed musing deeply. As the young man neared her, she started. 'Many thanks, stranger,' she said in a low tone; 'but follow me quickly; we have no time to lose.'

In a few minutes they had reached the mill, and Poleska, pointing to a stone, made sign to Leon to sit down.

'I have trusted in your open countenance, stranger,' she began. 'For months, a secret has weighed upon me: I have been, by my silence, the accomplice of a crime. Day and night, it has bowed me down, until I can bear it no longer. I have resolved at last, at all risks, to prevent its accomplishment by revealing the truth. It may cost me my life, but I care not. It would be better to die than live eternally face to face with remorse.'

'Young girl,' replied Leon, 'no harm shall happen to you. Whatever you have to reveal, speak boldly. There are laws and magistrates who will protect you.'

'No laws and no magistrates can protect from what will happen to me; but it matters little: the worst has happened to me already. But listen.'

Leon did, and heard a story which made his heart beat, his cheek blanch, and that filled him with wonder, indignation, and at the same time with hope. When Poleska concluded her tale, he leaped up, grasped her arms convulsively, and spoke: 'Open the door quick, Poleska! You have saved my life, and given me more joy than I can explain.'

Poleska, wondering at what she heard, gave him a large key; Leon took it, and opened quickly. Before him was a short dark passage, and then another door, but only barred on the outside. The young man laid his hand upon it; at that instant, he heard a piercing shriek, the door behind him was violently fastened, and he remained in total darkness.

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IX.

A week later, old Karl Rosenfelt returned to Ghent in a very bad humour. He had found no trace of Leon at Bruges. Seven days of travel and of ill-temper had somewhat modified his admiration of the young man's sacrifice. At all events, as Leon had departed, he could not see any reason for hesitating to avail himself of the opportunity to make his brother's child happy. He had, therefore, in his own mind settled the marriage of Edith and young Karl: in fact, he was—so variable is the human mind—rather pleased at bottom at the turn events had taken. He had not sent Leon away; the lad had chosen himself to depart. He would have fulfilled his promise had the young man called upon him to do so; he would, under any circumstances, have remained his friend, if the other had allowed him; but he had disappeared mysteriously, and left no sign; and old Karl Rosenfelt began to imagine that there was too much of the romantic Frenchman about him, and that his romances and poetry had spoiled his character.

During the absence of old Karl, the cousins met frequently, but every effort on the part of the youth was vain—Edith would have nothing to say to him. She answered him in monosyllables, and no oftener than was strictly necessary. The cousin was furious, though he tried to conceal his mortification; still he persevered, although he was oftener absent than usual, seeking amusement in more friendly society.

On the morning of the return of old Karl, the cousins were together, and the banker's nephew was striving to make himself agreeable to the young girl.

'It is not my fault, Edith, if you are lovely; it is not your fault if your charms have had so powerful an effect on me. It is so sweet to love one's cousin!'

'Is it?' replied Edith coldly, and with even something of a sneer on her lip.

'I can well understand that Leon, accomplished and elegant, besides long known, had advantages over me; but when you come to know more of me, you might'—

'I shall never forget Leon—never think of any man but him as my husband,' continued Edith.

The young man ground his teeth, and turned to go. At the door, he nearly stumbled over and upset his uncle.

'Whither away in such a hurry?' said the banker.

'To leave my cousin to herself. I try in vain to please her, and I wished to avoid offending her with my presence.'

'Tut! tut! you are a boy. Edith will be reasonable. Leon is gone—gone for ever: I have not been able to find a trace of him either at Bruges or on the way.'

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'Poor Leon!' said Edith, bending over her work; 'murdered, perhaps, in the wood, the victim of my cousin's generosity!'

Young Karl started, and bit his lip. The tone was so bitter, that he felt himself hated, and a strange, almost a sinister smile passed over his face. The banker, however, motioned him to a seat, and opened the conversation.

'My dear Edith, and you, my nephew, listen to me. I am an old man. I have everything in this world smiling around me; Providence has been very good, and yet I am not happy. I ask for one blessing, and that is the union of my dearly cherished child with the child of my brother. Reflect, Edith. Leon has gone freely, of his own accord. He will not return. He has slipped away mysteriously; and the rendezvous at Bruges was evidently only contrived to draw our attention from the real route he has followed. Now, then, nothing stands in the way of my happiness but your will, my child. I am sure you will not refuse to please your old father's heart.'

'By doing what, father?'

'By consenting to a union with your cousin.'

'My father, you could not ask me to do anything more painfully disagreeable. It is not indifference, it is not want of affection—it is invincible repulsion and dislike I feel for him. Something stands between him and me, which, if plainly described, would be called hate. If, under these circumstances, you still wish our union, I will try and make up my mind to it, as I would make up my mind to death and ruin.'

'My cousin, what have I done to merit your hate?' said young Karl, who was very pale.

'I cannot explain to you, but I know my feelings. My father has compelled me to divulge them. I now leave myself in your hands, and trust to your generosity.'

The banker had not replied: he was in a passion. The working of his face shewed the agitation of his mind. At last he trusted himself to speak.

'Edith, I have been too good to you. I have weakly allowed this young Frenchman to steal away your heart. You no longer love me, or how could you speak of hating my brother's child!'

'I cannot help it, my father: it is a feeling I cannot resist. It came on me almost with the first sight of him; but it may pass. I will do my best to conquer it. You have been a kind, good father, and had you not shewn your feelings too much to Leon, I should have been a happy woman. But Leon has gone; and, though altogether unchanged, I will, if one month hence you wish to force me, take the hand of one whom I shall never either respect or love!'

With these words, Edith, who was ready to choke with emotion, hurried out of the room, leaving the uncle and the nephew together. They were silent for a few minutes; and then the banker, taking

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young Karl's hand, bade him be of good cheer, for that feelings so violent never lasted long.

'My uncle,' replied the youth, bending his eyes upon the ground, 'it is my firm belief that she will never change. I had better retire. I have already driven away a friend; I have made your daughter unhappy: I see no wise course before me but to depart. You will still remain my friend, and aid me with your purse and counsel.'

'No, my nephew, I will not have you depart. Wait the month. Edith is under the influence of a severe disappointment. She loved Leon; he has gone away. I should never have sent him; but he has gone, and this will end by changing her feelings. What he has done is certainly very generous; but as it appears to me irremediable, the girl will bring her mind to it in a few days, and then the darling hope of my whole life will be realised.'

'But she hates me.'

'She almost hates me just now. That is quite natural. We have sent away her affianced lover. But wait, I tell you; wounded vanity and pride will soon come to her aid, and she will marry the first who asks her the moment she feels the least anger towards Leon.'

'The first who asks her, my uncle!'

'There is no harm in that, as you will of course be the first.'

'But that is not very flattering to me, uncle.'

'Karl,' said the banker—whose confidence in his profound knowledge of the female character was very great—'if Edith once marries you, she will love you, and do her duty by you as your wife.'

'You certainly raise my hopes, uncle; but still I wish the month were passed.'

'Ah, my son, time moves quickly enough! When you reach my age, you will find it move too quickly.'

X.

The next day, young Karl offered, as far as it was in his power, to do the duty of Leon. The banker, much gratified, accepted, but would not allow Edith to give up her part in the work of his private cabinet. Young Karl was yet of little use. He could, it is true, calculate rapidly, and do all the arithmetical work of the house; but he was totally incapable of carrying on a correspondence. This share of the private business now fell to Edith, who acquitted herself of her task with admirable success. Karl the younger simply kept a note of all money paid out or received during the day, calculated the profit or loss on any transaction, and did, in fact, the mere mechanical work. The banker himself only kept a little private note-book, which he referred to when wishing to know the exact state of his affairs—trusting to Karl now, as he was wont to Leon, to keep his formal accounts.

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Edith was by this means thrown forcibly nearly all day into the society of her cousin, whom, however, she never spoke to, except as one clerk is compelled to speak to the other—to ask for a piece of information, for the copy of some figures, &c. He, on the contrary, never lost an opportunity of addressing her. The banker sat with his back against the wall at a large table, close to which, in the wall, was an antique oak strong-box, containing his securities and cash : it was divided into two compartments—the upper one being that of the papers, the lower one that of the gold and silver. Young Karl sat nearly opposite to him at a small table ; and Edith in another corner, also facing her father.

It was two days before the one the banker had fixed for the wedding, and he sat musing and smiling at his table—looking sometimes at one, and sometimes at the other. Young Karl was very serious, but there was a look of triumphant delight about him, which spoke clearly of the conquering hero ; while Edith was very silent and very sad. Her feelings were various and conflicting. She would never have engaged herself to any man without her father's consent ; but once having engaged herself, and received the sanction of her parent, she conceived her engagement to be sacred. The departure of Leon scarcely released her from her vow. When young persons under such circumstances are plighted and betrothed, it is not a thing to be lightly broken : the heart, the reason, the mind, are equally habituated to the idea ; besides, there is a certain want of delicacy in a woman who for a long time has looked on one man as her affianced husband, turning round and taking another at once, without hesitation or delay.

‘My cousin is sad to-day,’ observed young Karl in a timid tone.

‘You were asking me for the account of Groshein and Brothers,’ answered Edith, handing him a paper.

‘Thank you,’ said Karl, biting his nether lip until the blood came.

‘My dear Edith,’ put in the father gently, ‘poor Karl asked you a very polite question. You have not answered him.’

‘My father, this is a place of business, and these are business hours,’ replied the girl quietly, but scarcely concealing a curl of contempt on her lip.

‘True, my child ; but as in two days he will be your husband’—

‘God will not allow such a terrible thing to happen!’ exclaimed Edith almost wildly.

‘Edith!’

‘Cousin!’

‘Father,’ said the girl more calmly, ‘I still wish to please you. I would be his wife, if I could. I intend not to refuse you when the day comes. But I feel that Providence is good ; and that even to gratify a kind and good parent, it will not permit me to be sacrificed

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to a man I despise and hate, while one I love and respect lives to give me hope and life.'

'My child,' said the banker quickly, 'he must be forgotten. He has behaved towards you in a contemptuous manner, and is not'——

'Hush! dear father; your heart tells a different story. You feel that Leon has behaved nobly, generously, and well, if not wisely; and yet you are naturally glad, because you are enabled to carry out your darling plan. But if I marry my cousin, he must expect nothing from me save the coldest duty.'

The banker was silent; for she had read his heart. He was angry at Leon for walking off in the way he did; but his conscience told him that the young man had behaved with rare generosity, and that few men would have ever thought of imitating him. He loved, it is true, the memory of his brother dearly, and his brother's child as a natural consequence; but had he chosen a nephew, it would have been Leon, not Karl; but Karl was his nephew, and Leon was not. Duty and natural affection, therefore, bade him love the one better than the other, and he did so.

The nephew remained poring over some accounts, to hide his confusion and annoyance at the conversation; and the old man soon felt that his silence was adding to the discomfort of the scene. He therefore spoke.

'My dear Edith, you must end by loving my brother's child: he is your cousin, and my nephew: the joy your marriage will give your father is something'——

'It is everything, my father'——

A knock at this moment was heard at the door on the side of young Karl—a gentle knock, which the young man himself answered.

'What is it?' said he to a servant, who presented himself.

'A person wishes to speak with you,' replied the domestic.

'His name?' said young Karl impatiently.

At the same moment there was a knock at the door on the side of Edith. She also answered, and another domestic appeared.

'What want you, Marguerite?' said she, surprised at an unusual interruption.

'A girl wishes to speak with you,' replied the servant.

'Who is it?'

'A total stranger,' continued Marguerite.

'Did she give no name?'

'She said her name was unknown to you; but I was to say Poleska wished to speak with Edith Rosenfelt, from Leon Gondy.'

'I come instantly,' exclaimed Edith in a trembling tone. 'My father, excuse me for a time—I leave your presence on important business;' and then she added, in a low tone: 'I knew that Providence was good!'

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'Peter Krubingen,' said the domestic to the nephew.

Young Karl started, turned very pale, and hurried out, leaving the old man alone with his reveries. He did not take much notice of the sudden absence of the cousins, but leaned his head upon his hand, and pondered. The words of Edith, her evident desire to please him at any sacrifice, her undoubted affection for Leon, her aversion for his nephew, were all clear to his mind's eye, and yet he did not wish to retreat. There was a fund of obstinacy in his character, which was accustomed to yield only before strong circumstances. The project he was about to carry out was one that had filled his mind for years, and he caressed it with all a parent's love for an only child; still he saw floating before his mental vision reproachfully, the vision of Leon Gondy.

At this instant, young Karl entered hurriedly; he was very, very pale. His emotion was so great, that he fell rather than seated himself on his chair, and taking up a pen, began to write convulsively. The absence of Edith seemed to surprise him, and every now and then he looked towards her door. In a few minutes the door opened, and in she came. She, too, was very pale; but there was in her eyes such a glance of triumph and joy, that young Karl nearly leaped off his chair. She seated herself quietly and gravely, and then prepared to speak.

Karl trembled like a leaf; he seemed to watch for the sound of her voice like a criminal for the verdict of his judge.

'My father,' said she solemnly, 'you have not been careful with your strong-box these last few days. You have been robbed of eighty thousand florins in gold, precious stones, and papers on Paris.'

'What!' cried old Rosenfelt, amazed; 'what mean you?'

'That when you make up your books, you will find yourself so much poorer than you think, as eighty thousand florins can make a rich banker.'

'But how discovered you it not before?'

'Because your books have been falsified, figures erased and altered, as seeming blunders; and because I never doubted the honesty of a Rosenfelt.'

'Speak, girl!—what mean you?' said the old man, wildly looking first at one and then at the other.

'Look at yon trembling culprit: he knew not that he was already discovered; although he suspected it was coming, and had provided against the blazoning forth of his villainy. Nay, seek not the door; it is too late!'

As Edith spoke, the young man rose, pale as a flake of snow, tottering, trembling, to make for the door.

'God of heaven! my nephew a thief!' said the old man.

'Your nephew!' cried Edith contemptuously. 'You have no nephew.'

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At this instant, the door was opened violently : Peter Krubingen was pushed forward head foremost by a party of the city watch ; behind came Leon Gondy, Poleska, and an old man, tall, thin, and wan from suffering. Leon ran forward, and kissed the hand of Edith ; the old man caught old Karl in his arms ; and one of the watch, collaring young Karl, cried : ' In the name of the law, I arrest you, Louis Rigardin, otherwise Louis Krubingen, falsely calling yourself Karl Rosenfelt.'

The young man made no resistance, but was placed by his father, the false Peter Krubingen, without a word.

' Am I dreaming ? Where am I ? What means this ? Who is this stranger who embraces me—speak, say ? Why do officers of justice invade the house of the chief-magistrate of Ghent ?' exclaimed the banker, almost incoherently.

' I am thy brother Paul,' cried the stranger passionately, ' and I have done all this. When I say all I have suffered from these two monstrous impostors, you will then surely excuse the liberties I have taken. Thank this noble youth, Leon Gondy, that I am alive to tell my tale.'

A scene of confusion almost impossible to be described now took place. Karl sank insensible on a chair, supported by his brother ; Edith and Leon rushed forward to aid him ; the city watch removed the two prisoners, after the false young Karl had owned that the missing money was in his room up-stairs.

XI.

The following was the narrative told by Poleska, and already alluded to, and which from the first sentence deeply interested Leon Gondy :

' I am an orphan ; I never knew my parents. Taken by the hand by worthy people, the owners of this inn originally, some thirteen years ago, I was educated by them, and looked forward to being their adopted child ; they, however, died suddenly, and, as I now fear, under very peculiar circumstances. The inn was then taken by one who gave himself the name of Peter Krubingen ; he was, however, a Frenchman, and, as I afterwards found, his name was Rigardin. He had a son about my own age. He condescended to accept me as a playmate for his child, and soon, as an assistant in the business. A man of a certain education, he gave me some more ideas than I had before while teaching his son ; but he gave me no principles : his ideas were cynical and bad. I knew not what feeling it was that made his notions repulsive to me ; so much so, that when I grew older, and found he was the chief of a nefarious band infesting the forest, using his inn as a trap, I would have fled ; but it was too late. I was deeply attached to his son. The boy was

weak, and gave into his father's plans but too readily : I endeavoured to resist his parent's teaching, and with some success. The result was, that he did evil with his eyes open, and was miserable. I often reproached his father, who, at first furious, soon bore my fault-finding far too gently ; the man, it seems, liked my spirit, and determined to make me his wife. It appears that he had planned to abandon his comrades, and return to France, when he should have realised a certain sum ; but a temptation came in his way. A banker, named Rosenfelt, wanted a confidential clerk'—

'Rosenfelt!' exclaimed Leon, astounded. 'Rigardin'—

'You know the name'—

'Yes, yes! go on.'

'If you know him, this is nothing : it is to come to another crime, now being performed, that I tell you all this.'

'Another crime!—continue, in the name of God.'

'By means of confederates in Paris, he got the place, and staid there twelve months. At the end of that time, having gained the confidence of his employer, he robbed him and fled. The banker, a generous and forgiving man, never pursued him ; and he came back here again to resume his old courses. He was almost inclined to leave the country, when another nefarious idea came into his head.

'It was late one evening, when a traveller sought shelter here ; he was an old man, who scarcely was sure of his way. He asked if he could reach Ghent that night, and was answered that he could not : the distance was exaggerated to thirty miles, and he, with a deep sigh, intimated his intention to stop. He ordered his horse to the stables, after removing the saddle-bags, and a small travelling sack, with pistols and sabre, and then asked for supper. He seemed a man who had seen much of the world, and who had served. Just as supper was ready, he asked us all to join him, ordering a large jar of wine.

"You have lived long in this place?" said he presently.

"Several years," replied Peter with a suspicious glance.

"I ask, because, having been abroad many years in America, you may perhaps tell me something of those I left behind."

"Maybe I can, my master."

"Were you ever in Ghent?"

"I know a little of it," replied Peter, again uneasy.

"Have you ever heard of one Karl Rosenfelt?" asked the other abruptly, and as if overcome with emotion.

'My master was in the act of raising a cup to his lips. He trembled so violently, that he nearly spilt all his wine ; but recovering himself, he answered : "The richest banker in all Ghent ; a man with an enormous fortune, a still greater reputation, and an only daughter."

"Thank God, my brother lives!" cried the old man.

"Your brother!" exclaimed Peter Krubingen with a strange look.

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"Yes, my brother. I left him a wild youth, and I return to him laden with riches. But I am weary of a foreign land, and I return home to live the rest of my days in peace. I wonder whether he will remember me?"

"Surely he will," said Peter, after a moment's thought. "But I now may tell you, that I lived in his house for years, and I never knew a day pass without his speaking of his long-lost brother. It is to his bounty that I owe my present independence."

The old man listened with a delighted glance, Louis and I astounded, and not yet aware of the deep cunning of this arch-impostor.

"And so you have seen my brother?" said Paul Rosenfelt with flashing eyes. "Good Karl, he was always steady. Would the night was past, that I might press him in my arms."

"A bed is ready for you at once, if you could sleep in the old mill," replied Peter, avoiding my eyes.

"Anywhere. I am an old soldier, and have roughed it in the Mexican hills too often not to consider a mill a luxury. Call me early, and I will reward the waiter handsomely."

With these words, he took up his saddle-bags and sack, with his pistols, and walked away to the mill, Peter Krubingen shewing him the road. We remained behind, looking at each other in blank silence; we felt that another crime was to be added to those already so familiar to us, and we knew not what to say or do. Presently Peter returned, shut up the inn, and drew near the fire; he was musing, and we dared not interrupt him.

"Louis," said he at last, "do you wish to make your fortune at one stroke, to rise to riches and honours in this world, and become even the son of a rich banker?"

"What mean you?" exclaimed both in one breath.

"I know the whole history of the family Rosenfelt. Paul is thought to be dead; let them think so still."

"What!" I said, blanched with terror—"murder at last?"

"Hush, girl! I talk not of murder. But Paul Rosenfelt leaves not the old mill until my son be married to his brother's daughter."

"Never!" said I warmly.

Louis said nothing.

Peter then laid his plan bare before us. He knew intimately the character of his late employer. He intended to seize the papers of Paul, and counterfeit his handwriting. Well instructed and furnished with credentials, Louis would then start, and personate the son of the long-lost brother, obtain the good graces of Karl, and marry his daughter.

"The villain! the monster!" cried Leon, radiant, however, with joy and hope.

The lad accepted, for he never cared much for me; his character was too weak for any sentiment to last long. We sat up a portion

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of the night, they laying their plans, I devouring my rage and despair, for I loved Louis then, and even now would welcome him back if he came. At dead of night, they entered the mill, overpowered Paul in his sleep, and took away his sack and saddle-bags; but they found no single trace of the old man's wealth. They found letters and papers, and a journal of his life: these were invaluable; and during a whole month were the daily and hourly study of them both. Forced by my threats of exposure, they did give him proper food, and forbore from any thought of serious ill-usage. The lad never had any, but the father thought it would be wisest to get rid of a troublesome evidence against them: he, however, concealed his intentions carefully; and when at last the day came for the departure of his son, solemnly pledged himself, that once his plans were carried out, the old man should have his freedom.

'Louis started, and reached Ghent, where it appears he played his part with consummate skill, deceiving father, daughter, and accepted lover.'

'Yes, all!' exclaimed Leon.

'How know you?'

'How know I? Because I am that lover; because during a whole month this audacious impostor has made me wretched; because I have for him given up her I love. The old man thought him his nephew, and wished to unite the cousins. But the hand of Providence is upon him, and Edith is saved!'

'You Leon Gondy!' exclaimed Poleska, amazed: 'then I need say no more. Take this key, rescue Paul Rosenfelt, and then for all reward I ask you to spare Louis. He is a boy—weak and bad, it is true, but spare him.'

'So far as I am concerned, he shall be spared,' replied Leon; 'but the key, the key!'

XII.

When the young man found himself violently pushed inside the prison of Paul Rosenfelt, his first impulse was to look around him. On a bed lay the old man, his hands and feet so tied that to rise was impossible. The room was large, with iron-barred windows, almost in the roof; the walls were of hewn stone, the door of massive wood. It was a solid and secure prison, and the heart of the young man sank within him. He was so overcome, that he sat on a stool by the bedside before speaking.

'Well, what new villainy, good Master Krubingen?' said the old man in a faint but sneering tone.

'O sir, I am not Peter Krubingen, but one who, coming to save you, has fallen into a trap, and now shares your prison.'

'Thy voice is new to me, but you are of the gang; you seek

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to trick me out of some secret. Go ; I can die here, but I will not speak.'

'In the name of God, listen to me ; I come to save you, your brother, and Edith from infamy worse than death. Listen, and then judge who I am.'

And Leon Gondy spoke, after cutting the bonds of the other which bound him to his bed.

'I believe you, my noble young friend,' said the old man, sitting up after several vain efforts, 'and bless you from my soul. I thought that girl Poleska was a good girl. But how escape from hence?'

Both waited hours in the vain endeavour to imagine some means of escape. They spoke of Karl, of his virtues, of his goodness, of his many noble qualities, and then, irritated and furious, they tried to shake the heavy door ; but it moved not. They spoke of Edith. Leon told again the story of his love, of his sorrows ; he hinted at his generous sacrifice, and every minute the old man thanked Providence for sending him at least a comforter.

'My hope is in Poleska,' said Leon Gondy at last. 'The girl detests the crime that grows rank round her ; she loves Louis, and would prevent his marriage with Edith. This feeling will keep her intelligence alive, and at the first moment when the watch is careless, she will act.'

'But in the meantime the evil may be done, boy,' said Paul with an expression of deep passion, terrible in his weak state. 'Hush ! the hour is come when our jailers bring food. Speak not a word, but listen and mark.'

A little window in the very summit of the mill opened, a cord was let down with a basket attached, Leon unfastened it, and the basket was instantly taken up again by an unseen hand.

'Twice every day this has been done since I have been here,' said the old man : 'it has been the only relief to the dull monotony of my existence.'

'But it cannot be that we are to wear out our lives here !' exclaimed Leon. 'But what to do ? We are helpless, powerless ; we cannot move hands or feet. To think of the evil that is being done while we are confined here ; it is enough to drive one mad !'

'Young man,' said Paul Rosenfelt solemnly, 'repine not thus ; we are in the hands of a merciful God. During my long life, I have been in much trouble, but Providence has taken me out at last. Something will occur to relieve us, be sure.'

Leon shook his head, and replied not ; his thoughts—thoughts of poignant anguish—were far away.

Thus passed several days, until at last they had come to look almost upon this as their regular existence. They talked incessantly of the absent, but this only served to make them more miserable. Leon had tried every hole and corner in the place ; he had sounded the walls, he had tried the door, but all to no purpose.

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One day, when their food, supplied always abundantly, had been let down, they noticed that when the basket was drawn up, the window remained open, and a bundle followed.

'Listen !' said the voice of Poleska, coming, as it were, from the clouds.

'Hark !' replied the old man solemnly.

Leon stood up, firm and hopeful.

'He has gone. There is danger to him, it seems. Young Louis has robbed the banker of eighty thousand florins, to be ready in case his marriage project fails. In the bundle you will find a saw, a chisel, a hammer, and a file ; use them quickly, obtain your freedom, and remember.'

'Do you remain here alone?' said Leon.

'I do.'

'Will you act while we are working?—will you go and save the banker's child? I abjure you solemnly to do as I bid you.'

'I will.'

'Wait a moment. Go at once to Ghent ; ask, in my name, at the house of Karl Rosenfelt for Edith ; say you come on business of life and death from us. When you see her, tell the whole truth, and all that can be done for you and him shall be done. Lose no time : go.'

'I will go. There is a horse in the stable : I will reach Ghent as soon as Peter. God speed you. If you cannot get out of yourselves, you shall soon be released.'

The window closed, and the girl was heard descending the old ladder of the mill. The instant she reached the inn, she locked the door, and, mounting a horse, galloped along the road to Ghent ; she looked not to the right nor the left, but went on. Her pace was wild and rapid ; and so little did she take note of events, that within two or three miles of Ghent, she passed Peter Krubingen refreshing himself at a road-side inn. The man muttered an imprecation, leaped on his horse, and galloped after her ; but she did not follow the main road, and he did not overtake her. He entered at one gate, she at the other, and their arrival at the banker's house was almost simultaneous ; hence the terror and alarm of the young man after his interview with his father.

Meanwhile the two prisoners had made good use of their time ; and about half an hour after the flight of Poleska, they were free. They bounded to the road, and found some carriers beating at the inn-door. A few words stopped them ; and then Paul, whose money and papers of value were all on his person, readily obtained the use of two horses. Away they galloped on to Ghent ; and in two hours entered the town by different gates, at both of which they gave a full description of Peter Krubingen. They met at the guard-house of the burghers, and thence the news flew to the other gates. Half-a-dozen men followed them to the banker's house, in a low

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tavern near which the inn-keeper was arrested. The rest is known already.

XIII.

It was a proud day in Rosenfelt House. The arrival of his brother in person was at first a great shock to the banker, while at the discovery of the cheat practised on him he felt humiliated. It took some time to explain to him the real state of affairs. The mixing up of the name of Rigardin with the matter made clear much that had happened. He scarcely knew on whom most to lavish his caresses ; he gently chid Leon for leaving them, and thus risking results so terrible.

But his conduct to his brother brought tears to the eyes of all. He was never weary of gazing at him ; he asked him incessant questions ; he scolded him for being silent for so many years ; he thanked God for preserving him, and for the opportune meeting with Leon Gondy.

‘But what have you done for more than a score of years—since your flight after that stupid quarrel with your father?’ he asked at last.

‘My dear Karl, in the pride and anger of my heart, I had vowed that none of mine should ever know of me again. I embarked for Spain as a common sailor, suffered hardship, heat, and cold, and starvation, and then sailed for America, where I resolved to take up my residence for ever. I became at first a hunter, then a soldier ; and rising more from my wild determination than any other merit, became an officer. Nearly sixteen years ago, I married the widow of my colonel, a woman of vast wealth ; we lived very happily together, until two years ago, when she died. I had now nothing to attach me to Mexico, and age and reason had brought repentance. I could not hope to see my father again, but I might see my brother—my good brother Karl.’

‘God bless you, Paul, for thinking of me!’

‘Yes ; once the thought of you entered my head, it remained there day and night ; it haunted me incessantly. I began to realise my fortune ; but this took some time, as it was necessary to be done by stealth. At last I had remitted the whole to a banker in Rotterdam, one Peter Kelps’——

‘A good man—my correspondent : your money is safe,’ put in the wealthy banker, smiling.

‘I started then for Europe, and, eager to find you, came hither direct from Spain on horseback. The rest you have learned already. But now, what is to be done with the knaves to whom I owe a cord and gibbet?’

‘Paul Rosenfelt,’ said Leon quickly, ‘our troubles are now over—let us not avenge. These wretches deserve condign punishment, and society will seek to punish them ; but recollect my vow to Poleska : the boy must not be harmed.’

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'Leon Gondy,' exclaimed Paul, 'I owe you too much not to acquiesce in anything you ask of me ; but these knaves must not run loose on society, to trick and rob others.'

'Certainly not ; but Poleska may save them : she loves the boy—let her marry him. Once her husband, she will master him completely. Then let them answer for the father. Send them back to the inn, knowing that our eye is upon them. Let your brother see that the place be watched, and there will be little fear of their doing harm.'

'I consent,' said Paul approvingly, 'though the father deserves a halter.'

'I think Leon's project wise,' put in Karl. 'I do not want exposure, though the events of the last month must be explained. First, however, let these knaves leave the town. No time is to be lost.—Leon, do you have them sent for, that they may be examined ; do you, Edith, produce Poleska.'

The two lovers hurried away ; and half an hour later, the prisoners and their old servant were in presence of the chief-magistrate of Ghent. The pretended Peter Krubingen looked defiant ; his son hung his head, and wept ; Poleska was very pale.

'You are aware, Rigardin, that your life is forfeited ?' began Karl.

'Take it, then !' said the prisoner sullenly.

'Not only your own life, but that of your son.'

Louis trembled like a waving leaf ; Rigardin gulped down a heavy sigh, and the expression of his countenance softened ; while Poleska leaned against the wall for support, her hand pressed convulsively upon her heart.

'I know it, Karl Rosenfelt,' said the man half sullenly, half imploringly ; 'but take my life only, for that boy is innocent, save of obedience to a bad father.' The three men looked at each other ; Paul, Karl, and Leon whispered together.

'That word, Rigardin, has saved you,' said Karl, suddenly turning round : 'there is one green spot in your seared heart yet. But you are aware of the affection of Poleska for your son ?'

'I am,' said the man almost savagely.

'Then consent to their marriage—swear to live with them, to treat them as your children, and you may have a conditional pardon. You will be bound down, under penalty of being transported to America, never to go one mile beyond your inn, until such time as we see fit, from your good conduct, to relax our severity.'

Peter Rigardin looked stupidly astonished ; he could not understand such clemency on the part of the injured.

'You seem surprised. Learn that you owe this to the man most injured—to Leon Gondy. He would not have his marriage made sad by the sorrows even of the guilty. But speak ! do you consent ?'

'I do ; and by every saint in heaven I swear'—

'Swear not. I will take your word, though using all just precaution.

—Now, Louis, do you consent to marry Poleska, and be unto her a husband?’

‘I thank you all, my masters,’ replied Louis in a timid tone; ‘but Poleska’——

‘Will be your wife so long as you keep from guilt. But the day you again look at crime, I leave you to your fate!’ said Poleska firmly and resolutely.

‘The strong woman will save the weak man,’ whispered Paul to his brother.

Karl nodded, and then the prisoners were removed. Next day, Louis and Poleska were married, and they went back to the inn. It was reopened, and, with the aid of money given by Leon, repaired and replenished. The father accompanied them. His first act was one that shewed his desire to keep his word: he boldly told all his evil associates what had happened, and then added, that if they did anything to his knowledge, they would be denounced; while, in case of any harm happening to him, a list of their names was in the hands of the chief-magistrate of Ghent. Then he set to work, to aid his children. They had now a man-servant and a chamber-maid, both watches over Peter; and as the house became clean, the accommodation good, and the neighbourhood got cleared of the alarmed ex-confederates, the house was frequented, and prospered. The man was not cured in heart for a long time, but he had good watch kept over him; and in course of time, finding a life free from crime much easier and happier than one of guilt, he became at all events a respectable man. Poleska became a portly hostess. She ruled Louis kindly but firmly, and was thorough mistress of her house. Supported and protected by a woman of energy, loved by her, Louis got cured of the evil teaching of his youth; and at forty was a jolly, talkative, gossiping, but honest host, with half-a-dozen children, the delight of a strange and somewhat grave old man they called grandfather.

Leon and Edith continued to protect them. When it was seen that they all kept firmly on the right road, the vigilance of the magistrate relaxed, and they were not only pardoned, but treated kindly. As for the young lovers, they were very happy: they married, and lived still in Rosenfelt House for some years. At the death of Karl, which took place ten years later, and one year after that of Paul, the young man found himself so rich, that he sold his bank to two of his wealthiest correspondents, and retired to Paris, where the son of the jeweller became count and lord, taking the name of Leon de Gondy. Had the wealth of the banker fallen into the hands of the young impostor, it would have melted like water, for money is a good or an evil as we know its use and value. Gold—like the Indian plant which, eat in its raw state, is death, while prepared, it is the bread of life—is a balm, a talisman, or a deadly poison, as it is used ill or well.

ROB ROY AND THE CLAN MACGREGOR.



THE Highlands of Scotland, as is generally known, form a large mountainous territory in the north-western division of the kingdom, and have from time immemorial been inhabited by a Celtic people, differing in manners, dress, and language from their Lowland or Anglo-Saxon neighbours. A very remarkable peculiarity among the Highlanders was their system of clanship. The country was parcelled out into a number of little territories, each inhabited by a clan; that is, by a few hundreds, or a few thousands of persons, all bearing the same name, and all believed to be sprung from the same stock; and each territory was governed by the chief of the clan, under the guidance of certain established customs and traditional maxims. The government was one of pure affection. The meanest clansman, while he venerated his chief, believed at the same time that the blood which flowed in his chief's veins was the same as that which flowed in his own; and the chief, on the other hand, while his power was all but absolute, was expected to clasp the hand of the poorest man in the clan when he met him, and at all times to treat him with dignity and respect, as a scion of the same race as himself.

At the middle of the eighteenth century, there were about forty distinct clans in the Highlands, some of them numerous and powerful, others small and weak. In general, each clan occupied a defined tract of country: thus, the west of Sutherlandshire was the 'country' of the Mackays; the west of Ross and the island of Lewis, the 'country' of the Mackenzies; Argyleshire, the 'country' of the Campbells; and so on. In the districts adjoining the Lowlands, the territories of the respective clans appear to have latterly been less precisely marked, as if the various tribes, by their mutual collisions,

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had been partially broken up and intermingled with each other. Thus, beginning at the Firth of Clyde, and proceeding along the line dividing the Highlands from the Lowlands, we find Colquhouns, Buchanans, Macfarlanes, Macgregors, Maclarens, Maclachlans, Grahams, Stewarts, Drummonds, Murrays, Menzieses, Robertsons, Ogilvies, Farquharsons, either occupying small patches of territory, or so mixed together that they cannot be separated. Besides being split up by collisions, the clans in this quarter suffered unquestionably from the pressure of the Lowland settlers, and the grants made of their lands to favourite retainers of the Scottish monarchs. The Macgregors, whose settlement was the district north of Loch Lomond, were one of these maltreated frontier clans.

ORIGIN AND EARLY HISTORY OF THE MACGREGORS—THEIR SUFFERINGS AS A CLAN.

Chroniclers tell us that in the year 831, at the time when the Picts and Scots were contending for the mastery of the northern part of the island, there was a king of the latter people called Alpin. His son was Kenneth II., or Kenneth Macalpine, who, after conquering the Picts, reigned over the joint races of the Scots and Picts. He had a son Gregor or Gregory, who, in the Gaelic fashion, would be called Gregor Mackenneth Macalpine; and it is from this person that the Macgregors claim their descent. This claim of the Macgregors to an ancient and royal descent, forms the burden of two Gaelic rhymes referring to the clan; one of which runs thus: 'Hills, waters, and Macalpines are the three oldest things in Albion;' and the other asserts the hereditary claim of the Macgregors to the Scottish throne. Being of so illustrious a lineage, the Macgregors, although excluded by circumstances from the throne on which their progenitors had sat, were naturally in early times one of the most considerable families in the kingdom. They had originally very extensive estates in Argyshire and Perthshire, measuring in one direction from Loch Rannoch to Loch Lomond, and in another from Loch Etive to Taymouth. The seat of the principal branch of the family was Glenurchy, in the district of Lorn.

One of the first authentic notices of the Macgregors of Glenurchy is during the period of the struggle for independence against Edward I. of England. In 1296, John Macgregor of Glenurchy was made prisoner by Edward at the battle of Dunbar, where the fortunes of Baliol and the Scottish nation were shattered; and in the list of the prisoners, this Macgregor is styled one of the Magnates of Scotland. His lands and his liberty were afterwards restored to him by the conqueror, on condition of his going over to France to assist in the war which the English were then carrying on with that kingdom. It is probable that he returned to Scotland towards the close of the stormy period 1297-1306, and lived on his property of

Glenurchy. In this last-mentioned year, 1306, Robert Bruce, after killing his rival, John Cumin, assumed the Scottish crown; but not being able to cope with the English forces then in Scotland, and disowned by a large faction of the Scottish nobles, he had to quit his kingdom, and seek refuge in Ireland. Passing through the Highlands, the fugitive king was attacked and pursued by the Lord of Lorn, who had married Cumin's sister; and as the king in his flight passed through the territory of the Macgregors, it is probable that they assisted Lorn on this occasion. When, therefore, King Robert had seated himself firmly on the throne, he remembered the injury he had suffered at the hands of the Macgregors, and inflicted a severe punishment for it, by depriving the clan of a great part of its ancient possessions.

The commencement of a long series of misfortunes and persecutions dates from the time of Robert Bruce. Rendered weak, and at the same time fierce and disaffected, by the loss of so large a portion of their possessions in this king's reign, they resented, but could not resist the encroachments which, in these lawless times, their neighbours tried to make on the portion which still remained. While other more loyal clans secured their possessions by written charters from the king, the Macgregors scorned to retain theirs by any other right than the right of the sword; and hence, year after year, they found their territory diminishing, eaten into, as it were, on all sides by the cupidity of their neighbours. The 'greedy' Campbells, as the enemies of this powerful and distinguished clan used spitefully to nickname it, were the neighbours from whose aggressions on their property the Macgregors suffered most; and early in the fifteenth century, Glenurchy passed finally out of the possession of the Macgregors into that of the Campbells. Accordingly, in a charter of the date 1442, we find the title of 'Glenurchy' applied to Sir Colin Campbell, a younger son of Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochawe.

The Macgregors were now a landless clan. But although deprived of all legal right to their ancient possessions, they were too numerous and powerful to be actually driven off the face of the lands in Perthshire and Argyleshire which they occupied. They accordingly continued to reside on them nominally in the capacity of tenants either of the crown or of some neighbouring clan chief, such as Campbell of Glenurchy, but really as independently as if they still were their own landlords. The legal title, however, having once been alienated from the Macgregors, they became a doomed race, subject to annoyances and persecutions at the hands of every one. Of so little consideration were they, along with other broken clans, that it was customary for the Scottish government, in the fifteenth century, to reward noblemen of tried loyalty by bestowing on them portions of the unreclaimed crown lands in the Highlands, with all the uncivilised natives upon them, whether Macdonalds, or Macnabs,

or Macgregors. As the fortunate nobleman who obtained such a grant required to subdue or extirpate the natives before he could take possession of their lands, such a measure in these rude times was shrewd and politic; it was employing the griping spirit and fierce passions of the nobility to extend civilisation and preserve order in the kingdom. The task, however, of subduing or extirpating the native Highlanders was long, tedious, and occasionally impossible. The Macgregors especially seem to have been inextinguishable. Remaining doggedly and resolutely in their native glens, they cared little who was called their landlord, whether he were the king, or only a Campbell; and every attempt to exercise a landlord's rights met with a stern resistance. Sometimes acting on the defensive, and attacking any party which might enter into their territories for a hostile purpose—sometimes acting on the offensive, invading the territories of their foes in turn, burning their houses, and carrying off their cattle, the Macgregors soon acquired the reputation of being one of the most intractable and unruly clans in the Highlands. Hence it became a standing question with the Scottish government—How shall we clear the country of these Macgregors?

Probably, if the seat of the clan had been farther north, their wild and lawless conduct would have attracted less notice. But that such a clan should continue to exist, and to commit its outrages on the very borders of the Lowlands, within a few miles of royal residences and courts of justice, seemed to be a disgrace to any set of men intrusted with the government of a country. So at least thought the Scottish authorities of the fifteenth century; for in the rudest times the ideas of justice, order, and good government are always familiar to public functionaries. The whole resources of the police of that period were therefore employed against the Macgregors. We have already shewn in what these consisted—in stirring up clan against clan, in making the passions and the interests of one clan, pledged to the cause of order, clash with those of another reputedly disloyal.

The Campbells were the great enemies of the Macgregors during the fifteenth century. Favoured by grants from the kings, and by their own strong 'acquisitiveness,' they pushed themselves not only into Glenurchy, but farther east still—through Breadalbane as far as the banks of Loch Tay—ploughing their way, as it were, through the Macgregors, and casting the remnant of that doomed clan up on both sides, like the ridges of earth made by a plough. The Macgregors now, instead of being a whole and unbroken population, were divided into two separate tribes or masses, the one inhabiting the banks of Loch Rannoch and the north of Glenurchy, the other living in the immediate neighbourhood of Loch Lomond, in the districts of Glenfalloch and Balquhider. Both these bands of Macgregors appear to have made it their great object and occupation to retaliate on the Campbells the injuries they had received, by making

expeditions into the territories of which they had taken possession, carrying away the cattle, and doing all the mischief in their power. A Macgregor of the fifteenth century, whether born on the banks of Loch Rannoch or on the banks of Loch Lomond, was taught, as his first duty, to hate a Campbell. Nay, more, the Macgregors had no other means of subsistence than harassing and 'harrying' the Campbells. Hence, by the end of the fifteenth century, the Macgregors, formerly known as an unruly and intractable clan, had come to be notorious as robbers and cattle-stealers. In 1488, the first year of the reign of James IV., an act was passed by the parliament for the 'stanching of thift, reiff, and uther inormiteis, throw all the realme;' and, as was customary, the task of doing so was committed to the great landed proprietors, the proprietors of each district becoming bound to do their best to put down crime within their bounds. The Macgregors appear to have been specially aimed at by this act, for we find the following three proprietors, Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy, Ewen Campbell of Strachur, and Neil Stewart of Fortingal, appointed as a commission of justice to inquire into and punish the depredations committed in the districts of Glenurchy, Glenlyon, Glenfalloch, &c.—the very districts inhabited by the impoverished and desperate Macgregors.

We have sketched the history of the Macgregors down to the year 1500, at which period we find them, not spread over Perthshire and Argyleshire, as they had been two or three centuries before, but accumulated in two masses, one on the banks of Loch Rannoch, the other on the banks of Loch Lomond. The principal agents in effecting this change had been the Campbells; but in the beginning of the sixteenth century, we find the Macgregors of Rannoch involved in a new feud with the Menzieses. In 1502, Robert Menzies of that Ilk, already an extensive proprietor in the north of Perthshire, obtained a grant of the lands of Rannoch. In making this grant, the government did not trouble itself with the question: What was to become of the Macgregors who at present held the lands? It simply said to Menzies: 'Here is a desirable piece of property filled with Macgregors, and we make you a present of it on condition that you fill it with Menzieses.' Embracing the proposal, the Laird of Menzies made all preparations for expelling the poor Macgregors; who, on the other hand, having no means of emigrating, and not choosing to be driven into the sea, or to break up the clan and dissipate themselves through the kingdom, prepared as resolutely to remain where they were. They clung so desperately to their lands, and made such incursions into the territories of their oppressors, that the poor lairds of Menzies began to wish from their hearts they had never been made lords of Rannoch. The honour was very great, but the income was very small. By accepting the grant, they had incurred a sort of obligation to the government, which they found themselves unable to discharge. Thus, in 1523, we find Robert

Menzies putting in a petition to the Lords of the Council, begging to be exempted from all liability in the matter of keeping the Macgregors in order, 'seeing that the said Macgregor forcibly entered the said Robert's lands of Rannoch, and withholds the same frae him maisterfully, and is of far greater power than the said Robert, and will not be put out by him of the said lands;' and in 1530 we find the same laird, or his successor, 'asking instruments, that without some good rule be found for the clan Grigor, he may not have to answer for his lands, nor be bounden for good rule in the same.' This state of things continued through the whole of the sixteenth century, the Menzieses being the legal lords of Rannoch, and bound for good behaviour within the same; and yet the lands being held forcibly by the 'broken men of Macgregor,' who, though growing weaker and weaker every year, still refused to be rooted out.

Such, during the sixteenth century, was the condition of the Macgregors of Rannoch; nor was the condition of the other mass of the Macgregors, accumulated in Balquhiddy and on the borders of the Lowlands, happier or more peaceful. Their enemies, however, were far more formidable than the Menzieses; they were the Campbells of the neighbourhood, backed by all the power of the great Earl of Argyll, and by all the authority of the government. It must, indeed, have been galling to the Scottish council, sitting at Perth or Stirling, where also the king sometimes resided, to hear every day of depredations committed by the Macgregors in Glengyle, Strathearn, or Balquhiddy—almost, as it were, at their doors. Not only so, but the Macgregors began also to make incursions into the Lowlands, and to harass the most quiet and peaceable of the king's subjects. Now striking a blow at their old enemies, the Campbells of Glenurchy and Breadalbane, now making an expedition southward into the territories of the Colquhouns, the Buchanans, the Grahams, the Stewarts, and the Drummonds, sometimes even dashing in amongst the honest burghers working at their trades in the Lowland towns, the robber clan became a pest and a terror to all the neighbourhood. Accordingly, their name occurs frequently in the justiciary and other public records of the sixteenth century.

To such a pitch of violent and angry feeling was the privy-council raised by the continual depredations of the 'robber clan,' that in September 1563, in the reign of Queen Mary, it issued an edict of extermination by fire and sword against the whole of the Macgregors; appointing the Earls of Argyll, Moray, Athole, and Errol, Lords Ogilvy, Ruthven, and Drummond, Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy, and John, Laird of Grant, as commissioners, with power to see the edict put in force, each in his own district. Supplementary to this terrible decree, a similar warrant was granted to proceed with fire and sword against all 'harbourers' of the clan; that is, against all who should shelter any of the doomed race, or receive them into their houses.

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The decree for exterminating the Macgregors was zealously put in force by at least one of the commissioners, whose feeling against them was more personal and bitter than that of any of the others could be expected to be—Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy. The keen relish with which he fulfilled his share of the bloody business is commemorated in a passage, written in a manuscript history of the Campbells by the orders of his own son and successor, which tells us that 'he was ane great justiciar of all his time, through which he sustained that deadly feud of the clan Gregor ane lang space; and besides that, he caused execute to the death mony notable limmers [criminals]; he beheaded the Laird of Macgregor himself at Kenmore, in presence of the Earl of Athole, the lord-justice-clerk, and sundry other noblemen.' In executing the decree against the harbourers of the Macgregors, however, Sir Colin carried matters with so high a hand, and committed such atrocities against the lives and property of respectable families, that, after being remonstrated with to no purpose, he was deprived of his commission in the year 1565.

Although the severities employed against the Macgregors at this time fell far short of those which the language of the decree threatened, they appear to have produced some effect. A fraction of the clan had, in the course of this and previous persecutions, found it advisable to throw themselves upon the mercy of the government, and give security for peaceable conduct. The great majority of the clan, however, whether in Rannoch or Balquhider, continued as wild, as lawless, and as outrageous as ever. In the year 1566, the tenants and feuars of Menteath were unable to pay their rents, stating as a reason that their lands and houses had been 'harried' by the Macgregors. In fact, desperate and reckless, brought up from their earliest youth with the idea of being a wronged and persecuted race, and with the expectation of a violent death as a matter of course, the 'broken men of Macgregor' were ready to engage in any scheme, quarrel, or conspiracy which held out a prospect of activity, and especially of revenge against the Campbells.

We now come to a crisis in the history of the Macgregors. For three hundred years they had been the victims of a cruel fortune; but now there was impending over them one calamity more, the fall of which was to shatter them to pieces.

STORY OF DRUMMOND-EIRNICH—MACGREGOR OF GLENSTRAE—PROSCRIPTION OF THE CLAN MACGREGOR.

In the reign of James IV. there was a deadly feud between the Drummonds and the Murrays, two powerful clans on the southern frontiers of Perthshire. The Drummonds chancing once to find a hundred and sixty Murrays in the church of Monivaird, set fire to it, and roasted or suffocated them all—all except a single Murray,

whom one of the Drummonds took pity upon, and suffered to leap clear out of the flames. No sooner was the horrible deed made public, than vigorous measures were adopted against the Drummonds, a great many of whom were seized and executed. The Drummond to whose compassion the single Murray remaining out of the hundred and sixty owed his life, fled to Ireland; but being at length permitted to return, he and his family were known afterwards by the name of Drummond-Eirnich, or the Irish Drummonds. In the year 1589-90, Drummond-Eirnich, probably the grandson of this man, was one of the royal foresters in the forest of Glenartney, close upon the haunts occupied by a particular branch of the Macgregors, called MacEagh, or the Children of the Mist. Drummond-Eirnich having made himself obnoxious to the Children of the Mist by hanging several of the clan for some depredations—of which, as forester, he was officially required to take cognisance—a small party of them waylaid him in the forest, cut off his head, and, wrapping it in a plaid, carried it away with them as a trophy. 'In the full exultation of vengeance, they stopped at the house of Ardvoirlich, and demanded refreshment, which the lady, a sister of the murdered man (her husband being absent), was afraid or unwilling to refuse. She caused bread and cheese to be placed before them, and gave directions for more substantial refreshments to be prepared. While she was absent with this hospitable intention, the barbarians placed the head of her brother on the table, filling the mouth with bread and cheese, and bidding him eat, for many a merry meal he had eaten in that house. The poor woman returning, and beholding this dreadful sight, shrieked aloud, and fled into the woods, where for many weeks she roamed a raving maniac, and for some time secreted herself from all living society. The sequel of her story is, that some remaining instinctive feeling bringing her at length out of the woods to steal a glance, from a distance, at the maidens while they milked the cows, always darting away when she found herself perceived, her husband was at length able to convey her home, where, after giving birth to a child of which she had been pregnant, and whose subsequent history shewed the influence of the circumstances preceding his birth, she gradually recovered her mental faculties.* To return to the Macgregors. Foreseeing the storm which would burst upon them in consequence of the bloody deed they had committed, they marched straight to the old church of Balquhidder, taking the head of Drummond-Eirnich along with them. There all the clan having been convened, the ghastly head of the murdered man was laid on the altar, and the Macgregors, going up to it one by one, beginning with the chief, placed their hands upon it, and swore in the most awful manner to make common cause with the clansmen who had done the deed.

* Introduction to the *Legend of Montrose*.

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The murder of Drummond-Eirnich was no sooner known than prompt measures of vengeance were taken. By an act of the privy-council, dated Edinburgh, 4th February 1589, a commission was given to the Earls of Huntly, Argyll, Athole, Montrose, Patrick Lord Drummond, and seven other landed proprietors, to search for and apprehend Allaster Macgregor of Glenstrae, nearly two hundred others mentioned by name, 'and all others of the said clan Gregor, or their assisters, culpable of the said odious murder, or of theft, reset of theft, herships, and sornings, wherever they may be apprehended. And if they refuse to be taken, or flee to strengths and houses, to pursue and assiege them with fire and sword; and this commission to endure for the space of three years.' The commission appears to have been executed with extreme severity.

Allaster Roy Macgregor of Glenstrae, the person named first in the commission, being the head of the clan, was a brave and active man, the chief of an important family of the Macgregors, which had for long held a small property as tenants of Argyll, but which, about the year 1554, when the property was made over to Campbell of Glenurchy, was involved in the miseries endured by the rest of the clan. His father having been put to death, and himself ejected from his property, Allaster was compelled to follow the same wild and lawless career as other chieftains of his unhappy race. At the same time he seems to have foreseen the ruin which would inevitably attend the conduct of him and his fellows, and to have wished, from the bottom of his heart, to avert the coming catastrophe by putting himself and his clan within the pale of civilised life before it was too late. Accordingly, in the year 1591, we find him entering into a compact with Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy and other Perthshire proprietors, under the auspices of government, binding himself and his followers to abstain from slaughters and depredations; and in consequence of this compact, it appears that the sentence of the commission against him was annulled. All his efforts, however, were insufficient to tame the turbulent spirit which had grown up under centuries of suffering; and the other proprietors who had signed the bond—or, as they are called, 'the Landlords of the clan Gregor'—finding it impossible to keep their promise so long as they had any Macgregors among their tenants, began ruthlessly to turn them out. Seeing his poor clansmen thus buffeted and tossed about, denied house-room, as it were, on the face of the earth, Allaster Macgregor went to Dunfermline in July 1596, and delivered himself up as a hostage to the king for the future good behaviour of his clan. Tired, however, of dancing attendance at the court of King James, whose conversation and habits were, we may suppose, not very congenial with those of a Highland chief, Allaster dashed away one day to his native hills.

Still he persisted in his efforts to maintain friendly relations with the king and his council; and when other clans, stirred up, it was

said, by the crafty and dissimulating Earl of Argyll, invaded the lands occupied by the Macgregors, Allaster, instead of retaliating, took the extraordinary step—extraordinary for a Highland chief—of demanding damages in a court of law. ‘The Laird of Macgregor and his kin,’ are the words of his counsel in a paper of protest preserved in the Justiciary Records, ‘were the first since King James the First’s time that came and sought justice.’ And in July 1599, when he was summoned to appear before the king and council to give farther security for the good order of his clan, there was presented an offer in his name of eighteen hostages, six out of each of the three principal houses of the clan, with a prayer that his majesty would be pleased to accept these in lieu of the pecuniary caution demanded: ‘in respect,’ says the document—and there is a tone of real melancholy in the words—‘that neither is he responsible in the sums whereupon the caution is found; and that nae inland man will be caution for him in respect of the bypast enormities of his clan.’ In other words, the poor chief confesses that his clan now had neither money nor credit.

Notwithstanding all Allaster’s promises and endeavours, the clan could not all at once conform to the usages of civilised life. Ever and anon the irrepressible Macgregor spirit broke out: a provoking Campbell was occasionally stabbed by the dirk of a fiery clansman, or a stray herd of cattle was found missing from the hills. At length the king and his council relieved themselves of the whole charge of the Macgregors, by appointing the Earl of Argyll to the office of lord-lieutenant and chief-justice over all the lands inhabited by the clan. Under this new arrangement, it might have been possible for the Macgregors to recover their character, and become good subjects; and Allaster Macgregor seems to have flattered himself at first with the expectation of this desirable result. But Argyll was a crafty, double-dealing man; and while seeming zealously engaged in restoring order in the west Highlands, he in reality used the authority with which his office invested him to convert the Macgregors into instruments for accomplishing his own purposes of private revenge. Establishing Allaster and his clan as a sort of district police, he employed them to attack those families against which he entertained personal ill-will; and then being the first himself to point to the outrages which they had perpetrated, he threw the whole blame on his miserable agents. By Argyll’s secret orders, Allaster and his men inflicted great damage on the property of the lairds of Luss, Buchanan, Ardninglass, and Ardincaple, and other proprietors near Loch Lomond.

The most disastrous to the poor Macgregors of all the enterprises in which the Earl of Argyll engaged them was their feud with the Colquhouns of Luss—a clan inhabiting Dumbartonshire, on the west of Loch Lomond. Firing the blood of Allaster Macgregor and his men by calling to their recollection some old occasion of quarrel

between them and the Colquhouns, Argyll prevailed on them to march along the banks of Loch Long towards Luss. The Macgregors amounted to upwards of three hundred; but, receiving timely notice of their approach, the Laird of Colquhoun was able to collect a force about twice as strong, composed, besides his own clan, of his neighbours, the Buchanans and the Grahams, together with a number of the citizens of Dumbarton, who took the field on the occasion under the command of Tobias Smollett, bailie of the town, and ancestor of no less a personage than the author of *Roderick Random*. The two little armies met in Glenfruin, a name which signifies the Glen of Sorrow. Daunted by the great superiority of the Colquhouns in numbers, the Macgregors hesitated to commence the fight. At this moment an old Macgregor, who was a seer, or had the gift of second-sight, cried out: 'Aha! I see the chiefs of the Colquhouns wrapped in their winding-sheets!' Encouraged by these words, the Macgregors met the foe; and after a desperate fight, completely routed them, killing more than two hundred in the pursuit. It is also said that a party of savage Macgregors massacred a number of defenceless students of divinity and grammar-school boys, who had come from Dumbarton to witness the fray; and a stone, bearing the name of *Leck-a-mhimsteir*, or Clergyman's Flagstone, is still pointed out in Glenfruin as being the spot where the youths were killed; but it is strenuously denied by some that any such atrocity was committed, and certainly there is no mention of it in the contemporary records of the courts of justice.

The battle of Glenfruin was fought in the spring of 1603. On being reported to the king and his council, it was looked upon as an addition to the black calendar of crimes committed by an incorrigible race; and whatever concern the Earl of Argyll had in it, was concealed by the crafty conduct of that nobleman. He was the first to turn against the men whom he had himself stirred up to commit the crime; at least contemporary historians say so, and contemporary documents bear them out. All the blame and all the punishment fell on the Macgregors. In order to impress the mind of the king with a vivid idea of the extent of the slaughter at Glenfruin, and excite a thirst for vengeance in those who were about him, two hundred and twenty widows of the slain Colquhouns and Buchanans appeared before the court at Stirling, clad in black, and riding on white palfreys, each carrying her husband's bloody shirt on a spear—a sight at which, according to tradition, no man would be so likely to turn pale as the son of her who had seen Rizzio murdered at her feet. Measures more severe than any that had ever been adopted against the Macgregors, than had ever been adopted against any clan, were now resolved upon. On the 3d of April 1603, the privy-council passed an act abolishing for ever the name and clan of Macgregor. All who bore this odious surname were commanded

instantly to exchange it for some other, on pain of death ; and all who belonged to the clan were prohibited, under the same penalty, from wearing 'ony kind of armour except ane pointless knife to cut their meat.' Measures were also taken for the apprehension and punishment of the principal Macgregors known to have been present at Glenfruin. After several months of wandering through the Highlands, Allaster Macgregor of Glenstrae and the chief men of the clan surrendered to the Earl of Argyll, on the understanding that they should be sent out of Scotland. The earl 'kept his promise to the ear, but broke it to the sense.' Sending the captive Macgregors, under a strong escort, across the Scottish border, and thus having literally fulfilled his bargain, he had them brought back to Edinburgh, where, after a hasty trial on the 20th of January 1604, Glenstrae and several of his associates were conveyed from the bar to the gibbet at the market-cross, and hanged, Glenstrae being suspended his own height higher than his companions. Others of the clan were brought to Edinburgh as they were taken, and shared the same fate as their chief ; and, it appears from Calderwood's *History*, that in the case of seven of these, 'reputed honest for their own parts,' the formality of a trial was dispensed with. On the trial of Allaster Macgregor, he produced a declaration, the original of which is preserved in the Register-house of Edinburgh. Several passages in it are very affecting. It commences thus : 'I, Allaster Macgregor of Glenstrae, confess here before God that I have been persuaded, moved, and enticed, as I am now presently accused and tried for ; also, gif I had used counsel or command of the man that has enticed me, I would have done and committed sundry heich [high] murders mair ; for truly since I was first his majesty's man, I could never be at any ease by my Lord of Argyll's falsehood and inventions, for he caused M'Lean and clan Cameron commit herschip and slaughter in my room [country] of Rannoch, the which caused my puir men to beg and steal.' After explaining the affair of Glenfruin, and enumerating the other instances in which Argyll had urged him on to the commission of crimes, with threats that, if he did not obey, he would be his 'unfriend,' Glenstrae concludes his declaration thus : 'At this hour I would be content to take banishment, with all my kin that was at the Laird of Luss's slaughter, and all others of them that any fault can be laid to their charge, if his majesty, of his mercy, would let puir innocent men and young bairns pass to liberty, and learn to live as innocent men.'

Without a chief now, and no longer allowed to call themselves a clan, the Macgregors were hunted down in their native glens. The Earls of Argyll and Athole were charged with the execution of the acts of the privy-council ; and many a battle was fought between the agents of these two noblemen and the desperate men whom they came to disarm. To abjure the names of their forefathers—to forget their descent from the old Scottish Alpin—to call themselves

Macgregors no more—to walk through the hills which were once their own, downcast and dishonoured, a jeer and a scorn to every Campbell or Menzies who might choose to laugh at them—this was an indignity to which it required a crushing force to make them submit. But government was resolute ; and for thirty years it continued to pass stringent acts against the Macgregors. By an act of 1613, they were forbidden, under the penalty of death, to assemble in greater force than four at a time ; and in 1617 the act making the name of Gregor or Macgregor illegal was repeated, for the benefit of the new race of clansmen which had sprung up since its first publication. The women of the clan were also ordered to be branded with the mark of a key in the face ; but there is no instance of this brutal regulation being actually carried into effect. The reason assigned for the stringency of these and other acts passed relative to the clan Macgregor between 1603 and 1617, is, that ‘the bare and simple name of Macgregor made that hail clan to presume on their power, strength, and force.’

The Macgregors, now broken up and dispersed, and without any acknowledged chief, complied so far with the edicts issued against them as to lay aside their clan name in public, and assume others. Such of the clan as were settled among the Campbells called themselves Campbells ; such as were settled among the Stewarts called themselves Stewarts ; and so on ; till there was scarcely a single clan in the central district of Scotland without some disguised Macgregors in it. Still, there were various bonds of connection which attached the scattered fragments of the royally descended clan ; and it is, according to what we know of Highland human nature, natural to suppose that, in their low and downcast condition, the Macgregors would regale their memories more frequently than before with tales from the history of their race, and that each recollection of a deed of valour done by an ancestor would be accompanied, in a Macgregor’s heart, by a hotter thrill. That there were occasional ebullitions of the Macgregor spirit, even after the disgrace and dispersion of the clan, appears from the preamble to a statute passed in 1633, eight years after the accession of Charles I., which states that the turbulent clan Gregor was again lifting its head in Perth, Stirling, Clackmannan, and the Mearns, and renews the persecuting edicts of the previous reign. The following striking little anecdote is told of a Macgregor chieftain of that period residing in Glenurchy. His son had gone out with a party of young men to shoot on the moors. Accidentally meeting with a young gentleman of the name of Lamont, who was on his way to Fort William, attended by a servant, they went all into an inn to have some refreshment together. A quarrel took place on some trifling circumstance between Lamont and young Macgregor ; dirks were drawn ; and Macgregor fell mortally wounded. In the confusion, Lamont escaped, and ran for his life, pursued by the Macgregors. The night favoured

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him; and at the dawn of morning he found himself near a habitation, to which he proceeded. It was the house of the Macgregor whose son he had killed; and the old man himself was standing at the door. 'Save my life!' cried Lamont as he came up; 'I am pursued.' 'Whoever you are,' said Macgregor, 'you are safe here;' and saying so, the old man took him in, and introduced him to his wife and daughters. Ere long the Macgregors who were in pursuit came up, and told the chief that his son had fallen in a scuffle, and that the assassin had passed that way. Macgregor's wife and daughters filled the house with their cries, as the pursuers recognised the stranger. 'Be quiet,' said the old chief; 'let no man touch the youth. He has Macgregor's word for his safety; and, as God lives, he shall be safe while he is in my house.' He kept his promise, and even accompanied Lamont, with twelve men in arms, to Inverary, where, having landed him on the other side of Loch Fyne, he left him with these words: 'Lamont, you are now safe; no longer can I, or will I, protect you. Keep out of the way of my clan; and God forgive you.' This occurred shortly before the repetition of the persecuting edicts in 1633; and it is gratifying to be able to add that the old chief, when afterwards hunted from his property, in consequence of these acts, found a refuge in the house of the man whose life he had so nobly saved.

During the Civil War, the fierce spirit of the clan found a lawful vent in fighting on the king's side, and against the Commonwealth; for, notwithstanding their sufferings at the hand both of James and Charles, the Macgregors, remembering their descent from Alpin, the ancestor of the Stuarts as well as their own, took part with royalty, and ranging themselves under other clan chiefs, fought in the armies of Montrose; and after Charles's death, assisted the Lowlanders against Cromwell. They evidently hoped to wipe out past transgressions by their loyal conduct; and there is extant a certificate under Montrose's hand, dated 7th June 1645, promising the Laird of Macgregor, in the king's name, the restoration of his ancestors' lands of Rannoch, Glenlyon, and Glenurchy, after the troubles of the kingdom were put an end to. As these lands were then held by the dependants of Argyll, Montrose, in granting the certificate, was meditating at once the rewarding of loyalty and the punishing of rebellion. But Montrose's gallant enterprise failed; Scotland likewise was too weak to resist the Commonwealth; and the Highlands, with all the rest of the kingdom, came within the iron gripe of Oliver Cromwell. On the restoration of Charles II., the discipline of the Highlands was slackened; and one of the acts of the first session of the Scottish parliament in his reign was to repeal the statutes against the Macgregors. This restoration to the rights and honours of clanship was, however, of short duration; for after the Revolution the edicts were again revived, in pursuance, probably, of the same line of policy as that which prompted the

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massacre of the Macdonalds of Glencoe. But though re-enacted, the regulations were very laxly put in force.

THE CLAN AT ITS LOWEST FORTUNES—LIFE AND EXPLOITS OF ROB ROY.

After the legal abolition of the clan in 1603, we have already informed our readers that there was no acknowledged chief of the Macgregors. There were, however, a number of chieftains, or heads of particular branches of the clan. One of these chieftain-families was the Macgregors, or, as they now called themselves, the Campbells of Glengyle, on the northern extremity of Loch Lomond, the descendants of one of the old Macgregor heroes, called Dugald Ciar Mohr, or the Great Mouse-coloured Man. In the short reign of James II., Donald Macgregor of Glengyle had a lieutenant-colonel's commission in the army. He married a daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, Campbell of Glenfalloch. The issue of this marriage was ROB ROY.

Rob Roy Macgregor, or, as he was obliged to call himself, Rob Roy Macgregor Campbell, was born at Glengyle, probably about the close of Cromwell's government, the precise year being uncertain. His youth was spent in the calm intervening between two storms—the Civil War and the Revolution of 1688. Accordingly, the first active enterprise in which we find him engaged occurred after the Revolution, when he must have been nearly thirty years of age. It was a petty incursion into the parish of Kippen, one of those little outbreaks of Jacobite feeling which were common in remote districts in the early part of the reign of King William. At this time, or shortly after, he was known as Robert Campbell of Inversnaid; and before the year 1707, he appears also to have come into possession of Craigroystan, a small and romantic property on Loch Lomond, lying between his paternal Glengyle and his maternal Glenfalloch. His nephew, Gregor Macgregor, by some unexplained way came to inherit Glengyle on the death of Robert's father; but the uncle managed the nephew's estates, and was regarded by all the clansmen of the district as really the chief and governing Macgregor.

Little is known of Rob's manner of life till the period of the union between Scotland and England (1707), at which time he must have been about forty-eight years of age. For several years after this, we find him pursuing the occupation of a drover or cattle-dealer. This was not only an honest, but it was also, in Highland estimation, an honourable and gentlemanly profession. 'Previously to the Union, no cattle had been permitted to pass the English border. As a boon or encouragement, however, to conciliate the people to that measure, a free intercourse was allowed; and as cattle was at that period the principal marketable produce of the hills, the younger

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sons of gentlemen had scarcely any other means of procuring an independent subsistence than by engaging in this sort of traffic.* Collecting his own, or purchasing his neighbours' cattle, the gentleman-drover, with a number of assistants, drove them into the Lowlands, and disposed of them there to Lowland dealers who supplied the English market; not unfrequently, however, the Highland drover made the journey into England himself. As the Lowland cattle-dealers were, for the most part, Borderers, as fierce and strong as the Highlanders, it often happened that the Lowland markets were the scenes of tough battles between the buyers and sellers. In such frays the Borderers, dipping their bonnets in the nearest brook, wrapped them round the end of their cudgels, so as to guard the hand, and then stepped boldly out to meet the Highlanders, who fought with their broadswords: giving remarkable fair-play, however, says Sir Walter Scott, and never using the point of the sword, far less their firearms. In the last generation, old men were alive who had been engaged in these fights, in which

'One armed with metal, t' other with wood,
This fit for bruise, and that for blood;
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and cold iron rang.'

These recreations never interrupted the commerce between the parties, nor did the dealers, with all the heat of their blood, display less sagacity or less talent for money-making. Many of the Highland drovers were remarkably shrewd and intelligent men; and, by all accounts, Rob Roy, a man now of mature age and experience, obtained the character of being one of the most successful and respectable of the profession.

One of the first men in Scotland to take advantage of the privilege of free trade in cattle with England was James, Duke of Montrose, who had been a keen advocate of the Union. The duke, on whose property Glengyle and Inversnaid were situated, was well acquainted with Rob Roy and his family. Accordingly, Rob and the duke entered into a partnership, each advancing 10,000 merks: a large sum, says General Stewart, in those days, when the price of the best ox or cow was seldom twenty shillings. Rob was to buy the cattle, and drive them into England, and was to be allowed, in consequence, a percentage for his trouble, in addition to his share of the profit. The speculation, however, turned out a failure. So many others had embarked in the trade, that the English market was overstocked. Rob was obliged to sell the cattle at less than prime cost; and, to make matters worse, a person of the name of Macdonald, whom Rob had trusted, cheated him. Returning to

* General Stewart of Garth's *Sketches of the Highlanders*.

Scotland almost totally insolvent, Rob went to reckon up accounts with his partner the Duke of Montrose.

There are various versions of this part of the transaction, the most creditable to Rob being that given by General Stewart of Garth, who derived his information from some of Rob's own intimate acquaintances, and which is, that the duke insisted on getting back his 10,000 merks entire, with the interest; that Rob refused to give him more than what should remain of the 10,000 merks, after deducting his share of the loss; and that they parted in anger without coming to any settlement. Be this as it may, it is certain that Rob disappeared with money belonging to the duke in his possession; and in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* for 21st June 1712, there appeared an advertisement, stating that 'Robert Campbell, commonly called Rob Roy Macgregor, being lately intrusted with considerable sums for buying cows for them in the Highlands, has treacherously gone off with the money, to the value of L.1000;' and offering a reward for his apprehension. As the advertisement is an *ex parte* statement, it is not inconsistent with the more creditable version of the story given above, or at least with the supposition that Rob's reason for decamping was his being insolvent.

Macgregor, now a ruined man, gave up his profession of drover, and began the life of a freebooter and an outlaw. Divided into so many clans at hereditary feud with each other, 'cattle-lifting' had been a common practice from time immemorial in the Highlands; and no idea of moral turpitude was attached to a *creach*, or cattle-stealing expedition into the Lowlands, or into the property of another clan. The *cearnachs* who engaged in these expeditions were the strongest and most select men of the clan; and it was the ambition of every young Highlander to distinguish himself as a successful *cearnach*. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, these cattle-stealing enterprises had indeed begun to go out of fashion, in consequence of the general advance of society. Still, recollections of *creachs* were fresh; still the *cearnach* spirit was not extinct; and there was nothing so strange as might at first be thought in a man like Rob Roy—now beginning to pass the prime of manhood, and who had hitherto pursued a respectable line of life—falling back, in consequence of a reverse of fortune, on his old Highland instincts. Rob Roy belonged to two states of society—the old Highland, and the modern Scotch: he had in him the qualities required by both. Altering a little the words which Sir Walter Scott has put into the mouth of Rob's own wife when speaking to her sons, Rob in his tartan and with the bonnet on his head, was a different man from Rob when he put on the Lowland broadcloth. Rob Roy was a respectable drover up to the age of fifty, and he might have died without ever having been anything else, but for the failure of his cattle speculation. The change is finely shaded off by the worthy Bailie Nicol Jarvie. 'Rob and me were gude friens ance,' said the

bailie, 'but we hae seen little o' ilk ither since he gae up the cattle line o' dealing. Puir fellow, he was hardly guided by them wha might hae used him better; and they haena made their plack a bawbee o't neither. There's mony ane this day wad rather they had never chased puir Robin frae the cross of Glasgow; there's mony ane wad rather see him again at the tail o' three hundred kyloes than at the head o' thirty waur cattle.'

Rob, now a Highland chieftain, with all the Macgregors about Glengyle and Glenfalloch at his beck, withdrew from Inversnaid a few miles farther into the Highlands, finding a place of retreat at one time in the lands belonging to the Duke of Argyll, at another in those belonging to the Earl of Breadalbane. Both these noblemen were Campbells; and the Campbells, as our readers know, had always been the greatest enemies of the Macgregors; but now they had received many of the persecuted race into the number of their tenants; and as the Grahams and the Campbells were at mortal enmity ever since the great struggle of the Civil War, both Argyll and Breadalbane would be very willing to disoblige the Duke of Montrose by protecting his runaway debtor.

The duke, however, adopted legal measures for the recovery of his money, and seized on Rob's property of Craigroystan, selling his stock and furniture. In the execution of the distress, it is also said that the officers insulted his wife, Helen Macgregor, a woman of bold and masculine temper. These accumulated injuries at the hands of the Duke of Montrose made Rob vow eternal vengeance against him; and as long as he lived, he carried on a war of depredation against the duke's property. The duke, however, was not the only landed proprietor who suffered from Rob's predatory visits; all those noblemen or gentlemen, whether Highland or Lowland, who took the opposite side from Rob in politics, or who were unpopular in the neighbourhood, were included in his list.

The chief of a bold band of his own clansmen, inhabiting a labyrinth of valleys amid rocks and forests, Rob was no mean modern robber. He was a true Highland cearnach—a robber of the same school as the English Robin Hood. In person, according to the description given of him by the hand of a master, he was singularly adapted for his profession. 'His stature was not of the tallest, but his body was exceedingly strong and compact.' The greatest peculiarities of his frame were the breadth of his shoulders, and the great and almost disproportionate length of his arms—so remarkable, indeed, that it is said he could, without stooping, tie the garters of his Highland hose, which were placed two inches below the knee. His countenance was open, manly, stern at periods of danger, but frank and cheerful in his hours of festivity. His hair was dark red, thick, and frizzled, and curled short around the face. His fashion of dress shewed of course the knees and upper part of the leg, which was described to me as resembling that of a Highland bull—hirsute

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with red hair, and evincing enormous muscular strength. The qualities of his mind were equally well adapted to his circumstances. He inherited none of his ancestor Ciar Mohr, the Great Mouse-coloured Man's ferocity; on the contrary, he is said to have avoided every appearance of cruelty. He was a kind and gentle robber; and while he took from the rich, was liberal in relieving the poor. All whom I have conversed with (and I have in my youth seen some who knew Rob Roy personally), gave him the character of a benevolent and humane man "in his way."*

One of Rob's sources of revenue was the levying of what was called *black-mail*. Black-mail was a sum of money paid statedly to a band of marauders, on condition that they should neither touch the property of the person paying it, nor permit any other to touch it. This kind of compact with freebooters was common in Scotland in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries; the peaceable farmer in these disorderly times finding it more his interest to be on good terms with his lawless neighbours, than to run the risk of being ruined by their depredations. The lifters of the black-mail, however, were shrewd enough to see that the only way of keeping up the practice from which they derived such advantage, was to keep the farmers in constant alarm; consequently, it was usual for a captain of marauders to divide his band into two parties, employing one party to steal the cattle, the other to recover them when stolen, and restore them to the owner. Those who refused to pay black-mail were mercilessly plundered, and the stolen cattle sold. The Scottish government had, indeed, prohibited this strange mode of dealing, and even made it a capital crime either to pay or receive black-mail; but as it had no power to protect its subjects in a legal way, the statute against levying black-mail became a dead letter; and in 1713 and 1714, the last year of the reign of Queen Anne, and the first of the reign of George I., the practice was still in active operation.

There are few anecdotes of Rob during the first two years of his life as an outlaw; we merely know that he kept the district in alarm, and levied black-mail. On the outbreak of the rebellion of 1715, Rob, being a Jacobite, took the side of the Stuarts, notwithstanding that his protector, the Duke of Argyll, was the leader on the opposite side. Any hopes, however, which the Macgregors might entertain of being once more placed in their ancient position as an independent Highland clan, were connected with the restoration of the exiled royal family; and Rob therefore forsook for a while his vocations as a robber, and plunged into the rebellion as an officer in the rebel army, commanded by the Earl of Mar; hoping, no doubt, if his party should triumph, to emerge from the general confusion with his character washed and purified. While his nephew, Macgregor, or, as he called himself, Graham of Glengyle, acted as chief of the

* Introduction to *Rob Roy*.

Macgregors on the banks of Loch Lomond, Rob himself was sent by the Earl of Mar on a mission to Aberdeen, for the purpose, it is said, of raising a fragment of the Macgregor clan which had settled itself in that neighbourhood in the year 1624. In the town of Aberdeen, strangely enough, Rob found a clansman and a kinsman in a man whose pursuits were very different from his own—no other than Dr James Gregory, Professor of Medicine in King's College, son of James Gregory, the inventor of the reflecting telescope, and progenitor of a race of Gregories, all professors, and all distinguished for their scientific attainments. Civil war, says Sir Walter Scott, who received his account of Rob's visit from the grandson of the Professor Gregory in question, introduces men to strange bedfellows; and the professor thought it prudent to be on good terms with his cousin Rob, not knowing what course things might take. Accordingly, Rob was invited to the professor's house, and treated with extraordinary kindness by the whole family. Affected at such a hearty and kinsmanlike reception, Rob's heart warmed towards the good professor, and he did not know in what way sufficiently to shew his gratitude. The day of his departure, he took the professor aside, and said to him: 'Now, really, cousin, you have been so kind to me, that I don't know what to say. I have been thinking what return I can make to you, and I have fixed on a plan. There's your son Jamie; he is a stout spirited fellow to be only nine years of age, and you are ruining him by cramming all that book-learning into his head: I'll take him with me to the hills, and make a man of him.' The poor professor was horrified; but Rob was evidently in earnest, and it would not do to let him see what he really thought of the offer. He therefore brought out one excuse after another, as fast as they occurred to him. 'Very kind of you, indeed, Rob; but I am afraid it would be too much trouble. Jamie, you see, is'—'Trouble!' interrupted the grateful Rob; 'never mind that. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you.' 'Oh, but his mother'—began the professor. 'But I can carry him away without her knowing anything about it,' replied his ready cousin. In fact, it seemed that Rob would carry his point, till the professor urged the plea of the boy's ill health as a reason for at least deferring for another year or two his apprenticeship to a life on the hills. Rob reluctantly yielded; and bidding good-bye to his cousin, with a promise to come back some time or other for Jamie, took his departure, much to the professor's relief. The boy who thus escaped becoming Rob Roy's henchman was afterwards his father's successor in the chair of medicine; and being of a somewhat hasty and irritable temper, his friends used to say, on any occasion when he displayed it: 'Ah, Rob Roy would have taken that out of him if he had got him to educate!'

Rob, with all his strength and boldness, was a cool, cautious man, not fond of exposing himself to needless danger. Old men who knew him used to say that he seemed to like a scuffle within doors

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better than an actual battle. He appears also to have been able to bridle his temper and bear with insults when there was no means of avenging them; and on one occasion, when a gentleman threatened to break his neck, Rob shrugged his shoulders, and seemed quite pleased. His conduct throughout the rebellion of 1715 was marked by this caution. Upon the whole, his own interests and those of his clan inclined him to the side of the exiled family. Still, was it not the Stuarts who had broken and disgraced his clan? and at this moment was it not to the Duke of Argyll, the leader of King George's army, that he and his men were indebted for house-room and protection? As he afterwards said himself, it was only the fear of being imprisoned for his debt to the Duke of Montrose that prevented him from being a loyal subject of King George. Rob was therefore slow in committing himself, especially as it was not very clear which side would win. He acted as guide, however, to the insurgent army in its march from Perth to Dunblane; and was present at the battle of Sheriffmuir, where the Earl of Mar met the Duke of Argyll. His conduct at this battle was at least characteristic; we leave our readers to judge whether it was creditable. Rob was stationed on a hill, having the Macgregors, and also a party of the Macphersons, whose own chief was too old to take the field, under his command. At the very crisis of the battle, he received an order from Mar to attack the enemy. 'No, no,' said Rob: 'if they cannot do it without me, they cannot do it with me;' and he kept his post. One of the Macphersons, however, a strong active man, who, having formerly been a drover, was an acquaintance of Macgregor, became furious at the delay, and throwing off his plaid, called to his clansmen to follow him. 'No, no, Sandie,' said the cool commander: 'if it was Highland stots or kyloes that we were speaking about driving, I would yield to you at once; but as it respects the leading of men, you must allow me to be a better judge.' 'Ay,' retorted Sandie sarcastically; 'but if it were Highland stots or kyloes, you would be quick enough, Rob.' Even Macgregor fired at this; and there was every probability that a duel would be fought, when the general concerns of the battle called off the attention of the disputants. Owing, it is said, to Rob's holding back, the victory was undecided, although all the fruits of the battle were reaped by Argyll. From the following verse in the old ballad commemorating the battle of Sheriffmuir, it will be seen that Rob's conduct on this important occasion has not escaped poetical censure:

'Rob Roy he stood watch
On a hill for to catch
The booty, for aught that I saw, man;
For he never advanced
From the place where he stanced,
Till nae mair was to do there at a', man.'

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When the rebellion was suppressed, Rob was included with the rest in the act of attainder, and had his house in Breadalbane burned by the king's troops sent to patrol the Highlands; but having made a mock surrender of himself to Colonel Campbell of Fintah, who of course could not deal hardly with a client of his own chief, the Duke of Argyll, he was allowed to resume his old mode of life on the banks of Loch Lomond. Undistracted now by any political duties, he devoted himself with fresh zeal to the task of tormenting the Duke of Montrose. Followed by a band of fifty or sixty men, he made incursions into the estates of such of the local gentry as he chose to select as his victims, until he had compelled them to compound with him by the payment of black-mail; so that by the year 1716 or 1717, he was in receipt of a handsome revenue. We have no information as to the precise rate of Rob's charges; but in 1741, his nephew, Macgregor of Glengyle—who, however, does not appear to have prosecuted his uncle's occupation of cattle-stealing—made a contract with the gentry of the same neighbourhood, insuring the safety of their cattle from depredators, or the payment of their full value if stolen and not recovered, in consideration of the receipt of five per cent. insurance-money; and as Rob united in himself the two characters of cattle-lifter and insurer against cattle-lifting, it is not probable that his charges were less. The transactions between Rob and his customers were conducted openly in the face of government, and in the most grave and business-like manner; the latter coming steadily to some appointed place of meeting, like tenants on a term-day, bringing the required amount of black-mail with them, and receiving in return regular discharges signed by Rob; and the goods and cattle of defaulters being instantly seized, and sold by public roup. Rob, in fact, acted as a supreme magistrate in the district; and the revenue which he derived in the manner above stated, he employed partly to pay the necessary expenses of his government—that is, to support himself and his men—and partly also to distribute the comforts of life more equally over his district. He kept a strict eye on all the proceedings of the various ranks and orders over which he had established himself superintendent; and wherever wrong or injustice was going on, wherever an act of oppression was perpetrated, for which the imperfect legal arrangements of the time afforded no remedy, there Rob was sure to interfere. Nor was Rob a niggard of his money when the case demanded a little outlay on his own part. Many cases are recorded in which he made a draft on his private purse. Thus the Rev. Mr Robison, minister of the parish of Balquhiddier, threatening to pursue his parish for an increase of stipend, Rob, who considered this a clear case of clerical extortion, gave the reverend gentleman to understand that he had better be content with what he had. Mr Robison, accordingly, desisted from his demand; and Rob, to shew his sense of this prompt obedience, sent him every

year afterwards a present of an excellent milch cow and a fine fat sheep. It will be evident that Rob's peculiar position gave him a power of rectifying a thousand similar local grievances, both great and small, which the limited power of an ordinary magistrate would not enable him to reach or meddle with. English readers will no doubt be surprised that such a state of things as that we have been describing could have existed under the same government as that which protected the literary leisure of Pope and Addison; but it should be remembered that it was long after the period we are now speaking of before the law extended its powerful energies over the northern extremity of the kingdom. Twenty years later, there was a riot in the metropolis of Scotland itself, in which the mob broke into the jail, dragged out a prisoner whom the government had respited, and hanged him with their own hands. Nay, Sir Walter Scott tells that in his own youth, when he was a writer's apprentice or attorney's clerk, going to execute a summons for debt on a Highland family residing in the Braes of Balquhiddy, he was accompanied by a party of six soldiers and a sergeant, for fear of resistance being offered. It is told of a Highlander of Dornoch, about the end of last century, that, returning from a short journey southward, he met his acquaintances with a rueful countenance; and being asked what was the matter, replied: 'Oh, the *law* is quite close upon us; it has come as far north as Tain!'—speaking of the law as if it had been the cholera morbus.

Rob's personal enemy, we have said, was the Duke of Montrose; and with him he made no terms, but waged an incessant warfare. The duke, goaded beyond endurance by the impudent attacks on his property, and the property of all his clansmen, applied to the military authorities of the neighbourhood for their protection, and thus involved Rob and his men in a feud with the neighbouring garrisons of Glasgow, Dumbarton, and Stirling. On one occasion parties of men marched simultaneously from the three garrisons, hoping to surprise the outlaw at Craigroystan; but missing him, they contented themselves with setting fire to his house. This was in 1716; and Rob, whose original grudge at the duke, on account of the sale of his effects, was far from being mollified by this second outrage, determined on a signal revenge. In the middle of the month of November, John Graham of Killearn, the duke's factor, was at a place called Chapellairoch collecting the duke's rents. The factor had collected rents to the amount of £300, when Macgregor opened the door, and walking in at the head of his men, took the money and the account-book; and after receiving the rents which were not yet paid, and compelling the factor to grant receipts to the tenants in the duke's name, pocketed the whole, saying that the duke and he would reckon with each other afterwards, the duke being considerably in his debt for the burning of his house. He then walked off, taking the factor along with him; carried him,

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without any ill usage, to an island in Loch Katrine; detained him a prisoner there, and caused him to write a letter to the duke. In this letter the factor, after stating that he is 'so unfortunate as to be Robert Roy's prisoner,' informs his Grace that Rob demands, as his ransom, a discharge in the duke's hand from his former debts, the sum of 3400 merks by way of damages for the burning of his house, and the duke's further promise never afterwards to prosecute or molest him. On receiving this epistle from his incarcerated factor, the duke wrote to the Lord Advocate, giving him an account of this 'very remarkable instance of the insolence of that very notorious rogue, Rob Roy;' inveighing against the clan Macgregor as a 'race in all ages distinguished beyond any other by robberies, depredations, and murders;' stating his anxiety about his factor, but that, as of course he could not degrade himself so far as to make a treaty with Rob, he must 'leave his release to chance and his own management;' and hinting the propriety of establishing forts and barracks in the district infested by the outlaws. But Rob, finding that he had made nothing by his audacious scheme, dismissed the factor quietly, after detaining him seven days.

This was not the only occasion on which Rob had dealings with the duke's factor. On another term-day, at the same place, Rob entered the room where Mr Graham was collecting the duke's rents, and took the money-bags away with him, after seeing that all the tenants had got their receipts; 'because,' said he, 'it is not from them I take the money, but from the duke, who is in my debt.' Nor was it only by carrying away the rent-bag that Rob made the duke suffer. By carrying away the cattle of such of the duke's tenant-clansmen as refused to pay him black-mail, he prevented them from being able to pay their rents; and 'as the rents of the lower farms were partly paid in grain and meal, which was generally lodged in a storehouse or granary, called a *girnèl*, near the Loch of Monteith, it was customary for Macgregor to pay the *girnèl* a visit after it had been replenished, and carry away a great many horse-loads of meal, leaving with the store-keeper his receipt for the quantity taken.*' In whatever way his depredations were committed, Rob contrived to make the duke the ultimate sufferer.

The duke's suggestion of establishing military forts in the district which Rob infested, was partly carried into effect; and a small fort, with a garrison, was established on Rob's old estate at Inversnaid. Rob and his men, however, attacked and dispersed the garrison; and it was not re-established till shortly before the Rebellion of 1745.† The duke also tried to obtain an advantage over his troublesome adversary by distributing firearms among his tenants; but in

* General Stewart's *Sketches of the Highlanders*—Appendix.

† The tourist passes the ruins of this fort in travelling along the wild Highland road between Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond; the surrounding district being still called Rob Roy's country.

the course of a few weeks Rob had possessed himself of every musket sent into the neighbourhood. Except, therefore, for the chance of an occasional rencontre with marching parties of the king's troops, or after some specially daring exploit, Rob led a life of tolerable security. Not only was he free to wander at will through the extensive possessions of his patron, the Duke of Argyll, but he could also—confident in his own coolness and sagacity, the popularity of his character, and the power of his noble protector, the duke—be absent for days on distant excursions into various parts of the Lowlands.

Rob had many hairbreadth escapes from being taken. About the year 1719, when the duke seems to have been particularly zealous in the pursuit of his tormentor, but without success, Rob, by way of joke, composed a challenge to the duke, copies of which he circulated among his friends, in order, he says, that they might 'divert themselves and comrades with it when taking their bottle.' The challenge is addressed to the 'Hie and Mighty Prince, James, Duke of Montrose;' it is written in a good hand, and the spelling and grammar are such as would have been highly creditable to any Scotch laird of the early part of the eighteenth century.

Rob, however, was actually once a prisoner in the duke's hands, and in great danger of a speedy conclusion to his career. The story of his capture and escape is told by Sir Walter Scott both in the introduction to *Rob Roy* and in the novel itself; and as Sir Walter heard it from the grandson of the person who assisted Rob to escape, his version is likely to be the true one. Marching through Balquhider with a party of his tenants, the duke surprised Rob by himself, and making him prisoner, committed him to the charge of one of his followers, a large and powerful man, called in the novel Ewan of Brigglands.* Rob was mounted behind this man, and fastened to him by a horse-girth, and the party marched away with their prize. They had to cross the Forth at a place where the descent to the river was precipitous, and where only one could enter the river at a time. 'While huddled together on the bank, Rob whispered to the man behind whom he was placed on horseback: "Your father, Ewan, wadna hae carried an auld friend to the shambles like a calf for a' the dukes in Christendom." Ewan returned no answer, but shrugged his shoulders, as one who meant that what he was doing was none of his own choice. "And when the Macgregors come down the glen," continued Rob, "and ye see empty folds, and a bloody hearthstane, and the fire flashing out between the rafters o' your house, ye may be thinking then, Ewan, that were your friend Rob alive, you would hae had that safe which it will make your heart sair to lose." Ewan of Brigglands again shrugged and groaned, but remained silent. "It's a sair thing,"

* The real name of the man who had the charge of Rob was James Stewart.

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continued Rob, "that Ewan o' Brigglands, whom Roy Macgregor has helped with hand, sword, and purse, should mind a gloomy look from a great man mair than a friend's life." Ewan seemed sorely agitated, but was silent. The duke's voice was now heard from the opposite bank: "Bring over the prisoner." Ewan put his horse in motion, and just as Rob said: "Never weigh a Macgregor's blood against a broken whang o' leather, for there will be another accounting to give for it baith here and hereafter," they dashed into the water. Many had crossed, some were in the water, and the rest were preparing to follow, when a sudden splash shewed that Macgregor's eloquence had prevailed on Ewan to give him a chance of escape. The duke heard the sound, and instantly guessed its meaning. "Dog!" he exclaimed to Ewan as he landed, "where is your prisoner?" and before Ewan could falter out an apology, he drew a steel pistol, and struck him down with a blow on the head. "Disperse and pursue!" he then cried: "a hundred guineas for Rob Roy!"* But Rob had escaped.

This was not the only time when Rob and death shook hands. Once his band, dispersed by a party of dragoons, were baffling their pursuers by running off in different directions. A well-mounted dragoon dashed after Rob, and struck him a blow on the head with his broadsword, which, but for the plate of iron which he had in his bonnet, would have killed him. As it was, Rob was stunned, and fell. At this moment Rob's lieutenant or sergeant appeared with a gun in his hand. 'Oh, Macanaleister,' cried Rob from the ground, 'is there naething in her?' (in the gun). 'Your mother never wrought that nightcap,' cried the dragoon, and was coming down with a second stroke, when a ball whistled from Macanaleister's gun, and he fell, shot through the heart.

At the very time when Rob was thus defying the law, the Duke of Montrose, and the military, he seems to have entertained a hankering after a more quiet and respectable mode of life. The spirit of the Highland cearnach never appears to have been so strong in him as to make him prefer the bonnet and the kilt to the Lowland broadcloth, if only he had been free to choose between them. Gladly, now that he was getting an old man, would he have resumed his old profession of cattle-dealing. Accordingly, in the year 1720, we find old Rob addressing a letter to Field-marshal Wade, who was then marching through the Highlands, receiving the submission of such clans as had been concerned in the Rebellion of 1715, offering to become once more a good subject of King George. The letter is very humble and submissive, and by no means ill written; alluding, however, more to his conduct as a rebel in the year 1715, than to the lawless exploits for which subsequently to that time he had become notorious. No notice seems to have been taken

of this letter ; and Rob appears to have come to the conclusion that he must die as he had lived—an outlaw.

From this time our information about his movements becomes more scanty ; and the probability is, that he began to feel a rough and violent occupation less fitted to his strength and years. His fame had already extended far enough. He was known in England as well as in Scotland. In London he had been made the subject of a catch-penny tract, entitled *The Highland Rogue*, full of the most extravagant stories of his strength and sagacity. But Rob's days of activity and enterprise were over ; and for the last ten or twelve years of his life, he refrained as much as possible from his former habits. During the first period of his long life, and down to the time of his absconding, he had been a Protestant, and, it is said, a regular attendant at the parish church. After turning cearnach, his visits to church, though they were not altogether given up, became fewer ; but now, in his old age, beginning to think of serious subjects, he saw fit to give up attendance on the Presbyterian worship, and became a Roman Catholic. Rob, however, never appears to have clung with any remarkable tenacity to the faith which he professed.*

This remarkable, and, as we must call him, unfortunate personage, died a very old man about the year 1738. When he was on his death-bed, one of his enemies, a Maclaren, came to see him. Before admitting him, the old man insisted on being lifted up, with his plaid put round him, and his broadsword, pistols, and dirk placed beside him ; 'for,' said he, 'no Maclaren shall ever see Rob Macgregor unarmed.' He received his foeman's inquiries coldly and civilly. As they were together, the priest came in. Taking the opportunity afforded him by the meeting of the two hostile clansmen on so solemn an occasion, the priest exhorted Rob to forgive his enemies, and quoted the appropriate passage in the Lord's Prayer. 'Ay,' says Rob, 'ye hae gien me baith law and gospel for it. It's a hard law, but I ken it's gospel.' Then turning to his son Robert, who was standing near : 'My sword and dirk lie there, Rob : I forgive my enemies ; but see you to them, or may'— The priest checked the rest, and Rob grew calm. When Maclaren had left the house, the dying man—the Highland spirit burning brighter in him at this the last moment than it had ever done before—said, after a little pause : 'Now it is all over ; tell the piper to play *Ha til mi tuladh* !—(We return no more !)' The piper obeyed. With the music of this Gaelic dirge in his ears, Rob Roy breathed his last. He was buried in the churchyard of Balquhiddier. His grave is

* A somewhat significant circumstance has recently been brought to light bearing on Rob's literary tastes, and on the state of respectability in which he lived in his latter years : In the list of subscribers to Keith's *History of the Affairs of Church and State in Scotland*, published in 1734, there occurs the name of 'Robert Macgregor, alias Rob Roy.'

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covered with a simple tombstone, without an inscription, but with a broadsword rudely carved on it.

ROB ROY'S SONS, JAMES AND ROBERT.

Rob had five sons—Coll, Ronald, James, Duncan, and Robert. Of these, James and Robert had the most singular history. It does not appear that they followed their father's lawless mode of life after his death. All the five were engaged, with the rest of their clan, in the Rebellion of 1745. James, who was a tall and very handsome man, held a major's or captain's commission in the Pretender's army, and particularly distinguished himself by his bravery and ability. At the battle of Prestonpans, when advancing to the charge at the head of his company, not a few of whom had belonged to his father's band, he fell to the ground with his thigh-bone broken. Immediately lifting himself up, by resting his head on his elbow, he cried out : ' I am not dead, my lads, and I shall see who among you does not do his duty ! ' After the suppression of the rebellion, James and his brothers contrived to elude the penalties inflicted by the government, although James was at first included in the list of the attainted. At this time James was a married man, and had fourteen children. Robert, who had married a daughter of Graham of Drunkie, was now a widower.

Robert, of all the brothers, seems to have been the most wild and reckless. He was described by one who knew him as ' mad and quarrelsome, and given to pranks.' Shortly after his father's death, he killed one of the Maclarens, was outlawed for it, and had gone abroad ; and now that, in consequence of the inefficient administration of justice at that period, he was allowed to resume his place in society, he resolved on another Macgregor-like outrage on its laws. Instigated partly by passion, partly by a desire of retrieving his fallen fortunes, he determined to carry off Jean Key or Wright, a young woman nineteen years of age, whose husband was just dead, leaving her a property of 16,000 merks. The practice of carrying off women and marrying them, which we know to have been not uncommon among the ancient nations, and of which we have instances of not very late date in Ireland, was quite consistent with old Highland manners, and is celebrated in many ballads. In fact, when a Highlander was smitten by the charms of a Lowland lass, carrying her away by force was in many cases the only way of obtaining her ; and the abduction of a girl seems to have been regarded not as a crime, but as a bold and manly action. In many cases, too, the parties had agreed beforehand ; and the violence used by the bridegroom was only a make-believe, to increase the piquancy and éclat of the marriage ; or, at most, a means of overcoming the maiden's scruples about disobeying her parents when they disliked the match. Nor even where the abduction was

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entirely without the knowledge and against the will of the bride, was the transaction regarded as very blameworthy. Sir Walter Scott was once severely taken to task by an old lady for expressing his disapprobation of the practice in a particular instance. 'I assure you,' said the venerable lady, 'they made the happiest marriages these carryings awa o' lasses—far happier than folk mak now-a-days. My mither never saw my father till the nicht that he carried her awa wi' ten head o' black-cattle ; and there wasna a happier couple in a' the Highlands.'

In Robert Oig's case, however, there seems to have been none of those redeeming circumstances alluded to by the worthy lady. On the night of the 8th of December 1750, he went, accompanied by his brothers James and Duncan, to the house of Edinbely, in Balfron, Stirlingshire, where Jean Key was residing with her mother. Rushing in with pistols and dirks, the brothers terrified the males of the family into submission ; and dragging the poor girl out, placed her on horseback, and rode away, stopping at several houses on the road. Next day, the marriage between Robert Oig and his victim was performed at Rowardennan by a priest named Smith, who had been brought from Glasgow for the purpose, the bride being forced by threats to give her assent. The brothers seem to have expected that the unfortunate woman would soon become reconciled to her condition, and that in this way they would escape the punishment annexed by law to the crime of which they had been guilty ; but the continued manifestation of repugnance and aversion on her part, and the assiduity of her relations, began to alarm them. Their cousin, Macgregor of Glengyle, too, would give them no countenance ; and the property of their victim had been sequestered by a warrant of the supreme civil court. Extracting a solemn promise that she would never appear in a court of law to prosecute them, James Macgregor conveyed her to Edinburgh, where he remained for some time, both to prevent her from adopting the legal steps which he knew her relations would advise, and also to see whether it were possible to get the sequestration of her effects removed. But at length the Court of Session interfered, and took her in charge, and Macgregor left town. Free now from the restraint which the presence of the Macgregors had put upon her, Jean Key reluctantly yielded to the solicitations of her friends, and made an affidavit or written declaration of her wrongs, which could be used in a court of law. She did not live, however, to take any part in the subsequent proceedings which her relations set on foot ; for her health and spirits had been completely broken, and having been removed to Glasgow, she died there on the 4th of October 1751. Her husband, Robert Oig, made several attempts to see her, but was not admitted.

It is probable that, if she had lived, the matter would have been allowed to drop ; but after her death, her relations redoubled their

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efforts to bring the culprits to justice. James Macgregor was apprehended at Stirling on the 19th of May 1752, and brought up before the Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh on the 13th of July. The indictment was drawn up against James Macgregor, *alias* Drummond, *alias* James More, and charged him with the crimes of *hame-sucken* and *forcible abduction*. The case went to trial on the 4th of August, and witnesses were examined on both sides. The fact of forcible abduction was clearly proved by the testimony of a great many persons; but, in opposition to this, the prisoner set up the plea that Jean Key was herself privy and consenting to the outrage. Several witnesses, principally of the Macgregor clan, swore that, having seen her after she had been carried away from Edinbelly, she seemed to be 'very content;' 'in very good-humour, no way displeased, and very merry;' so that they understood, from her conduct, that violence had been used merely for form's sake, her relations being averse to the match, and her former husband being but six weeks dead.

The verdict returned by the jury was one finding the forcible abduction of Jean Key from her own house proved, but the charge of subsequent violence and compulsory marriage not proved; and this verdict was accompanied by an expression of the anxiety of the jury that the case should be taken out of the class of capital offences. This occasioned a great deal of arguing and consultation among the judges and lawyers of Edinburgh; and in the meantime the prisoner was sent back to his place of confinement in the castle. About two months and a half had elapsed, and the lawyers were still employed in clearing up this difficult case, when one morning, before breakfast, the news ran through the town that James Macgregor had made his escape. The affair is detailed in the *Scots Magazine* for November 1752. 'James Macgregor, *alias* Drummond,' runs the paragraph, 'under trial for carrying off Jean Key of Edinbelly, made his escape from Edinburgh Castle on the 16th. That evening he dressed himself in an old tattered big-coat, put over his own clothes, an old night-cap, an old leathern apron, and old dirty shoes and stockings, so as to personate a cobbler. When he was thus equipped, his daughter, a servant-maid who assisted, and who was the only person with him in the room, except two of his young children, scolded the cobbler for having done his work carelessly, and this with such an audible voice as to be heard by the sentinels without the room-door. About seven o'clock, while she was scolding, the pretended cobbler opened the room-door, and went out with a pair of old shoes in his hand, muttering his discontent for the harsh usage he had received. He passed the guards unsuspected; but was soon missed, and a strict search made in the castle, and also in the city, the gates of which were shut; but all in vain.' In the number of the same magazine for the following month we are informed that, in consequence of an order from London,

'the two lieutenants who commanded the guard the night Drummond escaped are broke; the sergeant who had the charge of locking up the prisoner is reduced to a private man; the porter has been whipped; and all the rest are released.' On escaping from Edinburgh, James Macgregor had made direct for England; thence he made his way to the Isle of Man; and from that he escaped to France.

The affair, however, was not yet at an end. On the 15th of January 1753, Duncan Macgregor was brought to trial for his share in the crime of carrying away Jean Key. As Duncan was not so deeply implicated as his brothers, he was acquitted, and dismissed. Robert Macgregor, *alias* Campbell, *alias* Drummond, *alias* Robert Oig, was apprehended shortly after, and brought to trial on the 24th of December 1753; and his fate was not so happy as that of his brothers. The evidence adduced was pretty much the same as on the trial of James; but a distinct verdict of guilty having been returned, 'the court decerned and adjudged the prisoner to be carried from the bar back to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, there to remain till Wednesday the 16th day of February next to come, and upon the said day, to be taken from the said Tolbooth to the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, and there, betwixt the hours of two and four o'clock of the said day, to be hanged by the neck by the common hangman, upon a gibbet, until he be dead.' This sentence was duly carried into effect. The prisoner, on the day of execution, says a contemporary Edinburgh newspaper, 'was very genteelly dressed, and read a volume of Gothe's works from the prison to the execution, and for a considerable time on the scaffold.' He died professing the Roman Catholic faith, and expressing a hope that his fate would satisfy justice, and stay further proceedings against his brother James. His body was given to his friends, put into a coffin, and conveyed away to the Highlands. The justice of the punishment inflicted on him was generally acknowledged; but there were some who persisted in believing, that if the culprit had been anybody else than a Macgregor, he would have been less severely dealt with.

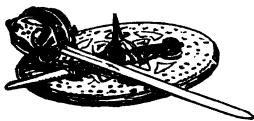
The remainder of James Macgregor's story is very melancholy; for, as Sir Walter Scott says, 'it is melancholy to look on the dying struggles even of a wolf or tiger.' He lived in Paris in a state of extreme misery and destitution. A letter has been published which he wrote on the 25th of September 1754 to his chief, Macgregor of Bohaldie. 'All that I have carried here,' he says, 'is about thirteen livres; and I have taken a room at my old quarters in Hôtel St Pierre, Rue de Cordier. All I want,' he adds, 'is, if it was possible, you could contrive how I could be employed without going to entire beggary. This, probably, is a difficult point, yet you might think nothing of it, as your long head can bring about matters of much more difficulty and consequence than this. If you'd disclose this matter to your friend Mr Butler, it's possible he might have some

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employ wherein I could be of use, as I pretend to know as much of breeding and riding of horses as any in France. You may judge my reduction, as I propose the meanest things to lend a turn till better cast up.' The postscript to the letter is extremely affecting: 'If you'd send your pipes by the bearer,' says the poor exile, 'and all the other little trinkims belonging to it, I would put them in order, and play some melancholy tunes, which I may now do with safety and real truth.' He died about a week after writing this letter.

CONCLUSION.

We now draw to a conclusion the history of this remarkable clan. For five hundred years the Macgregors had been exposed to a succession of dire misfortunes, deprived of their lands, threatened with extirpation, constantly at war with their neighbours, often on the verge of starvation, accustomed to see more of their number die annually by violent means than by disease or old age, and denied even the use of their name; and yet they survived, and, like the goaded beast of the chase, made themselves objects of terror to their persecutors. Lamenting their errors, it is equally impossible to restrain our pity for their misfortunes, or admiration for their courage and power of endurance. This power was at length rewarded with a cessation of persecution; and yet, to the discredit of the British legislature, how tardy was this act of justice and mercy! It cannot but appear a curious revelation of a bygone state of things to mention, that not until 1774 were the laws proscribing the Macgregors repealed. When in that year their disabilities were legally removed, hundreds of persons cast off their assumed names of Gregory, Graham, Campbell, Murray, Buchanan, Drummond, &c., and gloried once more in the name of their royally descended ancestors. To complete the reorganisation of the clan, eight hundred and twenty-six persons of the name of Macgregor signed a deed calling upon John Murray of Lanrick, afterwards Sir John Macgregor, the descendant of the principal chieftain-family then remaining, to assume the title and honours of the chief of the clan. In the present day, and in an entirely altered state of society, who could be named as more loyal or peaceful subjects than the descendants of the once persecuted race of Macgregor!





TOUSSAINT LOUVERTURE AND THE REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.

AT the middle of the chain of islands composing the West Indies, lies one of large size discovered by Columbus on the 6th of December 1492, and called by him, in honour of his adopted country, Hispaniola, or Little Spain. This name, however, was afterwards abandoned, and the island was called St Domingo, from the name of its principal town. Latterly this second appellation has likewise dropped out of use, and the island now bears the name of Hayti, a word signifying *mountainous*, by which name it was called by its original inhabitants before the visit of Columbus.

Hispaniola, St Domingo, or Hayti is not only one of the largest, but also one of the most beautiful and productive islands in the West Indies. Extending a length of 390 miles by a breadth of from 60 to 150, it presents great diversity of scenery—lofty mountains, deep valleys, and extensive plains or savannas, clothed with the luxuriant vegetation of a tropical climate. The sea sweeps boldly here and there into the land, forming commodious harbours and charming bays; the air on the plains is warm, and laden with the perfume of flowers; and the sudden changes from drought to rain, though trying to a European constitution, are favourable to the growth of the rich products of the soil.

Columbus and his successors having founded a settlement in the
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island, it became one of the Spanish colonial possessions, to the great misfortune of the unhappy natives, who were almost annihilated by the labour which the colonists imposed upon them. As Spain, however, extended her conquests on the American mainland, the importance of Hispaniola as a colony began to decline ; and at the beginning of the seventeenth century the island had become nearly a desert, the natives having been all but extirpated, and the Spanish residents being few, and congregated in several widely-separated stations round the coast. At this time the West Indian seas swarmed with *buccaneers*, adventurers without homes, families, or country, the refuse of all nations and climes. These men, the majority of whom were French, English, and Dutch, being prevented by the Spaniards from holding any permanent settlement in the New World, banded together in self-defence, and roved the seas in quest of subsistence, seizing vessels, and occasionally landing on the coast of one of the Spanish possessions, and committing terrible ravages. A party of these buccaneers had, about the year 1629, occupied the small island of Tortuga on the north-west coast of St Domingo. From this island they used to make frequent incursions into St Domingo, for the purpose of hunting ; the forests of that island abounding with wild cattle, horses, and swine, the progeny of the tame animals which the Spaniards had introduced into the island. At length, after various struggles with the Spanish occupants, these adventurers made good their footing in the island of St Domingo, drove the Spaniards to its eastern extremity, and became masters of its western parts. As most of them were of French origin, they were desirous of placing themselves under the protection of France ; and Louis XIV. and his government being flattered with the prospect of thus acquiring a rich possession in the New World, a friendly intercourse between France and St Domingo began, and the western part of the island assumed the character of a flourishing French colony, while the Spanish colony in the other end of the island correspondingly declined.

From 1776 to 1789, the French colony was at the height of its prosperity. To use the words of a French historian, everything had received a prodigious improvement. The torrents had been arrested in their course, the marshes drained, the forests cleared ; the soil had been enriched with foreign plants ; roads had been opened across the asperities of the mountains ; safe pathways had been constructed over chasms ; bridges had been built over rivers which had formerly been passed with danger by means of ox-skin boats ; the winds, the tides, the currents had been studied, so as to secure to ships safe-sailing and convenient harbourage. Villas of pretty but simple architecture had risen along the borders of the sea, while mansions of greater magnificence embellished the interior. Public buildings, hospitals, aqueducts, fountains, and baths rendered life agreeable and healthy ; all the comforts of the Old World had

been transported into the New. In 1789 the population of the colony was 665,000; and of its staple products, it exported in that year 68,000,000 pounds of coffee and 163,000,000 pounds of sugar. The French had some reason to be proud of St Domingo; it was their best colony, and it promised, as they thought, to remain for ages in their possession. Many French families of note had emigrated to the island, and settled in it as planters; and both by means of commerce, and the passing to and fro of families, a constant intercourse was maintained between the colony and the mother-country.

Circumstances eventually proved that the expectation of keeping permanent possession of St Domingo was likely to be fallacious. The constitution of society in the island was unsound. In this, as in all the European colonies in the New World, negro slavery prevailed. To supply the demand for labour, an importation of slaves from Africa had been going on for some time at the rate of about 20,000 a year; and thus at the time at which we are now arrived there was a black population of between 500,000 and 600,000. These negroes constituted an overwhelming majority of the inhabitants of the colony, for the whites did not amount to more than 40,000. But besides the whites and the negroes, there was a third class in the population, arising from the intermixture of the white and negro races. These were the *people of colour*, including persons of all varieties of hue, from the perfect sable of the freed negro, to the most delicate tinge marking remote negro ancestry in a white man. Of these various classes of mulattoes, at the time of which we are now speaking, there were about 30,000 in the colony.

Although perhaps less cruelly treated than others in a state of hopeless servitude, the negroes of St Domingo were not exempt from the miseries which usually accompany slavery; yet they were not so ignorant as not to know their rights as members of the human family. Receiving occasional instruction in the doctrines of Christianity, and allowed by their masters to enjoy the holidays of the church, they were accustomed to ponder on the principles thus presented to their notice, and these they perceived were at variance with their condition. This dawning of intelligence among the negroes caused no alarm to the planters generally. The French have always been noted for making the kindest slave-owners. Imitating the conduct of many of the old nobility of France in their intercourse with the peasantry, a number of the planters of St Domingo were attentive to the wants and feelings of their negro dependents—encouraging their sports, taking care of them in sickness, and cherishing them in old age. In the year 1685, likewise, Louis XIV. had published a *code noir*, or black code, containing a number of regulations for the humane treatment of the negroes in the colonies. Still, there were miseries inseparable from the system, and which could not be mitigated; and in St Domingo, as in all the other colonies of the New World, slavery

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was maintained by the cruelties of the whip and the branding-iron. It was only, we may easily suppose, by a judicious blending of kindness and severity, that a population of upwards of 500,000 negroes could be kept in subjection by 40,000 whites.

The condition of the mulatto population deserves particular attention. Although nominally free, and belonging to no individual master, these mulattoes occupied a very degraded social position. Regarded as public property, they were obliged to serve in the colonial militia without any pay. They could hold no public trust or employment, nor fill any of the liberal professions—law, medicine, divinity, &c. They were not allowed to sit at table with a white, to occupy the same place at church, to bear the same name, or to be buried in the same spot. Offences which in a white man were visited with scarcely any punishment, were punished with great severity when committed by a mulatto. There was one circumstance, however, in the condition of the mulattoes, which operated as a balance to all those indignities, and enabled them to become formidable in the colony—they were allowed to acquire and to hold property to any amount. Able, energetic, and rendered doubly intent upon the acquisition of wealth by the power which it gave them, many of these mulattoes or people of colour became rich, purchased estates, and equalled the whites as planters. Not only so, but, possessing the tastes of Europeans and gentlemen, they used to quit St Domingo and pay occasional visits to what they as well as the whites regarded as their mother-country. It was customary for wealthy mulattoes to send their children to Paris for their education. It ought to be remarked also respecting the mulatto part of the population of St Domingo, that they kept aloof both from the pure whites and the pure negroes. The consciousness of his relationship to the whites, as well as his position as a free man, and frequently also as the owner of negro slaves, gave the mulatto a contempt and dislike for the negro; while, on the other hand, he had suffered too much from the whites to entertain any affection for them. The most inveterate enemies of the mulattoes among the whites were the lower classes, or, as the mulattoes called them, *les petits blancs*—‘the little whites.’ These *petits blancs* regarded the mulattoes not only with the prejudice of race, but with feelings of envy on account of their wealth. Among the whites themselves there were feuds and party differences, arising from difference of social position. The *petits blancs* grumbled at the unequal distribution of the good things of the island, while the superior men among the whites, proud of their descent from old French families, were not content with merely being rich, but wished also to have titles, to make the distinction between them and the other colonists greater. Such was the state of society in the colony of St Domingo in the year 1789-90, when the French Revolution broke out.

AND THE REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.

FRENCH REVOLUTION—INSURRECTION IN THE ISLAND.

Although situated at the distance of 3500 miles from the mother-country, St Domingo was not long in responding to the political agitations which broke out in Paris in 1789. When the news reached the colony that the king had summoned the States-general, all the French part of the island was in a ferment. Considering themselves entitled to share in the national commotion, the colonists held meetings, passed resolutions, and elected eighteen deputies to be sent home to sit in the States-general as representatives. The eighteen deputies reached Versailles a considerable time after the States-general had commenced their sittings and constituted themselves the National Assembly; and their arrival not a little surprised that body, who probably never expected deputies from St Domingo, or who at all events thought eighteen deputies too many for one colony. Accordingly, it was with some difficulty that six of them were allowed to take their seats. At that time colonial gentlemen were not held in great favour at Paris. Among the many feelings which then simultaneously stirred and agitated that great metropolis, there had sprung up a strong feeling against negro slavery. Whether the enthusiasm was kindled by the recent proceedings of Clarkson and Wilberforce in London, or whether it was derived by the French themselves from the political maxims then afloat, the writers and speakers of the Revolution made the iniquity of negro slavery one of their most frequent and favourite topics; and there had just been founded in Paris a society called *Amis des Noirs*, or Friends of the Blacks, of which the leading revolutionists were members. These *Amis des Noirs* seem partly to have been influenced by a real benevolent zeal in behalf of the negroes, and partly to have employed the movement for the emancipation of the slaves in the colonies merely as an instrument to assist them in their home-politics. To them negro slavery was a splendid instance of despotism; and in rousing the public mind by their orations and writings respecting the blacks, they were creating that vehement force of opinion which was to sweep away French monarchy and French feudalism. They succeeded in raising a prejudice against the colonists and their interests. When a planter from the sugar islands made his appearance in the streets of Paris, he was looked at as a walking specimen of a despot who had grown rich at the expense of the blood and the agonies of his fellow-men. The mulattoes, on the other hand, then resident in Paris, the young men who had been sent over for their education, as well as those who chanced to have come on a visit, were diligently sought out by the *Amis des Noirs*, and became public pets. Amiable, well educated, and interesting in their appearance, it gave great point and effect to the eloquence of a revolutionist orator to have one of these young mulattoes by his side when he was

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speaking ; and when, at the conclusion of a passage in praise of liberty, the orator would turn and indicate with his finger his coloured friend, or when, yielding to French impulse, he would throw his arms round him and embrace him with sobs, how could the meeting be unmoved, or the cheering fail to be loud and long ?

The intelligence of what was occurring at Paris gave great alarm in St Domingo. When the celebrated declaration of rights, asserting all men to be 'free and equal,' reached the island along with the news of the proceedings of the *Amis des Noirs*, the whites, almost all of whom were interested in the preservation of slavery, looked upon their ruin as predetermined. They had no objection to freedom in the abstract—freedom which should apply only to themselves—but they considered it a violation of all decency to speak of black men, mere *property*, having political rights. What disheartened the whites gave encouragement to the mulattoes. Rejoicing in the idea that the French people were their friends, they became turbulent, and rose in arms in several places, but were without much difficulty put down. Two or three whites, who were enthusiastic revolutionists, sided with the insurgents ; and one of them, M. de Beaudierre, fell a victim to the fury of the colonists. The negro population of the island remained quiet ; the contagion of revolutionary sentiments had not yet reached them.

When the National Assembly heard of the alarm which the new constitution had excited in the colonies, they saw the necessity for adopting some measures to allay the storm ; and accordingly, on the 8th of March 1790, they passed a resolution disclaiming all intention to legislate sweepingly for the internal affairs of the colonies, and authorising each colony to mature a plan for itself in its own legislative assembly (the Revolution having superseded the old system of colonial government by royal officials, and given to each colony a legislative assembly, consisting of representatives elected by the colonists), and submit the same to the National Assembly. This resolution, which gave great dissatisfaction to the *Amis des Noirs* in Paris, produced a temporary calm in St Domingo. For some time nothing was to be heard but the bustle of elections throughout the colony ; and at length, on the 16th of April 1790, the general assembly met, consisting of 213 representatives. With great solemnity, and at the same time with great enthusiasm, they began their work—a work which was to be nothing less than a complete reformation of all that was wrong in St Domingo, and the preparation of a new constitution for the future government of the island. The colonists were scarcely less excited about this miniature revolution of their own, than the French nation had been about the great revolution of the mother-country. All eyes were upon the proceedings of the assembly ; and at length, on the 28th of May, it published the results of its deliberations in the form of a new constitution, consisting of ten articles. The provisions of this new

constitution, and the language in which they were expressed, were astounding : they amounted, in fact, to the throwing off of all allegiance to the mother-country. This very unforeseen result created great commotion in the island. The cry rose everywhere that the assembly was rebelling against the mother-country ; some districts recalled their deputies, declaring they would have no concern with such presumptuous proceedings ; the governor-general, M. Peynier, was bent on dissolving the assembly altogether ; riots were breaking out in various parts of the island, and a civil war seemed impending, when in one of its sittings the assembly, utterly bewildered and terrified, adopted the extraordinary resolution of going on board a ship-of-war then in the harbour, and sailing bodily to France, to consult with the National Assembly. Accordingly, on the 8th of August, eighty-five members, being nearly all then left sitting, embarked on board the *Leopard*, and, amid the prayers and tears of the colonists, whose admiration of such an instance of heroism and self-denial exceeded all bounds, the anchor was weighed, and the vessel set sail for Europe.

In the meantime, the news of the proceedings of the colonial assembly had reached France, and all parties, royalists as well as revolutionists, were indignant at what they called the impudence of these colonial legislators. The *Amis des Noirs* of course took an extreme interest in what was going on ; and under their auspices, an attempt was made to take advantage of the disturbances prevailing in the island for the purpose of meliorating the condition of the coloured population. A young mulatto named James Ogé was then residing in Paris, whither he had been sent by his mother, a woman of colour, the proprietrix of a plantation in St Domingo. Ogé had formed the acquaintance of the Abbé Gregoire, Brissot, Robespierre, Lafayette, and other leading revolutionists connected with the society of the *Amis des Noirs*, and fired by the ideas which he derived from them, as well as directly instigated by their advice, he resolved to return to St Domingo, and, rousing the spirit of insurrection, become the deliverer of his enslaved race. Accordingly, paying a visit to America first, he landed in his native island on the 12th of October 1790, and announced himself as the redresser of all wrongs. Matters, however, were not yet ripe for an insurrection ; and after committing some outrages with a force of 200 mulattoes, which was all he was able to raise, Ogé was defeated, and obliged, with one or two associates, to take refuge in the Spanish part of the island. M. Blanchelande succeeding M. Peynier as governor-general of the colony, demanded Ogé from the Spaniards ; and in March 1791 the wretched young man, after betraying the existence of a wide-laid conspiracy among the mulattoes and negroes of the island, was broken alive upon the wheel.

All this occurred while the eighty-five members of the assembly were absent in France. They had reached that country in September

ber 1790, and been well received at first, owing to the novelty and picturesqueness of their conduct ; but when they appeared before the National Assembly, that body treated them with marked insult and contempt. On the 11th of October, Barnave proposed and carried a decree annulling all the acts of the colonial assembly, dissolving it, declaring its members ineligible again for the same office, and detaining the eighty-five unfortunate gentlemen prisoners in France. Barnave, however, was averse to any attempt on the part of the National Assembly to force a constitution upon the colony against its will ; and especially he was averse to any direct interference between the whites and the people of colour. These matters of internal regulation, he said, should be left to the colonists themselves ; all that the National Assembly should require of the colonists was, that they should act in the general spirit of the Revolution. Others, however, among whom were Gregoire, Brissot, Robespierre, and Lafayette, were for the home government dictating the leading articles of a new constitution for the colony ; and especially they were for some sweeping assertion by the National Assembly of the equal citizenship of the coloured inhabitants of the colony. For some time the debate was carried on between these two parties ; but the latter gradually gained strength, and the storm of public indignation which was excited by the news of the cruel death of Ogé gave them the complete victory. Tragedies and dramas founded on the story of Ogé were acted in the theatres of Paris, and the popular feeling against the planters and in favour of the negroes grew vehement and ungovernable. 'Perish the colonies,' said Robespierre, 'rather than depart, in the case of our coloured brethren, from those universal principles of liberty and equality which it is our glory to have laid down.' Hurried on by a tide of enthusiasm, the National Assembly, on the 15th of May, passed a decree declaring all the people of colour in the French colonies, born of free parents, entitled to vote for members of the colonial judicatures, as well as to be elected to seats themselves. This decree of admission to citizenship concerned, it will be observed, the mulattoes and free blacks only ; it did not affect the condition of the slave population.

In little more than a month this decree, along with the intelligence of all that had been said and done when it was passed, reached St Domingo. The colony was thrown into convulsions. The white colonists stormed and raged, and there was no extremity to which, in the first outburst of their anger, they were not ready to go. The national cockade was trampled under foot. It was proposed to forswear allegiance to the mother-country, seize the French ships in the harbours, and the goods of French merchants, and hoist the British flag instead of the French. The governor-general, M. Blanchelande, trembled for the results. But at length the fury of the colonists somewhat subsided : a new colonial assembly was convened : hopes began to be entertained that something might be

effected by its labours, when lo! the news ran through the island like the tremor of an earthquake: 'The blacks have risen!' The appalling news was too true. The conspiracy, the existence of which had been divulged by Ogé before his execution, had burst into explosion. The outbreak had been fixed for the 25th of August; but the negroes, impatient as the time drew near, had commenced it on the night of the 22d. The insurrection broke out first on a plantation near the town of Cape François; but it extended itself immediately far and wide; and the negroes rising on every plantation, first murdered their masters and their families, and set fire to their houses, and then poured in to swell the insurgent army. The greater part of the mulattoes joined them, and took a leading share in the insurrection. The horrors which were perpetrated by the negroes cannot, dare not be related. On one plantation the standard of the insurgents was the body of a white infant impaled on a stake; on another, the insurgents, dragging a white, a carpenter, from his hiding-place, declared that he should die in the way of his occupation, and accordingly they bound him between two boards and sawed him through. But these are among the least savage of the enormities which were committed during the insurrection. 'It was computed,' says Mr Bryan Edwards, the historian of the West Indies, 'that, within two months after the revolt first began, upwards of two thousand white persons of all conditions and ages had been massacred, that one hundred and eighty sugar plantations, and about nine hundred coffee, cotton, and indigo settlements had been destroyed, and one thousand two hundred families reduced from opulence to absolute beggary.' But after the first shock was over, the whites of the cities had armed themselves, and marched out to attack the negroes, and their retaliation was severe. 'They outdid the negroes in the cruelty of their tortures. 'Of the insurgents,' continues the same authority, 'it was reckoned that upwards of ten thousand had perished by the sword or by famine, and some hundreds by the hands of the executioner—many of them, I am sorry to say, under the torture of the wheel.'

The insurrection was successful. Although the numerical loss of the insurgents had been greater than that of the whites, yet the latter saw that it was in vain to hold out longer against such a large body of foes. Accordingly, on the 11th of September, a truce was concluded between the whites and the mulattoes in the western province; and following this good example, the general assembly of the colony came to a resolution to admit the obnoxious decree of the 15th of May, which recognised the equal citizenship of all persons of colour born of free parents. As the refusal to admit this decree had been the pretext for the insurrection, this concession, along with some others, had the effect of restoring order; although, as may be readily conceived, the blacks, who gained nothing by the concession, were far from being conciliated or satisfied. The mulattoes,

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however, were now gained over to the side of the whites, and the two together hoped to be able to keep the negroes in greater awe.

Meanwhile strange proceedings relative to the colonies were occurring in the mother-country. The news of the insurrection of the blacks had not had time to reach Paris; but the intelligence of the manner in which the decree of the 15th of May had been received by the whites in St Domingo had created great alarm. 'We are afraid we have been too hasty with that decree of ours about the rights of the mulattoes: it is likely, by all accounts, to occasion a civil war between them and the whites; and if so, we run the risk of losing the colony altogether.' This was the common talk of the politicians of Paris. Accordingly, they hastened to undo what they had done four months before, and on the 24th of September the National Assembly actually repealed the decree of the 15th of May by a large majority. Thus the mother-country and the colony were at cross purposes; for at the very moment that the colony was admitting the decree, the mother-country was repealing it.

The flames of war were immediately rekindled in the colony. 'The decree is repealed,' said the whites; 'we need not have been in such a hurry in making concessions to the mulattoes.' 'The decree is repealed,' said the mulattoes; 'the people in Paris are playing false with us; we must depend on ourselves in future. There is no possibility of coming to terms with the whites; either they must exterminate us, or we must exterminate them.' Such was the effect of the wavering conduct of the home government. All the horrors of August were re-enacted, and the year 1791 was concluded amid scenes of war, pestilence and bloodshed. The whites, collected in forts and cities, bade defiance to the insurgents. The mulattoes and blacks fought on the same side, sometimes under one standard, sometimes in separate bands. A large colony of blacks, consisting of slaves broken loose from the plantations they had lived upon, settled in the mountains under two leaders named Jean François and Biassou, planted provisions for their subsistence, and watching for opportunities, made irruptions into the plains.

CIVIL WAR IN ST DOMINGO—LANDING OF THE BRITISH.

Perplexed with the insurrectionary condition of St Domingo, the home government deputed three commissioners to visit the island, and attempt the rectification of its affairs. This was a fruitless effort. The commissioners, on their arrival, made several tours through the island, were greatly astonished and shocked at what they saw, and, despairing of effecting any beneficial measure, returned to Paris. Meanwhile the Revolution in the mother-country was proceeding; the republican party and the *Amis des Noirs* were rising into power; and on the 4th of April 1792, a new decree was passed, declaring more emphatically than before the rights of the

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people of colour, and appointing three new commissioners, who were to proceed to St Domingo and exercise sovereign power in the colony. These commissioners arrived on the 13th of September, dissolved the colonial assembly, and sent the governor, M. Blanchelande home to be guillotined. With great appearance of activity, the commissioners commenced their duties; and as the mother-country was too busy about its own affairs to attend to their proceedings, they acted as they pleased, and contrived, out of the general wreck, to amass large sums of money for their own use; till at length, in the beginning of 1793, the revolutionary government at home, having a little more leisure to attend to colonial affairs, revoked the powers of the commissioners, and appointed a new governor, M. Galbaud. When M. Galbaud arrived in the island, there ensued a struggle between him and the commissioners, he being empowered to supersede them, and they refusing to submit. At length the commissioners, calling in the assistance of the revolted negroes, M. Galbaud was expelled from the island, and forced to take refuge in the United States. While this strange struggle for the governorship of the colony lasted, the condition of the colony itself was growing worse and worse. The plantations remained uncultivated; the whites and the mulattoes were still at war; masses of savage negroes were quartered in the hills, in fastnesses from which they could not be dislodged, and from which they could rush down unexpectedly to commit outrages in the plains. In one of these irruptions of a host of negroes, the beautiful city of Cape François, the capital of St Domingo, was seized and burnt.

In daily jeopardy of their lives, and seeing no prospect of a return of prosperity, immense numbers of the white colonists were quitting the island. Many families had emigrated to the neighbouring island of Jamaica, many to the United States, and some even had sought refuge, like the royalists of the mother-country, in Great Britain. Through these persons, as well as through the refugees from the mother-country, overtures had been made to the British government, for the purpose of inducing it to take possession of the island of St Domingo, and convert it into a British colony; and in 1793, the British government, against which the French republic had now declared war, began to listen favourably to these proposals. General Williamson, the lieutenant-governor of Jamaica, was instructed to send troops from that island to St Domingo, and attempt to wrest it out of the hands of the French. Accordingly, on the 20th of September 1793, about 870 British soldiers, under Colonel Whitelocke, landed in St Domingo—a force miserably defective for such an enterprise. The number of troops was afterwards increased, and the British were able to effect the capture of Port-au-Prince, and also some ships which were in the harbour. Alarmed by this success, the French Commissioners, Santhonax and Polverel, issued a decree abolishing negro slavery, at the same time inviting the

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blacks to join them against the British invaders. Several thousands did so ; but the great majority fled to the hills, swelling the army of the negro chiefs, François and Biassou, and luxuriating in the liberty which they had so suddenly acquired.

It was at this moment of utter confusion and disorganisation, when British, French, mulattoes, and blacks were all acting their respective parts in the turmoil, and all inextricably intermingled in a bewildering war, which was neither a foreign war, nor a civil war, nor a war of races, but a composition of all three—it was at this moment that Toussaint l'Ouverture appeared, the spirit and the ruler of the storm.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

Toussaint l'Ouverture, one of the most extraordinary men of a period when extraordinary men were numerous, and beyond all question the highest specimen of negro genius the world has yet seen, was born in St Domingo, on the plantation of the Count de Noé, a few miles distant from Cape François, in the year 1743. His father and mother were African slaves on the count's estate. His father, it is said, was the second son of Gaou-Guinou, king of a powerful African tribe ; but being taken prisoner by a hostile people, he was, according to the custom of the African nations, sold as a slave to some white merchants, who carried him to St Domingo, where he was purchased by the Count de Noé. Kindly treated by his master, the king's son scarcely regretted that he had been made a slave. He married a fellow-slave, a girl of his own country, and by her he had eight children, five sons and three daughters. Of the sons, Toussaint was the eldest. The negro boy grew up on the plantation on which his father and mother were slaves, performing such little services as he could ; and altogether, his life was as cheerful, and his work as easy, as that of any slave-boy in St Domingo. On Count Noé's plantation there was a black of the name of Pierre-Baptiste, a shrewd, intelligent man, who had acquired much information, besides having been taught the elements of what would be termed a plain European education by some benevolent missionaries. Between Pierre and young Toussaint an intimacy sprung up, and all that Pierre had learned from the missionaries, Toussaint learned from him. His acquisitions, says our French authority, amounted to reading, writing, arithmetic, a little Latin, and an idea of geometry. It was a fortunate circumstance that the greatest natural genius among the negroes of St Domingo was thus singled out to receive the unusual gift of a little instruction. Toussaint's qualifications gained him promotion ; he was made the coachman of M. Bayou, the overseer of the Count de Noé—a situation as high as a negro could hope to fill. In this, and in other still higher situations to which he was subsequently advanced, his conduct was unapproachable, so that while he gained the confidence of his master,

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every negro in the plantation held him in respect. Three particulars are authentically known respecting his character at this period of his life, and it is somewhat remarkable that all are points more peculiarly of moral than of intellectual superiority. He was noted, it is said, for an exceedingly patient temper, for great affection for brute animals, and for a strong unswerving attachment to one female whom he had chosen for his wife. It is also said that he manifested singular strength of religious sentiment. In person he was above the middle size, with a striking countenance, and a robust constitution, capable of enduring any amount of fatigue, and requiring little sleep.

Toussaint was about forty-eight years of age when the insurrection of the blacks took place in August 1791. Great exertions were made by the insurgents to induce a negro of his respectability and reputation to join them in their first outbreak, but he steadily refused. It is also known that it was owing to Toussaint's care and ingenuity that his master, M. Bayou, and his family escaped being massacred. He hid them in the woods for several days, visited them at the risk of his own life, secured the means of their escape from the island, and, after they were settled in the United States, sent them such remittances as he could manage to snatch from the wreck of their property. Such conduct, in the midst of such barbarities as were then enacting, indicates great originality and moral independence of character. After his master's escape, Toussaint, who had no tie to retain him longer in servitude, and who, besides, saw reason and justice in the struggle which his race was making for liberty, attached himself to the bands of negroes then occupying the hills, commanded by François and Biassou. In the negro army Toussaint at once assumed a leading rank; and a certain amount of medical knowledge, which he had picked up in the course of his reading, enabled him to unite the functions of army physician with those of military officer. Such was Toussaint's position in the end of the year 1793, when the British landed in the island.

It is necessary here to describe, as exactly as the confusion will permit, the true state of parties in the island. The British, as we already know, were attempting to take the colony out of the hands of the French republic, and annex it to the crown of Great Britain; and in this design they were favoured by the few French royalists still resident in the island. The French commissioners, Santhonax and Polverel, on the other hand, men of the republican school, were attempting, with a motley army of French, mulattoes, and blacks, to beat back the British. The greater part of the mulattoes of the island, grateful for the exertions which the republicans and the *Amis des Noirs* had made on their behalf, attached themselves to the side of the commissioners, and the republic which they represented. It may naturally be supposed that the blacks would attach themselves to the same party—to the party of those whose

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watchwords were liberty and equality, and, consequently, were the sworn enemies of slavery; but such was not the case. Considerable numbers of the negroes, it is true, were gained over to the cause of the French republic by the manifesto the commissioners had published abolishing slavery; but the bulk of them kept aloof, and constituted a separate negro army. Strangely enough, this army declared itself anti-republican. Before the death of Louis XVI., the blacks had come to entertain a strong sympathy with the king, and a violent dislike to the republicans. This may have been owing either to the policy of their leaders, François and Biassou, or to the simple fact that the blacks had suffered much at the hands of republican whites. At all events the negro armies called themselves the armies of the king while he was alive; and after he was dead, they refused to consider themselves subjects of the republic. In these circumstances, one would at first be apt to fancy they would side with the British when they landed on the island. But it must be remembered that, along with the blind and unintelligent royalism of the negroes, they were animated by a far stronger and far more real feeling, namely, the desire of freedom and the horror of again being subjected to slavery; and this would very effectually prevent their assisting the British. If they did so, they would be only changing their masters; St Domingo would become a British colony, and they, like the negroes of Jamaica, would become slaves of British planters. No; it was liberty they wanted, and the British would not give them that. They hung aloof, therefore, not acting consistently with the French, much less with the British, but watching the course of events, and ready, at any given moment, to precipitate themselves into the contest and strike a blow for negro independence.

The negroes, however, in the meantime had the fancy to call themselves royalists, François having assumed the title of grand admiral of France, and Biassou that of generalissimo of the conquered districts. Toussaint held a military command under them, and acted also as army physician. Every day his influence over the negroes was extending; and as jealousy is a negro vice as well as a European, François became so envious of Toussaint's growing reputation as to cast him into prison, apparently with the further purpose of destroying him. Toussaint, however, was released by Biassou, who, although described as a monster of cruelty, appears to have had some sparks of generous feeling. Shortly after this, Biassou's drunken ferocity rendered it necessary to deprive him of all command, and François and Toussaint became joint-leaders, Toussaint acting in the capacity of lieutenant-general, and François in that of general-in-chief. The negro army at this time judged it expedient to enter the service of Spain, acting in co-operation with the governor of the Spanish colony in the other end of the island, who had been directed by his government at home to carry on war against the French commissioners. The commissioners, it

appears, following up the proclamation of liberty to the blacks, which they had published with the hope of increasing their forces sufficiently to resist the British invasion, made an attempt to gain over François and Toussaint. Toussaint, who thought himself bound to assign his reasons for refusing to join them, sent an answer which has been preserved. 'We cannot,' he says, 'conform to the will of the nation, because, since the world began, we have never yielded to the will of any but a king. We have lost our French one; so we adopt the king of Spain, who is exceedingly kind to us; and therefore, gentlemen commissioners, we can have nothing to say to you till you put a king on the throne.' This royalist enthusiasm was evidently a mere fancy, which had been put into the heads of the negroes by those who supplied them with words, and which Toussaint allowed himself to be carried away with; and the probability is, that the letter we have quoted was the composition of a Spanish priest. At all events, Toussaint was for some time an officer in the Spanish service, acting under the directions of Joachim Garcia, the president of the Spanish colonial council. In this capacity he distinguished himself greatly. With 600 men, he beat a body of 1500 French out of a strong post which they had occupied near the Spanish town of St Raphael; and afterwards he took in succession the villages of Marmelade, Henneri, Plaisance, and Gonaives. To assist him in these military operations, we are told in some curious notes written by his son, 'that, imitating the example of the captains of antiquity, Lucullus, Pompey, Cæsar, and others, he constructed a topographical chart of that part of the island, marking accurately the positions of the hills, the course of the streams,' &c. So much did he harass the commissioners, that one of them, Polverel, in speaking of him after the capture of Marmelade, used the expression: '*Cet homme fait ouverture partout*' (That man makes an opening everywhere). This expression getting abroad, was the cause of Toussaint being ever afterwards called by the name of *Toussaint l'Ouverture*; which may be translated, Toussaint the Opener; and Toussaint himself knew the value of a good name too well to disclaim the flattering addition. Besides this testimony from an enemy, the negro chief received many marks of favour from the Spanish general, the Marquis d'Hermona. He was appointed lieutenant-general of the army, and presented at the same time with a sword and a badge of honour in the name of his Catholic majesty. But the Marquis d'Hermona having been succeeded in the command by another, Toussaint began to find his services less appreciated. His old rival, François, did his best to undermine his influence among the Spaniards; nay, it is said, laid a plot for his assassination, which Toussaint narrowly escaped. He had to complain also of the bad treatment which certain French officers, who had surrendered to him, and whom he had persuaded to accept a command under him, had received at the hands of

the Spaniards. All these circumstances operated on the mind of Toussaint, and shook the principles on which he had hitherto acted. While hesitating with respect to his next movements, intelligence of the decree of the French Convention of the 4th February 1794, by which the abolition of negro slavery was confirmed, reached St Domingo; and this immediately decided the step he should take. Quitting the Spanish service, he joined the French general, Laveaux, who—the commissioners Santhonax and Polverel having been recalled—was now invested with the sole governorship of the colony; took the oath of fidelity to the French republic; and being elevated to the rank of brigadier-general, assisted Laveaux in his efforts to drive the English troops out of the island.

In his new capacity, Toussaint was no less successful than he had been while fighting under the Spanish colours. In many engagements, both with the British and the Spaniards, he rendered signal services to the cause of the French. At first, however, the French commander, Laveaux, shewed little disposition to place confidence in him; and we can easily conceive that it must have been by slow degrees that a man in the position of Laveaux came to appreciate the character of his negro officer. Laveaux had a difficult task to fulfil; nothing less, in fact, than the task of being the first European to do justice in practice to the negro character, and to treat a negro chief exactly as he would treat a European gentleman. Philosophers, such as the Abbé Gregoire and the Abbé Raynal, had indeed written books to prove that ability and worth were to be found among the negroes, and had laid it down as a maxim that a negro was to be treated like any other man whose circumstances were the same; but probably Laveaux was the first European who felt himself called upon to put the maxim in practice, at least in affairs of any importance. It is highly creditable, therefore, to this French officer, that when he came to have more experience of Toussaint l'Ouverture, he discerned his extraordinary abilities, and esteemed him as much as if he had been a French gentleman educated in the schools of Paris. The immediate occasion of the change of the sentiments of Laveaux towards Toussaint was as follows: In the month of March 1795, an insurrection of mulattoes occurred at the town of the Cape, and Laveaux was seized and placed in confinement. On hearing this, Toussaint marched at the head of 10,000 blacks to the town, obliged the inhabitants to open the gates by the threat of a siege, entered in triumph, released the French commander, and reinstated him in his office. In gratitude for this act of loyalty, Laveaux appointed Toussaint lieutenant-governor of the colony, declaring his resolution at the same time to act by his advice in all matters, whether military or civil—a resolution the wisdom of which will appear when we reflect that Toussaint was the only man in the island who could govern the blacks. A saying of Laveaux is also recorded, which shews

what a decided opinion he had formed of Toussaint's abilities : 'It is this black,' said he, 'this Spartacus predicted by Raynal, who is destined to avenge the wrongs done to his race.'

A wonderful improvement soon followed the appointment of l'Ouverture as lieutenant-governor of the colony. The blacks, obedient to their champion, were reduced under strict military discipline, and submitted to all the regulations of orderly civil government. 'It must be allowed,' says General de Lacroix, in his memoirs of the revolution in St Domingo, an account by no means favourable to the blacks—'it must be allowed that if St Domingo still carried the colours of France, it was solely owing to an old negro, who seemed to bear a commission from Heaven to unite its dilacerated members.' It tended also to promote the cause of good order in the island, that about this time a treaty was concluded between the French Convention and the Spanish government, in consequence of which the war between the French colonists in one end of the island, and the Spanish colonists in the other, was at an end, and the only enemy with whom the French commander had still to contend was the British, posted here and there along the coast. On the conclusion of this treaty, Jean François, the former rival of Toussaint, left the island, and Toussaint was therefore without a rival to dispute his authority among the blacks. He employed himself now in attacking the English positions on the west coast, and with such vigour and success, that in a short time he forced them to evacuate all the country on both sides of the river Artibonite, although they still lingered in other parts of the island, from which they could not be dislodged.

Since the departure of the commissioners, Santhonax and Polverel, the whole authority of the colony, both civil and military, had been in the hands of Laveaux ; but in the end of the year 1795, a new commission arrived from the mother-country. At the head of this commission was Santhonax, and his colleagues were Giraud, Raymond, and Leblanc. The new commissioners, according to their instructions, overwhelmed Toussaint with thanks and compliments ; told him he had made the French republic his everlasting debtor, and encouraged him to persevere in his efforts to rid the island of the British. Shortly afterwards, Laveaux, being nominated a member of the legislature, was obliged to return to France ; and in the month of April 1796, Toussaint l'Ouverture was appointed his successor, as commander-in-chief of the French forces in St Domingo. Thus, by a remarkable succession of circumstances, was this negro, at the age of fifty-three years, fifty of which had been passed in a state of slavery, placed in the most important position in the island.

Toussaint now began to see his way more clearly, and to become conscious of the duty which Providence had assigned him. Taking all things into consideration, he resolved on being no longer a tool of foreign governments, but to strike a grand blow for the permanent

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independence of his race. To accomplish this object, he felt that it was necessary to assume and retain, at least for a time, the supreme civil as well as military command. Immediately, therefore, on becoming commander-in-chief in St Domingo, he adopted measures for removing all obstructions to the exercise of his own authority. General Rochambeau had been sent from France with a military command similar to that which Laveaux had held ; but finding himself a mere cipher, he became unruly, and Toussaint instantly sent him home. Santhonax the commissioner, too, was an obstacle in the way ; and Toussaint, after taking the precaution of ascertaining that he would be able to enforce obedience, got rid of him by the delicate pretext of making him the bearer of dispatches to the Directory. Along with Santhonax, several other officious personages were sent to France ; the only person of any official consequence who was retained being the commissioner Raymond, who was a mulatto, and might be useful. As these measures, however, might draw down the vengeance of the Directory, if not accompanied by some proofs of good-will to France, Toussaint sent two of his sons to Paris to be educated, assuring the Directory at the same time that, in removing Santhonax and his coadjutors, he had been acting for the best interests of the colony. 'I guarantee,' he wrote to the Directory, 'on my own personal responsibility, the orderly behaviour and the good-will to France of my brethren the blacks. You may depend, citizen directors, on happy results ; and you shall soon see whether I engage in vain my credit and your hopes.'

The people of Paris received with a generous astonishment the intelligence of the doings of the negro prodigy, and the interest they took in the novelty of the case prevented them from being angry. The Directory, however, judged it prudent to send out General Hedouville, an able and moderate man, to superintend Toussaint's proceedings, and restrain his boldness. When Hedouville arrived at St Domingo, Toussaint went on board the ship to bid him welcome. Conversing with him in the presence of the ship's officers, Toussaint said something about the fatigues of government, upon which the captain of the vessel, meaning to pay him a compliment, said that he wished no greater honour than that of carrying him to France. 'Your ship,' replied Toussaint, too hastily to consider whether what he said was in the best taste—'your ship is not large enough.' He improved the saying, however, when one of Hedouville's staff made an observation some time afterwards to the same effect, hinting that he should now give up the cares of government and retire to France, to spend his declining years in peace. 'That is what I intend,' said he ; 'but I am waiting till this shrub (pointing to a little plant in the ground) grow big enough to make a ship.' Hedouville found himself a mere shadow. Toussaint, though strictly polite to him, paid no attention to his wishes or representations, except when they agreed with his own intentions.

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In the meantime, Toussaint was fulfilling his pledge to the Directory, by managing the affairs of the colony with the utmost skill and prudence. One thing, however, still remained to be done, and that was to clear the island of the British troops. Toussaint's exertions had for some time been directed to this end, and with such success, that Saint Mark, Port-au-Prince, Jeremie, and Molé were the only places of which the British still retained possession. He was preparing to attack them in these their last holds, when General Maitland, seeing the hopelessness of continuing an enterprise which had already cost so many British lives, opened a negotiation with him, which ended in a treaty for the evacuation of the island. While General Maitland was making his preparations for quitting the island, Toussaint and he were mutual in their expressions of regard. Toussaint visited the English general, was received with all the pomp of military ceremonial, and, after a splendid entertainment, was presented, in the name of the king of Great Britain, with a costly service of plate and two brass cannons. General Maitland, previous to the embarkation of his troops, visited Toussaint's camp in return, travelling with only three attendants through a tract of country filled with armed blacks. While on his way, he was informed that Roume, the French commissioner, had written to Toussaint, advising him to give a proof of his zeal in the French cause by seizing General Maitland, and detaining him as a prisoner; but confiding in the negro's honour, he did not hesitate to proceed. Arrived at Toussaint's quarters, he had to wait some time before seeing him. At length he made his appearance, holding in his hands two letters. 'Here, general,' he said on entering, 'before we say a word about anything else, read these; the one is a letter I have received from the French commissary, the other is the answer I am just going to despatch.' It is said by French historians that about this time offers were made to Toussaint, on the part of Great Britain, to recognise him as king of Hayti, on condition of his signing a treaty of exclusive commerce with British subjects. It is certain, at least, that if this offer was made, the negro chief did not accept it.

The evacuation of St Domingo by the English in 1798 did not remove all Toussaint's difficulties. The mulattoes, influenced partly by a rumour that the French Directory meditated the re-establishment of the exploded distinction of colour, partly by a jealous dislike to the ascendancy which a pure negro had gained in the colony, rose in insurrection under the leadership of Rigaud and Petion, two able and educated mulattoes. The insurrection was formidable; but, by a judicious mingling of severity with caution, Toussaint quelled it, reducing Rigaud and Petion to extremities; and the arrival of a deputation from France in the year 1799, bringing a confirmation of his authority as commander-in-chief in St Domingo by the man who, under the title of First Consul, had superseded the Directory, and now swayed the destinies of France, rendered his

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triumph complete. Petion and Rigaud, deserted by their adherents, and despairing of any further attempt to shake Toussaint's power, embarked for France.

Confirmed by Bonaparte in the powers which he had for some time been wielding in the colony with such good effect, Toussaint now paid exclusive attention to the internal affairs of the island. In the words of a French biographer, 'he laid the foundation of a new state with the foresight of a mind that could discern what would decay and what would endure. St Domingo rose from its ashes; the reign of law and justice was established; those who had been slaves were now citizens. Religion again reared her altars; and on the sites of ruins were built new edifices.' Certain interesting particulars are also recorded, which give us a better idea of his habits and the nature of his government than these general descriptions. To establish discipline among his black troops, he gave all his superior officers the power of life and death over the subalterns: every superior officer 'commanded with a pistol in his hand.' In all cases where the original possessors of estates which had fallen vacant in the course of the troubles of the past nine years could be traced, they were invited to return and resume their property. Toussaint's great aim was to accustom the negroes to industrious habits. It was only by diligent agriculture, he said, that the blacks could ever raise themselves. Accordingly, while every trace of personal slavery was abolished, he took means to compel the negroes to work as diligently as ever they had done under the whip of their overseers. All those plantations the proprietors of which did not reappear were lotted out among the negroes, who, as a remuneration for their labour, received one-third of the produce, the rest going to the public revenue. There were as yet no civil or police courts which could punish idleness or vagrancy, but the same purpose was served by courts-martial. The ports of the island were opened to foreign vessels, and every encouragement held out to traffic. In consequence of these arrangements, a most surprising change took place: the plantations were again covered with crops; the sugar-houses and distilleries were rebuilt; the export trade began to revive; and the population, orderly and well behaved, began to increase. In addition to these external evidences of good government, the island exhibited those finer evidences which consist in mental culture and the civilisation of manners. Schools were established, and books became common articles in the cottages of the negro labourers. Music and the theatre were encouraged; and public worship was conducted with all the usual pomp of the Romish church. The whites, the mulattoes, and the blacks mingled in the same society, and exchanged with each other all the courtesies of civilised intercourse. The commander-in-chief himself set the example by holding public levees, at which, surrounded by his officers, he received the visits of the principal colonists; and his private

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parties, it is said, 'might have vied with the best regulated societies of Paris.' Himself frugal and abstemious in his habits, he studied magnificence in all matters of court arrangement, the dress of his officers, his furniture, his entertainments, &c. His attention to decorum might be thought excessive, unless we knew the state of manners which had prevailed in St Domingo while it was a French colony. He would never allow the white ladies to appear at his court with their necks uncovered: women, he said, should always look as if they were going to church. Like every man in high office, Toussaint was frequently annoyed by ambitious persons applying to him for situations for which they had no capacity. He had the art, it is said, of sending such persons away without offending them. A negro, for instance, who thought he had some claim to his acquaintanceship, would come and ask to be appointed a judge or a magistrate.

'Oh yes,' Toussaint would reply, as if complying with the request; and then he would add: 'Of course you understand Latin?'

'Latin!' the suitor would say; 'no, general, I never learnt it.'

'What!' Toussaint would exclaim, 'not know Latin, and yet want to be a magistrate!' And then he would pour out a quantity of gibberish, intermingled with as many sounding Latin words as he could remember; and the candidate, astonished at such a display of learning, would go away disappointed, of course, at not getting the office, but laying all the blame upon his ignorance of Latin.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE AND NAPOLEON BONAPARTE—FRENCH INVASION OF ST DOMINGO.

Successful in all his schemes of improvement, Toussaint had only one serious cause for dread. While he admired, and, it may be, imitated Napoleon Bonaparte, he entertained a secret fear of the projects of that great general. Although Bonaparte, as first consul, had confirmed him in his command, several circumstances had occurred to excite alarm. He had sent two letters to Bonaparte, both headed: 'The First of the Blacks to the First of the Whites,' one of which announced the complete pacification of the island, and requested the ratification of certain appointments which he had made, and the other explained his reasons for cashiering a French official; but to these letters Bonaparte had not deigned to return an answer. Moreover, the representatives from St Domingo had been excluded from the French senate; and rumours had reached the island that the first consul meditated the re-establishment of slavery. Toussaint thought it advisable, in this state of matters, to be beforehand with the French consul in forming a constitution for the island, to supersede the military government with which it had hitherto been content. A draft of a constitution was accordingly drawn up by his directions, and with the assistance of the ablest Frenchmen

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in the island ; and after being submitted to an assembly of representatives from all parts of St Domingo, it was formally published on the 1st July 1801. By this constitution the whole executive of the island, with the command of the forces, was to be intrusted to a governor-general. Toussaint was appointed governor-general for life ; his successors were to hold office for five years each ; and he was to have the power of nominating the first of them. Various other provisions were contained in the constitution, and its general effect was to give St Domingo a virtual independence, under the guardianship of France.

Not disheartened by the taciturnity of Bonaparte, Toussaint again addressed him in respectful terms, and entreated his ratification of the new constitution. The first consul, however, had already formed the resolution of extinguishing Toussaint and taking possession of St Domingo ; and the conclusion of a treaty of peace with England (1st October 1801) increased his haste to effect the execution of his deceitful purpose. In vain did persons acquainted with the state of the island endeavour to dissuade him from this movement, by representing the evils which would arise. 'I want,' he said to the minister Forfait, who was one of those who reasoned with him on the subject—'I want, I tell you, to get rid of 60,000 men.' This was probably the secret of his determination to invade St Domingo. Now that the treaty with England was concluded, he felt the presence of so many of his old companions in arms to be an encumbrance. There were men among them very likely to criticise his government and thwart his designs, and these it would be very convenient to send on a distant expedition. Nay more, it would not be misrepresenting Napoleon's character, if we were to suppose that some jealousy of his negro admirer mingled with his other views. Be this as it may, the expedition was equipped. It consisted of twenty-six ships-of-war and a number of transports, carrying an army of 25,000 men, the flower of the French troops, who embarked reluctantly. The command of the army was given to General Leclerc, the husband of Pauline Bonaparte, the consul's sister. Bonaparte had never forgiven his sister this marriage with a man of low birth ; and it is said that a frequent cause of annoyance to him, in the first years of his consulship, was the arrival in Paris of all sorts of odd people from the country, who, being relations of Leclerc, claimed to be the kinsmen of the first consul. Bonaparte accordingly took this opportunity of sending his brother-in-law abroad. Leclerc was accompanied by his wife Pauline, a woman who, to a strength of mind worthy of Napoleon's sister, added a large share of personal beauty. Many of Toussaint's enemies accompanied Leclerc in this expedition, among whom we may mention Rochambeau, who was second in command, and the mulattoes Rigaud and Petion.

The French squadron reached St Domingo on the 29th of Jan-

uary 1802. 'We are lost,' said Toussaint, when he saw the ships approach; 'all France is coming to St Domingo.' The invading army was divided into four bodies. General Kerverseau, with one, was to take possession of the Spanish town of St Domingo; General Rochambeau, with another, was to march on Fort Dauphin; General Boudet, with a third, on Port-au-Prince; and Leclerc himself, with the remainder, on Cape François. In all quarters the French were successful in effecting a landing. Rochambeau, in landing with his division, came to an engagement with the blacks who had gathered on the beach, and slaughtered a great number of them. At Cape François, Leclerc sent an intimidating message to Christophe, the negro whom Toussaint had stationed there as commander; but the negro replied that he was responsible only to Toussaint, his commander-in-chief. Perceiving, however, that his post was untenable, owing to the inclination of the white inhabitants of the town to admit Leclerc, Christophe set fire to the houses at night, and retreated to the hills by the light of the conflagration, carrying 2000 whites with him as hostages.

Although the French had effected a landing, the object of the invasion was yet far from being attained. Toussaint and the blacks had retired to the interior, and, in fastnesses where no military force could reach them, they were preparing for future attacks. That the force of language might not be wanting to co-operate with the force of arms, the first consul had sent out a proclamation to be distributed among the inhabitants of St Domingo, assuring them that, 'whatever was their origin or their colour, they were all equal, all free, all French in the eyes of God and the republic; that France herself, long desolated by civil wars, but now at peace with the universe, had sent her ships to guarantee civil liberty in St Domingo: but that if the anger of the republic were provoked, it would devour her enemies as the fire devours the dried sugar-canes.' The proclamation did not produce the intended effect; the blacks still refused to submit. Another stroke of policy was in reserve, the intention of which was to incline Toussaint himself to forbear his opposition to the occupation of the island by the French. Our readers already know that two of Toussaint's sons, whose names were Isaac and Placide, had been sent to Paris to be educated. At Paris, they were placed under the tuition of one M. Coasnon. The first consul resolved that Toussaint's two sons, along with their preceptor, should accompany the expedition under Leclerc to St Domingo, to try the effect which the sight of them might have on the mind of the negro chief. He had sent for them at the Tuileries, and received them very graciously, inquiring of M. Coasnon which was Isaac and which Placide. 'Your father,' he said to them, 'is a great man, and has rendered many services to France. Tell him I said so; and tell him not to believe that I have any hostile intentions against St Domingo. The troops I send are not destined to fight against the

native troops, but to increase their strength. The man I have appointed commander is my own brother-in-law.' He then asked them some questions in mathematics; and the young men withdrew, delighted with the first consul's kindness. After landing at Cape François, Leclerc despatched Coasnon with Toussaint's two sons to the village of Henneri, where he heard that Toussaint then was. One of the sons, Isaac, has written an account of this interview with his father, and of the transactions which followed it. Travelling to Henneri, he tells us, with M. Coasnon, the negroes everywhere on the road received them with raptures. When they reached Henneri, Toussaint was absent, and they spent the first evening with their mother and the rest of the family. Next day Toussaint joined them, and meeting him at the door, they threw themselves into his arms. M. Coasnon then presented him with a letter from the first consul, which he read on the spot. The letter was a skilful mixture of flattery and menace. 'If the French flag,' it said, 'float over St Domingo, it is owing to you and your brave blacks. Called by your abilities and the force of circumstances to the first command in the island, you have put an end to civil war, and brought back into repute religion and the worship of God, from whom everything proceeds. The constitution which you have made contains a number of excellent things; but'—and then follow a few threatening passages. After reading the letter, Toussaint turned to M. Coasnon and said: 'Which am I to believe?—the first consul's words, or General Leclerc's actions? The first consul offers me peace; and yet General Leclerc no sooner arrives than he rushes into a war with us. However, I shall write to General Leclerc.' An attempt was then made to influence him through his paternal feelings; but at length Toussaint put an end to the interview by saying: 'Take back my sons,' and immediately rode off.

The correspondence which Toussaint entered into with Leclerc produced no good result, and the war began in earnest. Toussaint and Christophe were declared outlaws, and battle after battle was fought with varying success. The mountainous nature of the interior greatly impeded the progress of the French. The Alps themselves, Leclerc said, were not nearly so troublesome to a military man as the hills of St Domingo. On the whole, however, the advantage was decidedly on the side of the French; and the blacks were driven by degrees out of all their principal positions. The success of the French was not entirely the consequence of their military skill and valour; it was partly owing also to the effect which the proclamations of Leclerc had on the minds of the negroes and their commanders. If they were to enjoy the perfect liberty which these proclamations promised them, if they were to continue free men as they were now, what mattered it whether the French were in possession of the island or not? Such was the general feeling; and accordingly many of Toussaint's most eminent officers,

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among whom were Laplume and Maurepas, went over to the French. Deserted thus by many of his officers and by the great mass of the negro population, Toussaint, supported by his two bravest and ablest generals, Dessalines and Christophe, still held out, and protracted the war. Dessalines, besieged in the fort of Crete à Pierrot by Leclerc and nearly the whole of the French army, did not give up the defence until he had caused the loss to his besiegers of about 3000 men, including several distinguished officers; and even then, rushing out, he fought his way through the enemy, and made good his retreat.

The reduction of the fortress of Crete à Pierrot was considered decisive of the fate of the war; and Leclerc, deeming dissimulation no longer necessary, permitted many negroes to be massacred, and issued an order virtually re-establishing the power of the old French colonists over their slaves. This rash step opened the eyes of the negroes who had joined the French: they deserted in masses; Toussaint was again at the head of an army; and Leclerc was in danger of losing all the fruits of his past labours, and being obliged to begin his enterprise over again. This was a very disagreeable prospect; for although strong reinforcements were arriving from France, the disorders incident to military life in a new climate were making large incisions into his army. He resolved, therefore, to fall back on his former policy; and on the 25th of April 1802, he issued a proclamation directly opposite in its spirit to his former order, asserting the equality of the various races, and holding out the prospect of full citizenship to the blacks. The negroes were again deceived, and again deserted Toussaint. Christophe, too, despairing of any farther success against the French, entered into negotiation with Leclerc, securing as honourable terms as could be desired. The example of Christophe was imitated by Dessalines, and by Paul l'Ouverture, Toussaint's brother. Toussaint, thus left alone was obliged to submit; and Christophe, in securing good terms for himself, had not neglected the opportunity of obtaining similar advantages for his commander-in-chief. On the 1st of May 1802, a treaty was concluded between Leclerc and Toussaint l'Ouverture, the conditions of which were, that Toussaint should continue to govern St Domingo as hitherto, Leclerc acting only in the capacity of French deputy, and that all the officers in Toussaint's army should be allowed to retain their respective ranks. 'I swear,' added Leclerc, 'before the Supreme Being, to respect the liberty of the people of St Domingo.' Thus the war appeared to have reached a happy close; the whites and blacks mingled with each other once more as friends; and Toussaint retired to one of his estates near Gonaives, to lead a life of quiet domestic enjoyment.

The instructions of the first consul, however, had been precise, that the negro chief should be sent as a prisoner to France. Many reasons recommended such a step as more likely than any

other to break the spirit of independence among the blacks, and rivet the French power in the island. The expedition had been one of the most disastrous that France had ever undertaken. A pestilence resembling the yellow fever, but more fatal and terrible than even that dreadful distemper, had swept many thousands of the French to their graves. What with the ravages of the plague, and the losses in war, it was calculated that 30,000 men, 1500 officers of various ranks—among whom were fourteen generals—and 700 physicians and surgeons, perished in the expedition.

It is our melancholy duty now to record one of the blackest acts committed by Napoleon. Agreeably to his orders, the person of Toussaint was treacherously arrested, while residing peacefully in his house near Gonaïves. Two negro chiefs who endeavoured to rescue him were killed on the spot, and a large number of his friends were at the same time made prisoners. The fate of many of these was never known; but Toussaint himself, his wife, and all his family, were carried at midnight on board the *Hero* man-of-war, then in the harbour, which immediately set sail for France. After a short passage of twenty-five days, the vessel arrived at Brest (June 1802); and here Toussaint took his last leave of his wife and family. They were sent to Bayonne; but by the orders of the first consul, he was carried to the château of Joux, in the east of France, among the Jura mountains. Placed in this bleak and dismal region, so different from the tropical climate to which he had been accustomed, his sufferings may easily be imagined. Not satisfied, however, with confining his unhappy prisoner to the fortress generally, Bonaparte enjoined that he should be secluded in a dungeon, and denied anything beyond the plainest necessities of existence. For the first few months of his captivity, Toussaint was allowed to be attended by a faithful negro servant; but at length this single attendant was removed, and he was left alone in his misery and despair. It appears a rumour had gone abroad that Toussaint, during the war in St Domingo, had buried a large amount of treasure in the earth; and during his captivity at Joux, an officer was sent by the first consul to interrogate him respecting the place where he had concealed it. 'The treasures I have lost,' said Toussaint, 'are not those which you seek.' After an imprisonment of ten months, the negro was found dead in his dungeon on the 27th of April 1803. He was sitting at the side of the fireplace, with his hands resting on his legs, and his head drooping. The account given at the time was, that he had died of apoplexy; but some authors have not hesitated to ascribe it to less natural circumstances. 'The governor of the fort,' observes one French writer, 'made two excursions to Neufchâtel, in Switzerland. The first time, he left the keys of the dungeons with a captain whom he chose to act for him during his absence. The captain accordingly had occasion to visit Toussaint, who conversed with him about his past life, and expressed

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his indignation at the design imputed to him by the first consul, of having wished to betray St Domingo to the English. As Toussaint, reduced to a scanty farinaceous diet, suffered greatly from the want of coffee, to which he had been accustomed, the captain generously procured it for him. This first absence of the governor of the fort, however, was only an experiment. It was not long before he left the fort again, and this time he said, with a mysterious, unquiet air, to the captain: 'I leave you in charge of the fort, but I do not give you the keys of the dungeons; the prisoners do not require anything.' Four days after, he returned, and Toussaint was dead—starved. According to another account, this miserable victim of despotism, and against whom there was no formal or reasonable charge, was poisoned; but this rests on no credible testimony, and there is reason to believe that Toussaint died a victim only to the severities of confinement in this inhospitable prison. This melancholy termination to his sufferings took place when he was sixty years of age.

Toussaint's family continued to reside in France. They were removed from Bayonne to Agen, and here one of the younger sons of Toussaint died soon after his father. Toussaint's wife died in May 1816, in the arms of her sons Isaac and Placide. In 1825, Isaac l'Ouverture wrote a brief memoir of his father, to which we acknowledge ourselves to have been indebted.

We have thus sketched the life of the greatest man yet known to have appeared among the negroes. Toussaint l'Ouverture was altogether an original genius, tinctured no doubt with much that was French, but really and truly self-developed. His intellectual qualities so much resembled those of Europeans, as to make him more than a match for many of the ablest of them. But perhaps, if we seek to discover the true negro element of his genius, it will be found in his strong affections. The phrenological casts given of Toussaint's head are useful, as representing this in the way most likely to be impressive. They represent Toussaint as having a skull more European in its general shape than that of almost any other negro. That Toussaint l'Ouverture was not a mere exceptional negro, cast up as it were once for all, but that he was only the first of a possible series of able negroes, and that his greatness may fairly be taken as a proof of certain capabilities in the negro character, will appear from the following brief sketch of the history of St Domingo subsequently to his imprisonment and death.

SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF ST DOMINGO, OR HAYTI.

The forcible suppression of Toussaint's government, and his treacherous removal from the island, did not prove a happy stroke of policy; and it would have been preferable for France to have at once established the independence of St Domingo, than to have

entered on the project of resuming it as a dependency on the old terms. Leclerc, with all the force committed to his care by Bonaparte, signally failed in his designs. The contemptuous and cruel manner in which the blacks were generally treated, and the attempts made to restore them as a class to slavery, provoked a wide-spread insurrection. Toussaint's old friends and generals, Dessalines, Christophe, Clerveaux, and others, rose in arms. Battle after battle was fought, and all the resources of European military skill were opposed to the furious onsets of the negro masses. All was in vain : before October, the negroes, under the command of Dessalines and Christophe, had driven the French out of Fort Dauphin, Port de Paix, and other important positions. In the midst of these calamities, that is, on the 1st of November 1802, Leclerc died, and Pauline Bonaparte returned to France with his body. Leclerc was succeeded in the command by Rochambeau, a determined enemy of the blacks. Cruelties such as Leclerc shrunk from were now employed to assist the French arms; unoffending negroes were slaughtered; and blood-hounds were imported from Cuba to chase the negro fugitives through the forests. Rochambeau, however, had a person to deal with capable of repaying cruelty with cruelty. Dessalines, who had assumed the chief command of the insurgents, was a man who, to great military talents and great personal courage, added a ferocious and sanguinary disposition. Hearing that Rochambeau had ordered 500 blacks to be shot at the Cape, he selected 500 French officers and soldiers from among his prisoners, and had them shot by way of reprisal. To complete the miseries of the French, the mulattoes of the south now joined the insurrection, and the war between France and England having recommenced, the island was blockaded by English ships, and provisions began to fail. In this desperate condition, after demanding assistance from the mother-country, which could not be granted, Rochambeau negotiated with the negroes and the English for the évacuation of the island; and towards the end of November 1803, all the French troops left St Domingo.

On the departure of the French, Dessalines, Christophe, and the other generals proclaimed the independence of the island 'in the name of the blacks and the people of colour.' At the same time they invited the return of all whites who had taken no part in the war; but, added they, 'if any of those who imagined they would restore slavery return hither, they shall meet with nothing but chains and deportation.' On the 1st of January 1804, at an assembly of the generals and chiefs of the army, the independence of the island was again solemnly declared, and all present bound themselves by an oath to defend it. At the same time, to mark their formal renunciation of all connection with France, it was resolved that the name of the island should be changed from St Domingo to Hayti, the name given to it by its original Indian inhabitants. Jean Jacques

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Dessalines was appointed governor-general of the island for life, with the privilege of nominating his successor.

The rule of Dessalines was a sanguinary, but, on the whole, a salutary one. He began his government by a treacherous massacre of nearly all the French who remained in the island trusting to his false promises of protection. All other Europeans, however, except the French, were treated with respect. Dessalines encouraged the importation of Africans into Hayti, saying that since they were torn from their country, it was certainly better that they should be employed to recruit the strength of a rising nation of blacks, than to serve the whites of all countries as slaves. On the 8th of October 1804, Dessalines exchanged his plain title of governor-general for the more pompous one of emperor. He was solemnly inaugurated under the name of James I., emperor of Hayti; and the ceremony of his coronation was accompanied by the proclamation of a new constitution, the main provisions of which were exceedingly judicious. All Haytian subjects, of whatever colour, were to be called *blacks*, entire religious toleration was decreed, schools were established, public worship encouraged, and measures adopted similar to those which Toussaint had employed for creating and fostering an industrial spirit among the negroes. As a preparation for any future war, the interior of the island was extensively planted with yams, bananas, and other articles of food, and many forts built in advantageous situations. Under these regulations the island again began to shew symptoms of prosperity. Dessalines was a man in many respects fitted to be the first sovereign of a people rising out of barbarism. The slave of a negro mechanic, he was quite illiterate, but had great natural abilities, united to a very ferocious temper. His wife was one of the most beautiful and best educated negro women in Hayti. A pleasant trait of his character is his seeking out his old master after he became emperor, and making him his butler. It was, he said, exactly the situation the old man wished to fill, as it afforded him the means of being always drunk. Dessalines himself drank nothing but water. For two years this negro continued to govern the island; but at length his ferocity provoked his mulatto subjects to form a conspiracy against him, and on the 17th of October 1806 he was assassinated by the soldiers of Petion, who was his third in command.

On the death of Dessalines, a schism took place in the island. Christophe, who had been second in command, assumed the government of the northern division of the island, the capital of which was Cape François; and Petion, the mulatto general, assumed the government of the southern division, the capital of which was Port-au-Prince. For several years a war was carried on between the two rivals, each endeavouring to depose the other, and become chief of the whole of Hayti; but at length hostilities ceased, and by a tacit agreement, Petion came to be regarded as legitimate governor

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in the south and west, where the mulattoes were most numerous ; and Christophe as legitimate governor in the north, where the population consisted chiefly of blacks. Christophe, trained, like Dessalines, in the school of Toussaint l'Ouverture, was a slave born, and an able as well as a benevolent man ; but, like most of the negroes who had arrived at his period of life, he had not had the benefit of any systematic education. Petion, on the other hand, had been educated in the Military Academy of Paris, and was accordingly as accomplished and well instructed as any European officer. The title with which Petion was invested, was that of President of the Republic of Hayti—in other words, president of the republican part of Hayti ; the southern and western districts preferring the republican form of government. For some time Christophe bore the simple title of chief magistrate, and was in all respects the president of a republic like Petion : but the blacks have always shewn a liking for the monarchical form of government ; and accordingly, on the 2d of June 1812, Christophe, by the desire of his subjects, assumed the regal title of Henry I., king of Hayti. The coronation was celebrated in the most gorgeous manner ; and at the same time the creation of an aristocracy took place, the first act of the new sovereign being to name four princes, seven dukes, twenty-two counts, thirty barons, and ten knights.

Both parts of the island were well governed, and rapidly advanced in prosperity and civilisation. On the restoration of the Bourbons to the French throne, some hope seems to have been entertained in France that it might be possible yet to obtain a footing in the island, and commissioners were sent out to collect information respecting its condition ; but the conduct both of Christophe and Petion was so firm, that the impossibility of subverting the independence of Hayti became manifest. The island was therefore left in the undisturbed possession of the blacks and mulattoes. In 1818 Petion died, and was succeeded by General Boyer, a mulatto who had been in France, and had accompanied Leclerc in his expedition. In 1820, Christophe having become involved in differences with his subjects, shot himself ; and the two parts of the island were then reunited under the general name of the Republic of Hayti, General Boyer being the first president. In the following year, the Spanish portion of the island, which for a long time had been in a languishing condition, voluntarily placed itself under the government of Boyer, who thus became the head of a republic including the entire island of St Domingo. In 1825, a treaty was concluded between President Boyer and Charles X. of France, by which France acknowledged the independence of Hayti, in consideration of 150 millions of francs (£6,000,000 sterling), to be paid by the island in five annual instalments, as a compensation for the losses sustained by the French colonists during the revolution. The first instalment was paid in 1836 ; but as it was found impossible to pay the

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remainder, the terms of the agreement were changed in 1838, and France consented to accept 60 millions of francs (£2,400,000), to be liquidated in six instalments before the year 1867.

About the year 1843, the inhabitants of the eastern or Spanish portion of Hayti, rising against their Haytian oppressors, formed themselves into a republic called the Dominican Republic, with a territory of 17,010 square miles, and a population of 200,000. In May 1861, the Dominican Republic proclaimed its re-union with Spain, but in 1863 it renounced the connection, and is again an independent republic. The western portion of the island had been republican in its form of government previous to 1849, when its former president, General Soulouque, ascended the throne, proclaimed an empire, and assumed the title of Emperor Faustin I. In 1859, however, he was compelled to abdicate, and a republic was again proclaimed, with General Fabre Geffrard as president. On March 13, 1867, Geffrard in his turn was compelled to resign, and was succeeded by General Salnave.

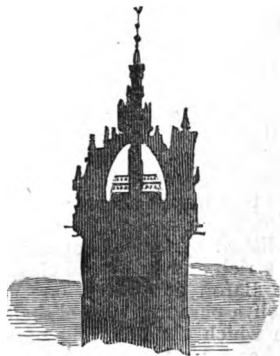
The area of the Haytian republic is 10,204 square miles, and the population estimated at about 572,000. The Roman Catholic religion prevails over the whole island, but all other sects are tolerated. The clergy are said to be ignorant and corrupt; and their influence over the opinions or the morals of the community is small. In the principal towns there are government schools, some of them on the Lancasterian plan; in the capital there is a military school; and there are also a number of private academies in the island.

With respect to the social condition of the island, there are, unfortunately, few trustworthy particulars; although the general fact is indisputable, that it is in a condition of advancement. There are undoubtedly many imperfections in the republic, many traces of barbarism, much absurdity perhaps, and much extravagance; but still the fact remains, that here is a population of blacks which, in the short space of about seventy years, has raised itself from the depths and the degradation of slavery to the condition of a flourishing and respectable state. All that we are accustomed to regard as included in the term *civilisation*, Hayti possesses—an established system of government, an established system of education, a literature, commerce, manufactures, a rich and cultivated class in society. About fifty years since, the Baron de Vastey, one of the councillors of Christophe, and himself a pure negro, published some reflections on the state of Hayti, in which the following passage occurs: 'Five-and-twenty years ago,' says he, 'we were plunged in the most complete ignorance; we had no notion of human society, no idea of happiness, no powerful feeling. Our faculties, both physical and moral, were so overwhelmed under the load of slavery, that I myself who am writing this, I thought that the world finished at the line which bounded my sight; my ideas were so limited, that things the most simple were to me incomprehensible; and all my countrymen

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were as ignorant as myself, and even more so, if that were possible. I have known many of us,' he continues, 'who have learned to read and write of themselves, without the help of a master ; I have known them walking with their books in their hands inquiring of the passengers, and praying them to explain to them the signification of such a character or word ; and in this manner many, already advanced in years, became able to read and write without the benefit of instruction. Such men,' he adds, 'have become notaries, attorneys, advocates, judges, administrators, and have astonished the world by the sagacity of their judgment ; others have become painters and sculptors by their own exertions, and have astonished strangers by their works ; others, again, have succeeded as architects, mechanics, manufacturers ; others have worked mines of sulphur, fabricated saltpetre, and made excellent gunpowder, with no other guides than books of chemistry and mineralogy. And yet the Haytians do not pretend to be a manufacturing and commercial people ; agriculture and arms are their professions ; like the Romans, we go from arms to the plough, and from the plough to arms.'

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JIM CRONIN.

AN IRISH TALE, BY MRS HOARE.

I.

ABOUT fifty-five years ago there lived, in a wild district of the south of Ireland, a widow named Cronin and her family, consisting of two sons and a daughter. She was what is called 'well to do in the world,' being in possession of a small farm, stocked with three cows and some sheep, and for which she paid merely a nominal rent. At the time our tale commences, her eldest son James was ten years old, his brother Daniel nine, and little Ellen six.

One fine morning in the month of May, Mrs Cronin and her children had finished their breakfast of milk and potatoes, and the pig was enjoying his, consisting of the skins, politely given to him on the floor, when the mother addressed her eldest boy: 'Come, Jemmy, 'tis time for you to be off to yer school.'

'I won't mind going to-day, mother; 'tis Inchigeelah fair, and I want to see the fun.'

'Oh, thin, the never a step you'll go to the fair to-day. Is it to be kilt entirely you want in the fight they'll have wid the Kilmichael boys?'

'That's the very reason I want to go;' and the undutiful boy prepared to move in the forbidden direction.

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His mother did not exert her authority to restrain him, but turning to her youngest son, who was leaning against the door, lazily biting a straw, 'Dan,' said she, 'you'll be a good boy, I know, and go to school to-day; and next day I go to Macroom, I'll bring you a fine new cloth cap to wear to chapel on Sunday; and Jim will have to go in his dirty ould caubeen, because he won't do my bidding.'

James turned round, his face flushed with anger. 'Mother,' said he, 'that's always yer way: you care more about Dan than you do about me.'

'To be sure I do. Isn't his little finger worth your whole body?'

'Thin keep him, and make much of him, for it's little of me you'll see this day;' and off he set, leaving his mother in a most unenviable state of mind. She was far from meaning what she said when she spoke of preferring Dan to James; on the contrary, her eldest son was her favourite, and having spoiled him in infancy by foolish indulgence, she now tried to govern his wayward temper by exciting the fiendish passion of jealousy. The result of this most pernicious plan will be seen in the sequel.

II.

At that time the hedge-schools were the only means of education which the country afforded; and wild and uncouth as were both masters and scholars, and primitive as was their place of assembly—for, as the poet says,

'Its roof was the heaven, its wall was the hill'—

yet a considerable share of learning was often acquired by the pupils, more, perhaps, than in some polished seminaries. To one of these schools Mrs Cronin sent her children as regularly as she could induce them to go, and thither Daniel and his little sister proceeded this morning.

Mister Dogherty's rustic establishment was rather a favourable specimen of its class. Some of the head boys were well versed in the higher branches of arithmetic, could write 'copper-plate,' and the broad Doric intonation of their reading was abundantly compensated, at least in the opinion of most of their auditors, by the gallant speed and reckless rapidity with which the most jaw-breaking polysyllables were cleared in a flying gallop. True, this sporting pace constantly left both reader and hearers perfectly innocent of the meaning of the text. But this was a trifle, and Irishmen never stick at trifles.

'Why, thin, Dan, it's time for you,' said Mister Dogherty, as the boy entered the school; 'and where's James this fine morning?'

'He's gone to Inchigeelah fair, though my mother tould him not to go.'

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'Oh, it's like him, the young scamp! Never fear, when I catch him to-morrow I'll wattle him well, to tache him obedience in future.'

The scholars were now examined on the subject of their lessons, and having acquitted themselves very much to Mister Dogherty's satisfaction, he proceeded, as was not unusual with him, to tell them one of his drollest stories.

The happy frame of mind in which the recital never failed to put the worthy master, was quickly disturbed by sounds of clamour and crying among the more juvenile of his pupils. Seizing his formidable *wattle* (Anglicè, cane), he loudly demanded what was the matter.

'It's little Ellen Cronin, sir, that's roaring because Dan is pinching her, and saying his mother doesn't care about her, and that he's the white-headed boy at home.'

'Come up here, Dan.' The summons was slowly and sulkily obeyed. 'Take that, sir,' said the master, giving him a few smart blows, 'and I hope 'twill tache you to have more *nature* for yer sister. 'Twas one mother bore you both, and in place of tormenting, you ought to love one another.' He then dismissed the school; and little Ellen, glancing fearfully at Dan, went up to a pleasant-looking boy of twelve years old, named John M'Carthy, who, taking her hand, said kindly: 'Never fear, aileen; Dan shan't touch you: I'll walk home with you to yer mother's door.'

The children then dispersed in different directions, Dan walking gloomily apart, and John talking cheerfully to Ellen till they reached her home.

They found Mrs Cronin in a state of fretful anxiety about James, who had not yet made his appearance. Several of the neighbours were passing on their return from the fair, driving a few lambs, or a cow, or a pig before them. One man, who was trying to quicken the pace of a peculiarly refractory specimen of the last-named animal, was accosted by the widow.

'God save you, Jerry!'

'God save you kindly, ma'am!'

'Was there a good fair to-day?'

'There was, ma'am, a power and all of people in it, but there wasn't to say much in the way of buying and selling.'

'Would you see that gorsoon of mine anywhere there?'

'I did thin, ma'am, see him in the thick of all the fun; for there was a dickens of a scrimmage between the Walshes and Cotters; and never fear, Jemmy was wheeling his bit of a stick, and shouting for the bare life as well as the best.'

'O yea, wisha! I wouldn't doubt him: he's an active boy any-way.' And, strange to say, a kind of pleased pride at her son's courage and daring spirit mingled with anger at his disobedience and fears for his safety. 'Was he hurt at all, Jerry?'

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'Myself didn't see; for as I had this *slip* bought, I thought 'twas better to make the best of my way home without waiting to see how 'twould end.' Then giving the pig a significant cut of his whip, he moved on, wishing Mrs Cronin good-evening, and saying: 'Oh, thin, won't I aim this one before I have her home to-night!'

Evening began to close in, and still no sign of James. At length a man appeared, driving a donkey-car, at the bottom of which the truant boy lay stretched on some straw. His mother ran out to receive him, and albeit the nerves of Irishwomen in her rank of life are pretty well steeled against fears connected with broken heads and bruised limbs, yet when she saw her son's pale face, and his fair curls matted with blood, escaping from beneath a bandage which was bound tightly round his head, she burst into a passionate cry of grief and terror, not unmixed with rage. The neighbour who had kindly brought him home raised him in his arms, and assisted her to lay him in bed, at the same time saying: 'Don't fret yerself, Mrs Cronin; you'll find the boy will be none the worse to-morrow. To be sure 'twas well I found him when I did, for he was down on the ground, and a boy of the Walshes lickin' him at no rate; but still Jimmy shewed the throe blood, for he kept bating the cowardly spalpeen, that was twice his size, as long as ever he could stand.'

'O the murtherin' villain, to dar touch my child! Never fear, he'll sup sorrow for it yet.'

So saying, she went to prepare some whey for James, who just then opened his eyes, and asked feebly for a drink. Her neighbour wished her good-night, and went home; and she, having settled the sick boy as comfortably as she could, retired to rest with her other children. James passed a sleepless night, and next morning was in a high fever. His mother, in great alarm, sent Daniel with all haste to summon Dr Handley to see him.

III.

Let not our English readers imagine for a moment that the gentleman whom we have mentioned had ever in his life attended a school of medicine or taken out a diploma. He belonged to a class of men who are every day becoming more rare in Ireland, and will probably soon be nearly extinct, owing to the now universal establishment of dispensaries, and the consequent residence in the country of regularly qualified practitioners; but at the time of which we write, the rural population might be said to be totally destitute of licensed medical assistance; for the expense attendant on bringing a physician fifteen or twenty miles into the country was of itself an insurmountable obstacle; besides, that the people in general entertained a strong prejudice against the regular practice, and much preferred their own unlicensed pretenders. Medical advice, such as it was, was offered by three classes of practitioners. The first were the

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'fairy-men,' who undertook to charm away the diseases both of men and cattle; and although the effect of their prescriptions was of course purely imaginary, yet they were regarded throughout the country with much respect, not unmixed with awe; and if any one got a 'blast' (the name for every kind of illness whose origin was unknown), these men and their charms were always had recourse to. The second, and most numerous division, were the 'old women,' who, besides their prescriptive right to usher all the thumping young Paddies into a land of fighting and potatoes, were also called on for advice in various cases of disease. Here, it must be confessed, their practice was often most destructive, being characterised by a bold disregard of the plainest rules in medicine. Turning the head of a patient in typhus fever towards a blazing turf-fire, heaping blankets on his bed, and administering copious libations of whisky punch, 'to drive the cold from his heart,' and which, for fear of any mistake, usually first paid toll at the lips of the good lady herself—these formed part of their standing rules. Still, somehow, the patients often recovered, thanks to the ever-open door, the wide chimney, and creviced roof, which served to admit plenty of fresh air, and also to the hardy constitution with which the rural Irish are happily endowed.

The 'old women,' long life to them! still flourish. I very lately, when visiting the district where the scene of our story is laid, met with some amusing specimens of the tribe. They look on the encroachments of the dispensary physicians pretty much as the aboriginal dogs of New Holland regard those of their European brethren, condescending to emulate them to a certain extent, but jealously excluding them, as far as may be, from their lovely sylvan haunts.

The practitioner who was sent for on the present occasion belonged to the third class, who were a degree more learned; men who had picked up a smattering of medical knowledge, and assumed the grave title of 'doctor.' The doctor was regarded with much respect, and his advice sought on various matters—agricultural, political, domestic, and matrimonial; in fact, in each parish he was usually esteemed second in wisdom only to the priest.

Dr Handley, who held this proud position in the parish of Inchi-geela, had formerly been gardener to a gentleman's family. While living in service, he was in the habit of uniting surgical with horticultural employments; and the younger members of his master's family found much amusement in conversing with him. For their edification, he would invent the wildest and most ludicrous adventures, of which he would gravely assure them he had been the hero.

With all this extravagance, he possessed much shrewdness of character, of which I will give an instance. Just before he retired from service, the law forbidding to inoculate with the natural small-pox was passed, and emissaries were sent through the country to

detect and prosecute any who did so. An apothecary from the neighbouring city of C—— came into this district, and as he was known to Handley's master, he was hospitably received, and entertained at his house. Having strong suspicions that the old gardener was a transgressor, he endeavoured to ascertain the fact by searching inquiries among the country people; but in vain—not a man, woman, or child would inform or give him the slightest clue; and many a time that day did the town Galen find himself humbugged after the most approved fashion.

The next morning, accompanied by one of his host's sons, he went into the garden to try what he could do with the delinquent himself. The old man was busily engaged in digging a border; and, giving one knowing glance of the eye as he returned the apothecary's civil salutation, he quietly continued his employment. 'This is a fine morning, doctor.'

'It is indeed, sir; glory be to God!'

'And 'tis fine healthy weather for the country; I suppose there are but few sick persons in the neighbourhood just now?'

'I know whosoever 'tis healthy for: it agrees wonderful with the caterpillars; bad luck to 'em, if they aren't ating up my early cab-bages, just as the Moths and Sandals ate up Julius Cesar.'

Mr —, nothing daunted, returned to the charge. He wanted to establish the fact of the doctor's practising medicine in any way, hoping afterwards to detect the inoculation business; but Handley was thoroughly *up* to him, and turned his flank in masterly style. After an immensity of what our old friend, had he lived in the days of Sam Slick, would have termed 'soft sawder,' had been lavished in vain, the apothecary continued: 'Now, Dr Handley, I have heard a great deal of your medical skill; in fact you are better known and more esteemed in town than you think, and I should like to have your opinion on a difficult case. Suppose a man came to consult you, affected in such and such a manner' (detailing a variety of imaginary symptoms), 'what would you do for him?'

The old gardener stuck his spade in the ground, and leaning his arms on the handle, looked keenly at his questioner. 'I'll tell you, sir. If he was a *good* fellow, I'd do the best I could for him; but if he was a *bad* fellow, that would talk friendly to your face, and turn agin you afterwards—*maybe I wouldn't give him a pill!*'

Not another word from the crestfallen apothecary. He turned on his heel and walked off; while his young host, with a loud laugh, exclaimed: 'I think, Mr —, the next time you're ill, you may as well not mind consulting Dr Handley.'

The old doctor had now retired, with the savings of his years of labour, to a neat cottage and small farm about a mile distant from Mrs Cronin's dwelling. Here, as his practice was extensive, he picked up many small sums among the farmers, together with various fees in kind, consisting chiefly of eggs, butter, meal, and chickens;

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but he was always ready to prescribe gratuitously for the very poor, by whom he was much beloved. He united a thorough contempt for town-bred physicians to a most comfortable assurance of his own superior skill.

From this digression on an almost extinct class in Ireland, we return to the subject of our story.

IV.

Dr Handley, summoned by Mrs Cronin, soon appeared at her son's bedside. Having bled the boy pretty copiously, he ordered a fomentation of simples to be applied to his temples; and whether his prescriptions were *secundum artem* or not, certain it is that after a few days his patient became convalescent. The mother, who had been terrified at her son's danger, now lavished on him the most foolish caresses, indulging every wayward fancy, and straitening herself to gratify his whims. Instead of calmly reproving his sin and disobedience, she spoke only of vengeance to be taken on Tom Walsh, the boy who had beaten James; and she even promised Dan a new jacket as a reward for having thrashed Mickey Walsh, a younger brother of the offender, but who was himself quite guiltless of the affray. Daniel returned one day from school with a black eye and bloody nose, which would have excited his mother's displeasure, had they not been satisfactorily accounted for in the manner above mentioned. While James's illness lasted, his brother and sister were made subservient to him in everything. If he pettishly complained of them, the mother cuffed them without mercy, telling them that Jim was of more consequence than ten brats like them.

The old doctor often remonstrated with her on the subject. 'Mrs Cronin,' he would say, 'I seen a dale of childher rared in my time, and I never yet saw good come of setting up one above another. 'Tisn't in the nature of things but that they'll always be fighting and vieing with each other; and sure 'twould give you a sore heart-scald in your latter days to see them that you rocked in one cradle, and fed at your bosom, taring and desthroying one another like them hathen Romans, Romulus and Ramus.' These well-meant admonitions were in vain: blindly did the infatuated mother continue to minister to the worst passions of her children, reckless of the rapid growth of evil in their hearts.

Little Ellen was a child of a naturally sweet and yielding disposition; she had true womanly feeling, and, under different training, would have grown up all that was amiable and lovely. Even as it was, she received much less injury from her mother's misrule than did her jealous, turbulent brothers.

She had a beautiful white hen with a top-knot, which her aunt had given her, and which she dearly loved. Every day the fresh

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egg which Snowy laid was brought in for James's breakfast ; but not satisfied with this, the selfish boy declared he must have the hen for his own.

'Ah, Jemmy,' said his little sister, 'don't take Snowy from me : sure you know how fond the crathur is of me, and I of her. She flies up on my shoulder, and picks the bit of praty out of my mouth ; and she's quite strange to you and Dan. Sure you won't take her, Jemmy!'

The boy was that day more than usually ill-tempered, and, without replying, he tried to snatch the bird from Ellen, who held it closely in her arms. Enraged at meeting resistance, he seized the hen furiously, and wrung its neck. Its poor little mistress threw herself on the ground, sobbing in an agony of grief. Just at that moment their mother came in ; and when she understood the cause of the uproar, what course did she pursue ? She blamed Ellen for trying to retain her bird, telling her she deserved to lose it for going to vex Jim ; and merely told the latter he was a fool for having killed such a nice laying hen ; never adverting to the cruelty and injustice he had shewn towards his sister.

Scenes of this kind were of daily occurrence, and tended to foster every bad and jealous feeling in the children's minds. Their mother really loved them, and fancied she had their interests at heart ; but truly it was a false kindness, a cruel love. What availed her care for their bodies, while, by a perverse system of fondling one at the expense of the others, she filled their young souls with envious discontent ! Jealousy of a brother stained with blood the hand of the first murderer. Six thousand years have rolled on since then, and of all the sanguine torrents which, during their course, man has drawn from the veins of his fellow-men, who can say how many may have flowed from the same fratricidal source ! Parents, if you would have your sons and daughters grow up a blessing and a praise, a crown of rejoicing to your old age, teach them, while they are yet 'little children,' to 'love one another.'

V.

Twelve years rolled on, and brought with them many changes. Mrs Cronin's bright dark eye began to wax dim, and her raven hair was streaked with gray ; but time, which robs youth of its beauty, clothes childhood with matured grace and vigour. James and Daniel had grown up to be stout handsome young men, while their sister Ellen was, beyond dispute, the fairest maiden in the country. Time did its work in developing their persons : their mother did hers in perverting their minds. But let us say, once for all, it was done in ignorance. She was a weak-minded woman, possessing undisciplined passions and affections ; wishing to rule her sons, and finding herself without either physical or moral power to effect it. She therefore,

as wiser politicians have done before her, tried to establish a balance of power, shifting the scale as the hasty fancy or irritated feeling of the moment might chance to dictate. But a plan which may answer indifferently well in the government of a nation, is often destructive when applied to the regulation of a family; and so it proved in this instance. Did Daniel offend his mother by betting at a horse-race, and losing his money, she would threaten to make his brother's share of the farm, at her death, treble his; did James spend the night at a wake or pattern, and return towards morning intoxicated, she would promise to make a settlement on Daniel, whenever he chose to marry, and leave her eldest son unprovided for.

In the commencement of our narrative we mentioned a boy named John M'Carthy who good-naturedly protected Ellen from Dan's unkindness. This lad, now become a fine stout young farmer, possessing some acres of good land, did not lose sight of his former little playfellow. It is not my object to write a love-story; indeed, as the man said when asked if he could play the organ: 'I don't know whether I could do it, for I never tried.' It will therefore suffice to mention that a strong attachment had sprung up between them; and as soon as Ellen attained the age of eighteen years (an uncommonly advanced period of life for a pretty Irish peasant-girl to remain unmarried), John, with his parents' entire approbation, sought her for his wife. Mrs Cronin at first demurred. It would be necessary to give her daughter a portion, and she did not like to diminish her stock, now consisting of six cows. She told her proposed son-in-law that she would take a night to consider, and give him an answer in the morning.

That evening, when James and Dan came in from work, they found the house neatly swept up, a bright turf-fire blazing on the open hearth, and their supper of potatoes and salt fish ready and smoking hot. As soon as they entered, Ellen went out to milk the cows; and their mother drawing her seat near the fire, began: 'Why, thin, boys, you wouldn't guess who was here to-day?'

'Maybe 'twas the tithe-proctor, bad luck to him?'

'No, Jim, it wasn't the tithe-proctor, but a dacent boy than ever he was. What do you think of young John M'Carthy?'

'I'll engage, thin, he wanted to buy them three sheep I got last Candlemas, but the never a one of 'em will he get till I see what price they'll bring at the fair.'

'Tisn't them sheep he wants at all, but the nicest and purtiest lamb in the flock: he came to ax me would I give him your sister to be his wife.'

'She might get a worse husband than Shawnage, there's no doubt of that,' said James; 'and I suppose the boy won't be looking for fortune, he's so well to do in the world?'

'As to that,' said the mother, 'I think I ought to give her three cows, half-a-dozen sheep, and a couple of feather-beds.'

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'Are you mad, mother?' was her son's energetic rejoinder. 'That would be the purty bargain in airnest! To lave us all depinding on the other three cows to make our butter, while Miss Ellen is sitting like a lady in John M'Carthy's parlour; for no less would do him in the new house he built.'

'Foolishness, boy! Ellen was ever and always the good daughter to me, and I'll give her what I please, and as much as I please. Maybe you and Dan will be sorry yet that you didn't thry to contint me better than you do.'

James returned a violent answer, and the dispute waxed very warm. It ended in the sons' going sulkily to bed, while their mother persisted in her intention, and threatened to give an additional gratuity of twenty pounds. Mrs Cronin was really piqued into acting thus, for her disposition was far removed from liberality; but she enriched her daughter in order to vex her rebellious sons.

VI.

After a reasonable delay, John and Ellen were married, and removed to a comfortable farm, which he had lately taken in conjunction with his brother, who was to live with them. Here, in the society of a husband whose sunny temper and cheerful countenance knew no sullen cloud, Ellen enjoyed such happiness as she had never yet known. Her young heart and mind seemed to expand and brighten beneath the influence of domestic kindness; and there was not a prouder or happier wife than herself in the whole parish of Inchigeela, when she put on her lace-cap with pink ribbons, and her fine dark-blue cloth cloak on Sunday, and accompanied her husband to chapel.

Mrs Cronin was a provident woman, and from her savings she soon contrived to replace the three cows which she had given to Ellen. Among her stock there was one red cow, a very fine animal, which yielded an immense quantity of milk, and was quite an object of admiration in the country. James had long wished to possess it for his own, and frequently importuned his mother to give it to him. This, however, she constantly refused. She had been left by her husband sole possessor of his farm, having power to divide it among her children during her life, or to will it to them after her death, in whatever shares or proportions she pleased. She was most tenacious of her property, and, generally speaking, could with difficulty be induced to part with any of her stock. This cow, however, was employed as a powerful assistant in controlling the domestic economy. If the mother was pleased with James, she held out vague and uncertain promises that the animal should be his; did he displease her, he was told that Tiney should be forthwith presented to Daniel; or, were both brothers defaulters, she was to be driven to the

next fair, and sold for whatever she would bring ; till at length the poor innocent cow had become the cause of more envy and heart-burnings than the sacrifice of a hecatomb of oxen could in ancient days have appeased.

At length James contrived to extract from his mother a definite promise that from the first of the approaching month of June the coveted animal should be his ; and all the profits derived from her were thenceforth to be appropriated to his sole use and benefit.

About the middle of May a great horse-race was to come off in the neighbourhood, and Mrs Cronin, knowing that much gambling and cheating would be likely to go on, peremptorily forbade her sons going there. They both, however, disobeyed ; and going to the race-course, not only betted and played away all the little money they could collect, but James staked the precious promised cow, and lost her.

When their mother found they had gone in defiance of her positive injunctions, her rage knew no bounds ; she stormed and raved aloud against her rebellious children. In the midst of her invectives, her son-in-law, who was coming to pay her a visit, walked into the house.

‘ Good-morning, ma’am,’ he said ; ‘ I thought I heard you talking to some one as I was lifting the latch, but I see you’re all alone.’

‘ Oh, thin ! thrue for you, John ; I am all alone, and cold and lonely is my heart this day afther the tratement of them ungrateful boys that I tuk such care of, and such pride out of. The villains of the world ! to go off agin my orders ; but I’ll pay them for it yet.’

John, who was a most amiable, good-natured young man, and a great favourite with his mother-in-law, tried to soothe her and calm her anger ; and to all appearance he succeeded. She talked quietly of Ellen, and asked many questions concerning the welfare of their household ; but the bitter feeling still rankled in her bosom, and her thoughts were brooding over the undutiful conduct of her sons. After some time John rose to depart, and Mrs Cronin followed him a few steps from the door. ‘ And so you tell me,’ said she, ‘ that Ellen is well in health, and happy, and content with everything about her. God keep her so ; she was ever and always a good daughter to me ; and now, Sham, darling, I’ll send her a purty little present, that maybe you won’t see the likes of agin in a hurry.’ So saying, she led him into the field where Tiney was feeding, and desired him to drive her home at once, and give her to Ellen with her mother’s love and blessing.

John was as much pleased as surprised at his mother-in-law’s unwonted generosity ; and knowing nothing of the cow having been promised to James, felt, of course, no scruple in taking her. He accordingly drove her home, thinking, as he went along, what a pleasant surprise it would be to his dear Ellen. Tiney was indeed

greatly admired by her new mistress, who had often fed her when a calf; and John's brother pronounced her to be 'a rale beauty, worth almost any money!'

My readers may perhaps imagine the miserable state of James's mind when he returned that evening to his mother's house. His conscience told him that he had been guilty of a great sin in disobeying his parent, and his selfish feelings reproached him with having thrown away every farthing he possessed; and last, and worst of all, he knew that, on the 1st of June, he would have to part with his cow, or ransom her with a sum which he had no means of raising. He walked into the cottage, and sat down by the fire without uttering a word. His mother, who, now that her passion had in some measure cooled, felt rather apprehensive of the storm so soon to be awakened in his breast, was equally taciturn. Daniel had remained outside, to attend to the horse which they had ridden in turn, and there was no one else within doors.

Presently the girl entered with a pail of milk. 'Arrah, misthress,' said she, 'I felt as quare and as lonely to-night without having poor Tiney to milk; and see yerself, the milk looks nothing since hers is taken out of it.'

'Tiney!' said James; 'what's the matter with her?'

'Ah, you may go whistle for Tiney!' said his mother; 'I gave her to-day to a boy that's worth ten of you, and that I heartily wish was my son in your stead.'

'Mother!' said James, clenching his fist furiously, 'you wouldn't dare do it!'

It would be needless and painful to dwell on the scene that followed. Dan having come in, joined in the war of words; and at length the wearied and enraged mother retired to bed, and her sons, breathing curses and threats, also sought their place of repose. Dan, who had not so much cause for excitement, and who, besides, was of a more apathetic disposition than James, slept soundly; but his brother did not close his eyes all night, and at four o'clock in the morning he awoke Daniel. In pursuance of a plan which they had concerted on the previous evening, they dressed themselves quickly, and stole noiselessly out of doors. They each carried a gun, and walked along rapidly for some time in silence. At length Daniel looking earnestly at the inflamed features and bloodshot eyes of his brother, said: 'Jim, what are you going to do at all at all?'

'I'm going to make that sneaking spalpeen give me up my fine cow, that he wheedled that foolish ould woman out of.'

'And what'll we do if he won't give her up ppaceably?'

'Maybe I have a thrifle of logic here that'll persuade him,' said James, touching the lock of his gun significantly. 'Them M'Carthy's never had much pluck in them.'

On they walked; but the fresh morning breeze and glorious

AN IRISH TALE.

sunshine, which awakened all living things, and summoned them to joyous activity, had no soothing or softening influence on a heart consumed by its own restless fire. After a walk of six miles, the brothers arrived at M'Carthy's farm, and in a meadow at some distance from the house they saw Tiney quietly grazing.

'Now for it, Dan,' said James; 'we'll drive her off, and let me see if one of the M'Carthys dare touch her agin.' So saying, he proceeded to throw down the gap which had been built up to prevent the cattle in the field from straying beyond its precincts. At this moment John and his brother appeared advancing towards him.

'Good-morning, Jim,' said the former; 'you're out early to-day.'

'Not a bit too early to prevent thieves and robbers,' was the courteous rejoinder. 'Ho! you thought you'd have my fine cow all to yourself; but 'twas aisy wid ye, my boy. I'm come to take her back, and the never a hair of her will you see agin, if 'twas to save yer life.'

'James, I don't understand all this. Your mother gave me the cow freely, without me ever axing her, many thanks to her for that same; and I won't have her taken back by you on a sudden without rhyme or reason.'

'You won't, won't you?' said James. 'See if you dare prevint me.' And he immediately proceeded to drive the animal out of the field.

John ran to intercept him, and stood in the gap, at the same time saying quietly: 'Now, Jim, leave off this nonsense: you know I don't want to fight with you, but the cow shan't leave this field to-day.' In a transport of passion, James raised his gun, fired it with deadly aim, and down fell the stout and manly youth before him a bleeding corpse at his feet. The wretched murderer and Daniel, when they saw what was done, began to flee with speed; but the victim's brother, uttering a loud cry of horror, ran to lay hold on James. The latter, as if possessed by a demon, seized Daniel's gun and fired at his pursuer. He, too, fell mortally wounded. James stopped for a moment, raised him up, placed him with his head leaning against a tree, and then, with such a yell as might have resounded through earth's primeval valley when Cain stood a convicted and sentenced criminal before his Righteous Judge, the guilty being and his brother fled.

VII.

In less than an hour afterwards, the Widow Cronin was standing in her house preparing the morning meal, when her eldest son rushed in. His face, notwithstanding his rapid flight, was colourless; his eyes red, and glowing with a fiendish glare. 'Mother,' said he, extending his hand, 'look there!'

The wretched woman gazed at the blood-stained fingers. 'O James, for the love of God, tell me what you were doing!'

JIM CRONIN.

'That's *blood*, mother,' answered he with frightful calmness; 'the blood of an innocent man: it was *you* made me shed it, and on your soul be the guilt!' He then rushed from the house, and ran wildly up the mountains, where Daniel had already found a place of concealment.

Of course the fearful hue-and-cry of murder was soon raised, and notice sent to the nearest police station: but the faction of the Cronins was numerous and powerful, and in those days the arrest of a criminal in the remote parts of Ireland was almost impracticable. It was, and indeed is still, a point of honour among the peasantry never to deliver up a man to justice, even though he may have been guilty of the most atrocious crimes. 'That this point of honour rests on a false foundation, every lover of his country must grievously lament. The officious disclosure of circumstances of little moment may be neither honourable nor justifiable, but the concealment of murderers, of men who have outraged not only the law, but every just and holy feeling, is, to say the least of it, *dishonourable*—a crime too despicable to deserve any degree of sympathy. Yet, with feelings warped by prejudices of various kinds, the Irish, as we have said, give no aid in bringing malefactors to justice. In the present instance, notwithstanding the reward offered by government, and the vengeful watchfulness of the M'Carthys, the murderer remained for several weeks undiscovered in the wild mountain fastnesses, being fed, lodged, and concealed by the farmers who inhabited these remote regions.

Who may attempt to picture the state of his mind during this period! He passed from the extreme of wild fiendish rage to the dull apathy of despair. This again gave way to a sense—oh, how keen and thrilling!—that all was lost. There he stood, *a murderer!* his hand dyed in the blood of those who had never wronged him. And when he thought of Ellen—'Oh, my sister, my own darling sister!' he would say, 'bright were your eyes, and glad was your heart, till the dark cloud of sorrow came over you. 'Twas I that tuk him from you, that loved you better than his life; and now you're down in the dust, aileen, never to lift your eyes again to the face that was brighter to you than the sun, and more gentle than the moonbames on the river. Oh that I could buy back his life with my own; but this world and the next are shut up from me in darkness for ever!'

This mental conflict did not last long. The unhappy man one day set off for the nearest town, in order to surrender himself to justice, and while on the way, was suddenly surprised and seized by the officers of police who were in quest of him. For a moment the instinct of self-preservation led him to make a show of defence, but all regular determination to oppose the demands of the law was gone; and the feeling, that whatever should befall him, could not be worse than the fearful remorse in which he was plunged, caused him speedily to

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submit to his fate. He was lodged in the county jail, and in due time brought to trial. He made no defence, confessed his crime, and sought no mercy. The fearful sentence of the law was passed on him, and he was remanded to his cell. During his imprisonment, and now in the brief interval that remained until the fatal day, he was constantly visited by the prison chaplain, and the priest of his own parish, a kind good old man, who had known him from his childhood. He remained apparently unmoved by their pious admonitions, always saying there was no hope for him either in this world or the next. On the morning of his execution, as he was leaving the cell, he turned to his old friend, and said : 'Tell my mother I forgive her ; and may she and my Maker forgive me !'

These were the last words he uttered. In a few moments the young and stately form of James Cronin lay a distorted and dishonoured corpse. Fearfully had the soul it enshrined been warped by unwitting error—fearfully was that error avenged.

VIII.

We return to the unfortunate mother, whose mistaken preference and indulgence had led to such a dismal domestic tragedy. On the day of her last interview with her son, she fell into a state of stupor, which was followed by a raging fever. From this she slowly recovered ; but her reason was fled for ever. After a time, as she was perfectly harmless, though impatient of restraint, the person who was appointed to take care of her allowed her to wander at will through the country. Nothing seemed to agitate her save the sight of a *red cow*. At this she would stop, and say with a shudder : 'Oh ! don't you see she's stained with blood, and all the water in the sea can't wash out that colour !'

And Ellen—what of her ? There are woes over which, like the artist of old, we must draw a veil. They are too deep for utterance, too sacred for description. From the day of her husband's death she never looked up, nor smiled ; she languished like a wounded bird, the vigour of her young life struggling against the arrow whose death-thrust was in her heart. At length, on the day that the tidings of her brother's execution reached Inchigeelah, she expired, rejoicing in the hope of meeting her beloved husband in that world where no sin or sorrow can enter.

Daniel continued for a time to wander about the country ; but as no active exertions were used to bring him to trial, he ventured to return to the farm, which had now become his. We may mention that the late tragic events, in which he had been a guilty participator, seemed to have wrought a favourable change in his character. He watched tenderly over his mother while she lived ; and after her death, he married the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, and led a quiet domestic life. He still survives ; but it seems as if an evil

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destiny dogged his footsteps. Nothing appears to thrive with him; no doubt from the spiritless manner in which he conducts his affairs. His property has thus dwindled away, so that he now possesses only one or two fields, and supports his family by daily labour. I have often seen him; and without knowing his history, even a casual observer would remark the settled dejection and spiritless expression of his countenance.

One fine summer evening, about a year after the events we have narrated, a group had assembled at the door of Mr Dogherty the schoolmaster, consisting of several farmers and Dr Handley, then verging on eighty years. While they smoked their pipes, and talked over the politics of the country, the Widow Cronin passed by. Her hair had become perfectly white, and her eye was lighted up with a restless fire which nothing but the hand of death could extinguish. She walked quickly by, looking vacantly at her old acquaintances, but not seeming to recognise any of them. 'Poor woman!' said the old doctor when she was gone, 'sorely you supped the cup of sorrow. You had two as fine lads as ever brightened a mother's eye or gladdened her heart. 'Twas a good soil to work on, but sadly 'twas misused. You thought to reap whate where you sowed nothing but hemlock!'

This, in its chief incidents, is an 'owre true tale.' The records of the county Cork prison contain the memorial of James Cronin's crime and execution; and it was from an old man in the country, who was present at the trial, that I lately heard the fatal history.

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SONGS OF HOME AND FATHERLAND.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.



HE stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!

SONGS OF HOME AND FATHERLAND.

Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there they lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long in hut and hall
May hearts of native proof be reared,
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

—MRS HEMANS.

MY ISLAND HOME.

My island home! I love thee well,
Despite thy rugged shore:
Thy rocks of gladsome moments tell,
Fled to return no more.
They speak of joys' unclouded light—
Of sorrows, scarce less dear;
Of laughing moments' rapid flight—
Affliction's balmy tear.

My island home! I love thee well,
Despite thy barren plains:
They'll tell of early hours of bliss,
While memory remains.
'Tis true they also speak of grief;
Yet not for aught below
Would I forego those dreams of youth,
Though early tinged by woe.

My island home! I love thee well,
Despite thy cloudy skies;
In thy calm twilight's clear-obscure
What varied thoughts arise!

SONGS OF HOME AND FATHERLAND.

Even thy wild storms possess a charm;
Thy ocean's circling foam
To Thule's child can bring no dread—
They speak of peace and home.

My island home! my childhood's home!
Beyond far fairer lands,
'Tis thou, despite thine aspect wild,
That all my love demands:
The visions of the loved and lost
Are blended with each scene;
And memory lives to linger o'er
Each spot where bliss hath been.

—C. G.

EMIGRANTS' SONG.

OUR native land, our native vale,
A long—a last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot's mountains blue!

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renowned in song!
Farewell, ye blithesome braes and meads
Our hearts have loved so long!

Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow!
Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe!

The battle-mound, the Border-tower,
That Scotia's annals tell;
The martyr's grave, the lover's bower—
To each—to all—farewell!

Home of our hearts! our fathers' home!
Land of the brave and free!
The keel is flashing through the foam
That bears us far from thee.

We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the Atlantic main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again.

SONGS OF HOME AND FATHERLAND.

But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we or ours forget thy name,
Green island of our sires!

Our native vale, our native vale,
A long—a last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

—THOMAS PRINGLE

HOME THOUGHTS.

THOUGH Scotland's hills be far awa',
And her glens, where the clear silver burnies row,
I see them, and hear her wild breezes blaw
O'er the moors where the blue-bells and heather grow.

O hame is sweet!—but thae hames o' thine
Are the kindest far that the sun doth see;
And though far awa' I have biggit mine,
As my mother's name they are dear to me!

I love the tale o' thy glories auld,
Which thy shepherds tell on the mountain side,
Of thy martyrs true, and thy warriors bauld,
Who for thee and for freedom lived and died!

Land of my youth! though my heart doth move,
And sea-like my blood rises high at thy name,
'Boon a' thing there's ae thing in thee I love—
The virtue and truth o' thy poor man's hame.

The poor man's hame! where I first did ken
That the soul alone makes the good and great—
That glitter and glare are false and vain,
And deceit upon glory's slave doth wait.

Thy poor man's hame! wi' its roof o' strae,
A hut as lowly as lowly can be—
Through it the blast sae cauldride does gae;
Yet, hame o' the lowly, I'm proud o' thee!

Scotland! to thee thy sons afar
Send blessings on thy rocks, thy flood, and faem—
On mountain and muir, on glen and scaur—
But deeper blessings still on thy poor man's hame!

—ROBERT NICOLL

SONGS OF HOME AND FATHERLAND.

SCOTLAND.

SCOTLAND! the land of all I love,
The land of all that love me;
Land whose green sod my youth has trod,
Whose sod shall lie above me.
Hail! country of the brave and good;
Hail! land of song and story;
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
Of ancient faith and glory!

Like mother's bosom o'er her child,
Thy sky is glowing o'er me;
Like mother's ever-smiling face,
Thy land lies bright before me.
Land of my home, my fathers' land,
Land where my soul was nourished;
Land of anticipated joy,
And all by memory cherished!

O Scotland, through thy wide domain,
What hill, or vale, or river,
But in this fond enthusiast heart
Has found a place for ever!
Nay, hast thou but a glen or shaw,
To shelter farm or sheiling,
That is not garnered fondly up
Within its depths of feeling!

Adown thy hills run countless rills,
With noisy, ceaseless motion;
Their waters join the rivers broad,
Those rivers join the ocean:
And many a sunny, flowery brae,
Where childhood plays and ponders,
Is freshened by the lightsome flood,
As wimpling on it wanders.

Within thy long-descending vales,
And on the lonely mountain,
How many wild spontaneous flowers
Hang o'er each flood and fountain!
The glowing furze, the 'bonny broom,'
The thistle, and the heather;
The blue-bell, and the gowan fair,
Which childhood loves to gather.

SONGS OF HOME AND FATHERLAND.

O for that pipe of silver sound,
On which the shepherd lover,
In ancient days, breathed out his soul,
Beneath the mountain's cover !
O for that Great Lost Power of Song,
So soft and melancholy,
To make thy every hill and dale
Poetically holy !

And not alone each hill and dale,
Fair as they are by nature,
But every town and tower of thine,
And every lesser feature ;
For where is there the spot of earth
Within my contemplation,
But from some noble deed or thing
Has taken consecration !

Scotland ! the land of all I love,
The land of all that love me ;
Land whose green sod my youth has trod,
Whose sod shall lie above me.
Hail ! country of the brave and good ;
Hail ! land of song and story ;
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
Of ancient faith and glory !

—ROBERT CHAMBERS.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

THY chalky cliffs are fading from my view,
Our bark is dancing gaily on the sea,
I sigh while yet I may, and say adieu,
Albion, thou jewel of the earth, to thee
Whose fields first fed my childish fantasy,
Whose mountains were my boyhood's wild delight,
Whose rocks, and woods, and torrents were to me
The food of my soul's youthful appetite—
Were music to my ear, a blessing to my sight !

I never dreamed of beauty, but, behold !
Straightway thy daughters flashed upon my eye ;
I never mused on valour, but the old
Memorials of thy haughty chivalry

SONGS OF HOME AND FATHERLAND.

Filled my expanding soul with ecstasy ;
And when I thought on wisdom, and the crown
The Muses give, with exultation high
I turned to those whom thou hast called thine own,
Who fill the spacious earth with their and thy renown.

When my young heart, in life's light morning hour,
At Beauty's summons, beat a wild alarm,
Her voice came to me from an English bower,
And English were the smiles that wrought the charm ;
And if, when wrapped asleep on Fancy's arm,
Visions of bliss my riper years have cheered,
Of home, and love's fireside, and greetings warm,
For one by absence and long toil endeared,
The fabric of my hopes on thee hath still been reared.

Peace to thy smiling hearths when I am gone ;
And mayst thou still thine ancient dowry keep,
To be a mark to guide the nations on,
Like a tall watch-tower flashing o'er the deep ;
Still mayst thou bid the sorrower cease to weep,
And dart the beams of Truth athwart the night
That wraps a slumbering world, till, from their sleep
Starting, remotest nations see the light,
And earth be blessed beneath the buckler of thy might !

Strong in thy strength I go ; and wheresoe'er
My steps may wander, may I ne'er forget
All that I owe to thee ; and oh, may ne'er
My frailties tempt me to abjure that debt !
And what if far from thee my star must set,
Hast thou not hearts that shall with sadness hear
The tale, and some fair cheeks that shall be wet,
And some bright eyes, in which the swelling tear
Shall start for him who sleeps in Afric's deserts drear !

Yet I will not profane a charge like mine
With melancholy bodings, nor believe
That a voice, whispering ever in the shrine
Of my own heart, spake only to deceive ;
I trust its promise, that I go to weave
A wreath of palms, entwined with many a sweet
Perennial flower, which time shall not bereave
Of all its fragrance—that I yet shall greet
Once more the Ocean Queen, and cast it at her feet.

—JOSEPH RITCHIE.

SONGS OF HOME AND FATHERLAND.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

LET others seek for empty joys
At ball or concert, rout or play ;
Whilst, far from fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away—
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide,
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee—my own fireside !

My own fireside ! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise,
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy my eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize
That doth not in thy sphere abide,
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own fireside !

A gentle form is near me now ;
A small white hand is clasped in mine ;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask what joys can equal thine !
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide ;
Where may love seek a fitter shrine
Than thou—my own fireside !

What care I for the sullen roar
Of winds without, that ravage earth ;
It doth but bid me prize the more
The shelter of thy hallowed hearth ;
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth :
Then let the churlish tempest chide,
It cannot check the blameless mirth
That glads my own fireside !

My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife, and care ;
Though thunder-clouds the sky deform,
Their fury cannot reach me there.
There all is cheerful, calm, and fair ;
Wrath, malice, envy, strife, or pride,
Hath never made its hated lair
By thee—my own fireside !

SONGS OF HOME AND FATHERLAND.

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
Where no harsh feeling dares intrude ;
Where life's vexations lose their sting,
Where even grief is half subdued,
And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.
Then let the pampered fool deride ;
I'll pay my debt of gratitude
To thee—my own fireside !

Shrine of my household deities !
Fair scene of my home's unsullied joys !
To thee my burdened spirit flies
When fortune frowns or care annoys :
Thine is the bliss that never cloy ;
The smile whose truth hath oft been tried ;
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
To thee—my own fireside !

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary !
Whate'er my future years may be ;
Let joy or grief my fate betide ;
Be still an Eden bright to me,
My own—my own fireside !

—ALARIC A. WATTS.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to the land that my fathers defended ;
Farewell to the field which their ashes inurn ;
The holiest flame on their altars descended,
Which, fed by their sons, shall eternally burn.
Ah ! soft be the bed where the hero reposes,
And light be the green turf that over him closes—
Gay Flora shall deck, with her earliest roses,
The graves of my sires, and the land of my birth.

Adieu to the scenes which my heart's young emotions
Have dressed in attire so alluringly gay ;
Ah ! never, no, never, can billowing oceans,
Nor time, drive the fond recollections away !
From days that are past, present comfort I borrow ;
The scenes of to-day shall be brighter to-morrow ;
In age I'll recall, as a balm for my sorrow,
The graves of my sires, and the land of my birth.

SONGS OF HOME AND FATHERLAND.

I go to the west, where the forest, receding,
Invites the adventurous axe-man along ;
I go to the groves where the wild deer are feeding,
And mountain-birds carol their loveliest song.
Adieu to the land that my fathers defended,
Adieu to the soil on which freemen contended,
Adieu to the sons who from heroes descended,
The graves of my sires, and the land of my birth.

When far from my home, and surrounded by strangers,
My thoughts shall recall the gay pleasures of youth ;
Though life's stormy ocean shall threaten with dangers,
My soul shall repose in the sunshine of truth :
While streams to their own native ocean are tending,
And forest oaks, swept by the tempest, are bending,
My soul shall exult as she's proudly defending
The graves of my sires, and the land of my birth.

—S. BROWN.

COTTAGE HOME.

O home, however homely—thoughts of thee
Can never fail to cheer the absent breast :
How oft wild raptures have been felt by me,
When back returning, weary and distressed !
How oft I've stood to see the chimney pour
Thick clouds of smoke in columns lightly blue,
And, close beneath, the house-leek's yellow flower,
While fast approaching to a nearer view !
These, though they're trifles, ever gave delight ;
E'en now they prompt me with a fond desire,
Painting the evening group before my sight
Of friends and kindred seated round the fire.
O Time ! how rapid did thy moments flow,
That changed these scenes of joy to scenes of woe !

—CLARE.

AMOR PATRIÆ.

LAND of our fathers ! when afar from thee,
We think of all that we have left behind :
The cottage in the glen, the moss-grown tree,
Its dark boughs waving in the summer wind.
The wimpling stream that softly rolls along,
Meandering down the rugged mountain's side ;
The briery bush ; the blackbird's well-known song,
Pouring its raptures in a trilling tide.

SONGS OF HOME AND FATHERLAND.

The eagle, wheeling high in circle wide ;
The red-deer, bounding in the glades below ;
The salmon, leaping in the silvery tide ;
The humming bee ; the cattle's well-known low.

The time-worn tower, whose venerable form
In stilly grandeur breaks upon the view—
Its gray head towering o'er the howling storm—
Is it not fixed in memory's tablets too !

Borne on the wind, the well-known Sabbath bell
Chimes its soft music to our straining ear,
Entrancing all our senses like a spell :
Ah ! sad illusion, never more to hear.

How vivid in our mind the eventful day
Which saw us sailing from our native land !
The lessening hills in distance rising gray,
We gazed thereon—a melancholy band.

But though far distant from our native shore,
Old Scotland ne'er shall hang her head in shame,
For we, though severed by Atlantic's roar,
Will aye uphold our country's well-won fame.

—*Tait's Magazine.*

THE WOOD-CUTTER'S NIGHT-SONG.

WELCOME, red and roundy sun,
Dropping lowly in the west ;
Now my hard day's work is done,
I'm as happy as the best.

Joyful are the thoughts of home ;
Now I'm ready for my chair ;
So, till to-morrow morning's come,
Bill and mittens, lie ye there !

Though to leave your pretty song,
Little birds, it gives me pain,
Yet to-morrow is not long,
Then I'm with you all again.

If I stop, and stand about,
Well I know how things will be,
Judy will be looking out
Every now and then for me.

SONGS OF HOME AND FATHERLAND.

So, fare-ye-well ! and hold your tongues ;
Sing no more until I come ;
They're not worthy of your songs,
That never care to drop a crumb.

All day long I love the oaks ;
But, at nights, yon little cot,
Where I see the chimney smokes,
Is by far the prettiest spot.

Wife and children all are there,
To revive with pleasant looks,
Table ready set, and chair,
Supper hanging on the hooks.

Soon as ever I get in,
When my fagot down I fling,
Little prattlers they begin
Teasing me to talk and sing.

Welcome, red and roundy sun,
Dropping lowly in the west ;
Now my hard day's work is done,
I'm as happy as the best.

Joyful are the thoughts of home ;
Now I'm ready for my chair ;
So, till to-morrow morning's come,
Bill and mittens, lie ye there !

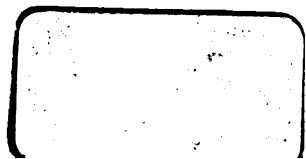
—CLARE.



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On the 1st of March 1872 will be issued

VOLUME XX.

OF

CHAMBERS'S

MISCELLANY

CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING

SELECTION OF INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING
SUBJECTS:

Count Rumford.

The Guerrilla.

History of the Jews in England.

Arnold and Andre.

African Discovery.

The Hope of Leascombe.

Spectral Illusions.

Selections from the Elizabethan Poets.

W. & R. CHAMBERS, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.